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THE GIFT OF
Albert Greene

John Dickinson

1786

THE

POEMS

OF

DRYDEN.

VOLUME III.

THE
POEMS
OF
DRYDEN.

VOLUME III.

TALES AND TRANSLATIONS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TO

His Grace the DUKE of ORMOND.

MY LORD, Anno 1699.

SOME eſtates are held in England, by paying a fine at the change of every lord: I have enjoyed the patronage of your family, from the time of your excellent grandfather to this preſent day. I have dedicated the tranſlation of the lives of Plutarch to the firſt Duke; and have celebrated the memory of your heroic father. Though I am very ſhort of the age of Neſtor, yet I have lived to a third generation of your houſe; and by your Grace's favour am admitted ſtill to hold from you by the ſame tenure.

I am not vain enough to boaſt that I have deſerved the value of ſo illuſtrious a line; but my fortune is the greater, that for three deſcents they have been pleaſed to diſtinguiſh my poems from thoſe of other men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar care. May it be permitted me to ſay, That as your grandfather and father were cheriſhed and adorned with honours by two ſucceſſive monarchs, ſo I have been eſteemed and patronized by the grandfather, the father, and the ſon, deſcended from one of the moſt antient, moſt conſpicuous, and moſt deſerving families in Europe.

It is true, that by delaying the payment of my laſt fine, when it was due by your Grace's acceſſion to the

titles and patrimonies of your houſe, I may ſeem, in rigour of law, to have made a forfeiture of my claim; yet my heart has always been devoted to your ſervice: and ſince you have been graciouſly pleaſed, by your permiſſion of this addreſs, to accept the tender of my duty, it is not yet too late to lay theſe volumes at your feet.

The world is ſenſible that you worthily ſucceed, not only to the honours of your anceſtors, but alſo to their virtues. The long chain of magnanimity, courage, eaſineſs of acceſs, and deſire of doing good even to the prejudice of your fortune, is ſo far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious metal yet runs pure to the neweſt link of it: which I will not call the laſt, becauſe I hope and pray, it may deſcend to late poſterity: and your flouriſhing youth, and that of your excellent Dutcheſs, are happy omens of my wiſh.

It is obſerved by Livy and by others, that ſome of the nobleſt Roman families retained a reſemblance of their anceſtry, not only in their ſhapes and features, but alſo in their manners, their qualities, and the diſtinguiſhing characters of their minds: ſome lines were noted for a ſtern, rigid virtue, ſavage, haughty, parſimonious, and unpopular: others were more ſweet, and affable; made of a more pliant paſte, humble, courteous, and obliging; ſtudious of doing charitable offices, and diffuſive of the goods which they enjoyed. The laſt of theſe is the proper and indelible character of your Grace's family. God Almighty has endued with a ſoftneſs, a beneficence, an attractive beha-

viour winning on the hearts of others; and ſo ſenſible of their miſery, that the wounds of fortune ſeem not inflicted on them, but on yourſelf. You are ſo ready to redreſs, that you almoſt prevent their wiſhes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to poſſeſs, but to beſtow on wanting merit. But this is a topic which I muſt caſt in ſhades, leſt I offend your modeſty, which is ſo far from being oſtentatious of the good you do, that it bluſhes even to have it known: and therefore I muſt leave you to the ſatisfaction and teſtimony of your own conſcience, which though it be a ſilent panegyric, is yet the beſt.

You are ſo eaſy of acceſs, that Poplicola was not more, whoſe doors were opened on the outſide to ſave the people even the common civility of aſking entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reaſonable was denied; where misfortune was a powerful recommendation, and where (I can ſcarce forbear ſaying) that want itſelf was a powerful mediator, and was next to merit.

The hiſtory of Peru aſſures us, that their Incas, above all their titles, eſteemed that the higheſt, which called them Lovers of the poor: a name more glorious than the Felix, Pius, and Auguſtus of the Roman emperors; which were epithets of flattery, deſerved by few of them; and not running in a blood like the perpetual gentleneſs, and inherent goodneſs of the Ormond Family.

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible], and most [illegible] the hardest, ga- [illegible] therefore subject to [illegible] for coins and medals, [illegible] of the great. Indeed [illegible] insults, and preserve the [illegible] but the danger once re- [illegible] the brave, as a garment too [illegible] a necessary guard in war, [illegible] in peace, and which [illegible] a more humane life.

[illegible] though you have courage [illegible] yet I ascribe it to you, but as [illegible] mercy, beneficence, and com- [illegible] as they are first in the divine [illegible] courage, which is inherent in [illegible] at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to [illegible] and never but in cases of necessity: [illegible] tenderness, and a word, which I [illegible] bring back to its orignal signification of [illegible] Good-nature, are of daily use: they are [illegible] of mankind, and staff of life: neither sighs, [illegible] nor groans, nor curses of the vanquished, [illegible] of compassion, and of charity: but a fin- [illegible] and serenity of mind, in him who per- [illegible] an action of mercy, which cannot suffer the mis- [illegible] of another, without redress; lest they should [illegible] a kind of contagion along with them, and pollute [illegible] happiness which he enjoys.

Yet ſince the perverſe tempers of mankind, ſince oppreſſion on one ſide, and ambition on the other, are ſometimes the unavoidable occaſions of war; that courage, that magnanimity, and reſolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: and here it grieves me that I am ſcanted in the pleaſure of dwelling on many of your actions: but αἰδέομαι Τρῶας, is an expreſſion which Tully often uſed, when he would do what he dares not, and fears the cenſure of the Romans.

I have ſometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the ſubject is ſo fruitful that the harveſt overcomes the reaper, I am ſhortened by my chain, and can only ſee what is forbidden me to reach: ſince it is not permitted me to commend you according to the extent of my wiſhes, and much leſs is it in my power to make my commendations equal to your merits. Yet, in this frugality of your praiſes, there are ſome things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your character. You have ſo formed your own education as enables you to pay the debt you owe your country; or, more properly ſpeaking, both your countries: becauſe you were born, I may almoſt ſay in purple, at the caſtle of Dublin, when your grandfather was lord-lieutenant, and have ſince been bred in the court of England.

If this addreſs had been in verſe, I might have called you, as Claudian calls Mercury, "Numen commune, "gemino faciens commercia mundo." The better to ſatisfy this double obligation, you have early cultivated

the genius your have to arms, that when the ſervice of Britain or Ireland ſhall require your courage and your conduct, you may exert them both to the benefit of either country. You began in the cabinet what you afterwards practiſed in the camp; and thus both Lucullus and Cæſar (to omit a crowd of ſhining Romans) formed themſelves to war by the ſtudy of hiſtory, and by the examples of the greateſt captains, both of Greece and Italy, before their time. I name thoſe two commanders in particular, becauſe they were better read in chronicle than any of the Roman leaders; and that Lucullus in particular, having only the theory of war from books, was thought fit, without practice, to be ſent into the field, againſt the moſt formidable enemy of Rome. Tully indeed was called the learned conſul in deriſion; but then he was not born a ſoldier: his head was turned another way: when he read the Tacticks, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle. The knowledge of warfare is thrown away on a general who dares not make uſe of what he knows. I commend it only in a man of courage and reſolution; in him it will direct his martial ſpirit; and teach him the way to the beſt victories, which are thoſe that are leaſt bloody, and which, though atchieved by the hand, are managed by the head. Science diſtinguiſhes a man of honour from one of thoſe athletic brutes whom undeſervedly we call heroes. Curſed be the poet, who firſt honoured with that name a meer Ajax, a man-killing ideot. The Ulyſſes of Ovid upbraids his ignorance, that he underſtood not the ſhield

for

for which he pleaded: there were engraven on it, plans of cities, and maps of countries, which Ajax could not comprehend, but looked on them as ſtupidly as his fellow-beaſt the lion. But, on the other ſide, your Grace has given yourſelf the education of his rival: you have ſtudied every ſpot of ground in Flanders, which for theſe ten years paſt has been the ſcene of battles and of ſieges. No wonder if you performed your part with ſuch applauſe on a theatre which you underſtood ſo well.

If I deſigned this for a poetical encomium, it were eaſy to enlarge on ſo copious a ſubject; but, confining myſelf to the ſeverity of truth, and to what is becoming me to ſay, I muſt not only paſs over many inſtances of your military ſkill, but alſo thoſe of your aſſiduous diligence in the war: and of your perſonal bravery, attended with an ardent thirſt of honour; a long train of generoſity; profuſeneſs of doing good; a ſoul unſatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguiſhed deſire of doing more. But all this is matter for your own hiſtorians; I am, as Virgil ſays, "Spatiis excluſus iniquis."

Yet, not to be wholly ſilent of all your charities, I muſt ſtay a little on one action, which preferred the relief of others to the conſideration of yourſelf. When, in the battle of Landen, your heat of courage (a fault only pardonable to your youth) had tranſported you ſo far before your friends, that they were unable to follow, much leſs to ſuccour you; when you were not only dangerouſly, but *in all appearance mortally* wounded,

ed, when in that desperate condition you were made prisoner, and carried to Namur, at that time in possession of the French; then it was, my lord, that you took a considerable part of what was remitted to you of your own revenues, and as a memorable instance of your heroic charity, put it into the hands of count Guiscard, who was governor of the place, to be distributed among your fellow-prisoners. The French commander, charmed with the greatness of your soul, accordingly consigned it to the use for which it was intended by the donor: by which means the lives of so many miserable men were saved, and a comfortable provision made for their subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had not you been the companion of their misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another Joseph, to keep out famine from invading those whom in humility you called your brethren. How happy was it for those poor creatures, that your Grace was made their fellow-sufferer! and how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the wants of others! The heathen poet, in commending the charity of Dido to the Trojans, spoke like a christian; "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco." All men, even those of a different interest, and contrary principles, must praise this action, as the most eminent for piety, not only in this degenerate age, but almost in any of the former; when men were made "de meliore luto;" when examples of charity were frequent, and when they were in being, "Teucri pulcherrima proles, magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis." No envy can

detract

p the tenor of their fountains: your compaſſion
al, and has the ſame effect as well on enemies
ds. It is ſo much in your nature to do good,
ir life is but one continued act of placing bene-
nany, as the ſun is always carrying his light to
rt or other of the world: and were it not that
ıſon guides you where to give, I might almoſt
t you could not help beſtowing more, than is
g with the fortune of a private man, or with the
any but an Alexander.
t wonder is it then, that, being born for a bleſ-
mankind, your ſuppoſed death in that engage-
as ſo generally lamented through the nation!
ıcernment for it was as univerſal as the loſs: and
the gratitude might be counterfeit in ſome, yet
s of all were real: where every man deplored
ate part in that calamity, and even thoſe, who
t taſted of your favours, yet built ſo much on

fata, nec ultrà esse sinunt." But to the joy not only of all good men, but of mankind in general, the unhappy omen took not place. You are still living to enjoy the blessings and applause of all the good you have performed, the prayers of multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long prosperity; and that your power of doing generous and charitable actions may be as extended as your will; which is by none more zealously desired than by

Your GRACE's

Most humble,

Most obliged, and

Most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRE-

PREFACE prefixed to the FABLES.

IT is with a poet as with a man who deſigns to build, and is very exact, as he ſuppoſes, in caſting up the coſt beforehand; but, generally ſpeaking, he is miſtaken in his account, and reckons ſhort in the expence he firſt intended: he alters his mind as the work proceeds, and will have this or that convenience more, of which he had not thought when he began. So has it happened to me: I have built a houſe, where I intended but a lodge: yet with better ſucceſs than a certain nobleman, who, beginning with a dog-kennel, never lived to finiſh the palace he had contrived.

From tranſlating the firſt of Homer's Iliads (which I intended as an eſſay to the whole work) I proceeded to the tranſlation of the twelfth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, becauſe it contains, among other things, the cauſes, the beginning, and ending of the Trojan war: here I ought in reaſon to have ſtopped; but the ſpeeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes lying next in my way, I could not balk them. When I had compaſſed them, I was ſo taken with the former part of the fifteenth book (which is the maſter-piece of the whole Metamorphoſes), that I enjoined myſelf the pleaſing taſk of rendering it into Engliſh. And now I found, by the number of my verſes, that they began to ſwell into a little volume; which

which gave me an occaſion of looking backward on ſome beauties of my author, in his former books: there occurred to me the hunting of the boar, Cinyras and Myrrha, the good-natured ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, with the reſt, which I hope I have tranſlated cloſely enough, and given them the ſame turn of verſe which they had in the original; and this, I may ſay without vanity, is not the talent of every poet: he who has arrived the neareſt to it, is the ingenious and learned Sandys, the beſt verſifier of the former age; if I may properly call it by that name which was the former part of this concluding century. For Spenſer and Fairfax both flouriſhed in the reign of queen Elizabeth; great maſters in our language; and who ſaw much farther into the beauties of our numbers, than thoſe who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical ſon of Spenſer, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal deſcents and clans, as well as other families: Spenſer more than once inſinuates, that the ſoul of Chaucer was transfuſed into his body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his deceaſe. Milton has acknowledged to me, that Spenſer was his original; and many beſides myſelf have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the Godfrey of Bulloign, which was turned into Engliſh by Mr. Fairfax. But to return: having done with Ovid for this time, it came into my mind, that our old Engliſh poet Chaucer in many things reſembled him, and that with no diſadvantage on the

the ſide of the modern author, as I ſhall endeavour to prove when I compare them: and as I am, and always have been, ſtudious to promote the honour of my native country, ſo I ſoon reſolved to put their merits to the trial, by turning ſome of the Canterbury tales into our language, as it is now refined; for by this means both the poets being ſet in the ſame light, and dreſſed in the ſame Engliſh habit, ſtory to be compared with ſtory, a certain judgment may be made betwixt them, by the reader, without obtruding my opinion on him: or if I ſeem partial to my countryman, and predeceſſor in the laurel, the friends of antiquity are not few: and beſides many of the learned, Ovid has almoſt all the beaux, and the whole fair ſex, his declared patrons. Perhaps I have aſſumed ſomewhat more to myſelf than they allow me; becauſe I have adventured to ſum up the evidence: but the readers are the jury; and their privilege remains entire to decide according to the merits of the cauſe, or if they pleaſe, to bring it to another hearing, before ſome other court. In the mean time, to follow the thread of my diſcourſe (as thoughts, according to Mr. Hobbes, have always ſome connexion) ſo from Chaucer I was led to think on Boccace, who was not only his contemporary, but alſo purſued the ſame ſtudies; wrote novels in proſe, and many works in verſe; particularly is ſaid to have invented the octave rhyme, or ſtanza of eight lines, which ever ſince has been maintained by the practice of all Italian writers, who are, or at leaſt aſſume the title of, Heroic Poets: he and Chaucer, among other

other things, had this in common, that they refined their mother tongues; but with this difference, that Dante had begun to file their language, at leaſt in verſe, before the time of Boccace, who likewiſe received no little help from his maſter Petrarch. But the reformation of their proſe was wholly owing to Boccace himſelf, who is yet the ſtandard of purity in the Italian tongue; though many of his phraſes are become obſolete, as in proceſs of time it muſt needs happen. Chaucer (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. Rymer) firſt adorned and amplified our barren tongue from the Provencall, which was then the moſt poliſhed of all the modern languages; but this ſubject has been copiouſly treated by that great critic, who deſerves no little commendation from us his countrymen. For theſe reaſons of time, and reſemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I reſolved to join them in my preſent work; to which I have added ſome original papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other poems, an author is the moſt improper judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader. I will hope the beſt, that they will not be condemned; but if they ſhould, I have the excuſe of an old gentleman, who, mounting on horſeback before ſome ladies, when I was preſent, got up ſomewhat heavily, but deſired of the fair ſpectators, that they would count fourſcore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs; but what decays

are

are in my mind, the reader muſt determine. I think myſelf as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my ſoul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree; and if I loſe not more of it, I have no great reaſon to complain. What judgment I had, increaſes rather than diminiſhes; and thoughts, ſuch as they are, come crowding in ſo faſt upon me, that my only difficulty is to chuſe or to reject; to run them into verſe, or to give them the other harmony of proſe. I have ſo long ſtudied and practiſed both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In ſhort, though I may lawfully plead ſome part of the old gentleman's excuſe; yet I will reſerve it till I think I have greater need, and aſk no grains of allowance for the faults of this my preſent work, but thoſe which are given of courſe to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the ſhortneſs of time in which I writ it, or the ſeveral intervals of ſickneſs: they who think too well of their own performances, are apt to boaſt in their prefaces how little time their works have coſt them; and what other buſineſs of more importance interfered; but the reader will be as apt to aſk the queſtion, why they allowed not a longer time to make their works more perfect? and why they had ſo deſpicable an opinion of their judges, as to thruſt their indigeſted ſtuff upon them, as if they deſerved no better?

With this account of my preſent undertaking, I conclude the firſt part of this diſcourſe: in the ſecond part, as at a ſecond ſitting, though I alter not the draught, I muſt touch the ſame features over again, and change the

dead colouring of the whole. In general I will only ſay, that I have written nothing which ſavours of immorality or profaneneſs; at leaſt, I am not conſcious to myſelf of any ſuch intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent expreſſion, or a thought too wanton, they are crept into my verſes through my inadvertency; if the ſearchers find any in the cargo, let them be ſtaved or forfeited, like contraband goods; at leaſt, let their authors be anſwerable for them, as being but imported merchandiſe, and not of my own manufacture. On the other ſide, I have endeavoured to chooſe ſuch fables, both ancient and modern, as contain in each of them ſome inſtructive moral, which I could prove by induction, but the way is tedious; and they leap foremoſt into ſight, without the reader's trouble of looking after them. I wiſh I could affirm with a ſafe conſcience, that I had taken the ſame care in all my former writings; for it muſt be owned, that ſuppoſing verſes are never ſo beautiful or pleaſing, yet if they contain any thing which ſhocks religion, or good-manners, they are at beſt, what Horace ſays of good numbers without good ſenſe, "Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque "canoræ." Thus far, I hope, I am right in court, without renouncing my other right of ſelf-defence, where I have been wrongfully accuſed, and my ſenſe wire-drawn into blaſphemy or bawdry, as it has often been by a religious lawyer, in a late pleading againſt the ſtage; in which he mixes truth with falſehood, and has not forgotten the old rule of calumniating ſtrongly, that ſomething may remain.

I reſume

e public, which may enable me to proceed in
ertaking with ſome chearfulneſs. And this I
ıre the world before-hand, that I have found,
l, Homer a more pleaſing taſk than Virgil
I ſay not the tranſlation will be leſs laborious) ;
Grecian is more according to my genius, than
n poet. In the works of the two authors we
ıd their manners, and natural inclinations,
re wholly different. Virgil was of a quiet, ſe-
ıper; Homer was violent, impetuous, and full
The chief talent of Virgil was propriety of
s, and ornament of words: Homer was rapid
oughts, and took all the liberties, both of num-
l of expreſſions, which his language, and the
/hich he lived, allowed him: Homer's inven-
s more copious, Virgil's more confined: ſo
Iomer had not led the way, it was not in Virgil
begun heroic poetry: for nothing can be more

would have argued him of a ſervile copying, and total barrenneſs of invention) yet the ſeas were the ſame, in which both the heroes wandered; and Dido cannot be denied to be the poetical daughter of Calypſo. The ſix latter books of Virgil's poem are the four and twenty Iliads contracted: a quarrel occaſioned by a lady, a ſingle combat, battles fought, and a town beſieged. I ſay not this in derogation to Virgil, neither do I contradict any thing which I have formerly ſaid in his juſt praiſe: for his Epiſodes are almoſt wholly of his own invention; and the form, which he has given to the telling, makes the tale his own, even though the original ſtory had been the ſame. But this proves, however, that Homer taught Virgil to deſign: and if invention be the firſt virtue of an Epic poet, then the Latin poem can only be allowed the ſecond place. Mr Hobbes, in the preface to his own bald tranſlation of the Ilias, (ſtudying poetry as he did mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr Hobbes, I ſay, begins the praiſe of Homer where he ſhould have ended it. He tells us, that the firſt beauty of an Epic poem conſiſts in diction, that is, in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers: now, the words are the colouring of the work, which in the order of nature is laſt to be conſidered. The deſign, the diſpoſition, the manners, and the thoughts, are all before it: where any of thoſe are wanting or imperfect, ſo much wants or is imperfect in the imitation of human life; which is in the very definition of a poem. Words indeed, like glaring colours, are the firſt beauties that ariſe, and ſtrike the ſight: but if the draught be falſe or lame, the figures ill-diſ-

poſed.

posed, the manners obscure or inconsistent, or the thoughts unnatural, then the finest colours are but daubing, and the piece is a beautiful monster at the best. Neither Virgil nor Homer were deficient in any of the former beauties; but in this last, which is expression, the Roman poet is at least equal to the Grecian, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the poverty of his language by his musical ear, and by his diligence. But to return: our two great poets, being so different in their tempers, one choleric and sanguine, the other phlegmatic and melancholic; that which makes them excel in their several ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural inclination, as well in forming the design, as in the execution of it. The very heroes shew their authors; Achilles is hot, impatient, revengeful, "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, "acer, &c." Æneas patient, considerate, [illegible] his people, and merciful to his enemies: ever [illegible] to the will of heaven, "quo fata trahunt, [illegible] "sequamur." I could please myself with [illegible] this subject, but I am forced to defer it to a [illegible] From all I have said, I will only draw [illegible] that the action of Homer being more full of [illegible] than that of Virgil, according to the temper of the [illegible]ter, is of consequence more pleasing to the reader. [illegible] warms you by degrees; the other sets you on fire [illegible] once, and never intermits his heat. It is the same difference which Longinus makes betwixt the effects of eloquence in Demosthenes and Tully. One persuades; the other *commands*. *You never cool while you* [illegible]

Homer, even not in the fecond book (a graceful flattery to his countrymen); but he haſtens from the ſhips, and concludes not that book till he has made you an amends in the violent playing of a new machine. From thence he marries on his action with variety of events, and ends it in leſs compaſs than two months. This commence of his, I confeſs, is more ſuitable to my temper: and therefore I have tranſlated his firſt book with greater pleaſure than any part of Virgil: but it was not a pleaſure without pains: the continual agitations of the ſpirits muſt needs be a weakening of any conſtitution, eſpecially in age; and many pauſes are required for refreſhment betwixt the heats; the Iliad of itſelf being a third part longer than all Virgil's works together.

This is what I thought needful in this place to ſay of Homer. I proceed to Ovid and Chaucer; conſidering the former only in relation to the latter. With Ovid ended the golden age of the Roman tongue: from Chaucer the purity of the Engliſh tongue began. The manners of the poets were not unlike: both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and libertine, at leaſt in their writings, it may be alſo in their lives. Their ſtudies were the ſame, philoſophy and philology. Both of them were known in aſtronomy, of which Ovid's books of the Roman feaſts, and Chaucer's treatiſe of the Aſtrolabe, are ſufficient witneſſes. But Chaucer was likewiſe an aſtrologer, as were Virgil, Manilius, and Manilius. Both writ with wonder and clearneſs: neither were great inven-

tors:

tors: for Ovid only copied the Grecian fables; and moſt of Chaucer's ſtories were taken from his Italian contemporaries, or their predeceſſors. Boccace's Decameron was firſt publiſhed; and from thence our Engliſhman has borrowed many of his Canterbury tales: yet that of Palamon and Arcite was written in all probability by ſome Italian wit, in a former age; as I ſhall prove hereafter: the tale of Grizild was the invention of Petrarch; by him ſent to Boccace; from whom it came to Chaucer: Troilus and Creſſida was alſo written by a Lombard author; but much amplified by our Engliſh tranſlator, as well as beautified; the genius of our countrymen in general being rather to improve an invention, than to invent themſelves; as is evident not only in our poetry, but in many of our manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from Boccace before I come to him: but there is ſo much leſs behind; and I am of the temper of moſt kings, who love to be in debt; are all for preſent money, no matter how they pay it afterwards: beſides, the nature of a preface is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it. This I have learned from the practice of honeſt Montaigne, and return at my pleaſure to Ovid and Chaucer, of whom I have little more to ſay. Both of them built on the inventions of other men; yet ſince Chaucer had ſomething of his own, as The Wife of Bath's Tale, The Cock and the Fox, which I have tranſlated, and ſome others, I may juſtly give our countryman *the precedence in* that part; ſince I can *remember nothing of Ovid which* was wholly his.

Both of them underſtood the manners, under which name I comprehend the paſſions, and, in a larger ſenſe, the deſcriptions of perſons, and their very habits: for an example, I ſee Baucis and Philemon as perfectly before me, as if ſome ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the Canterbury tales, their humours, their features, and the very dreſs, as diſtinctly as if I had ſupped with them at the Tabard in Southwark: yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and ſet in a better light: which though I have not time to prove; yet I appeal to the reader, and am ſure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and words remain to be conſidered in the compariſon of the two poets; and I have ſaved myſelf one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian; Chaucer, in the dawning of our language: therefore that part of the compariſon ſtands not on an equal foot, any more than the diction of Ennius and Ovid; or of Chaucer and our preſent Engliſh. The words are given up as a poſt not to be defended in our poet, becauſe he wanted the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be conſidered: and they are to be meaſured only by their propriety; that is, as they flow more or leſs naturally from the perſons deſcribed, on ſuch and ſuch occaſions. The vulgar judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits and jingles wit, who ſee Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little leſs than mad, for *preferring the* Engliſhman to the Roman: yet, with

their leave, I muſt preſume to ſay, that the things they admire, are not only glittering trifles, and ſo far from being witty, that in a ſerious poem they are nauſeous, becauſe they are unnatural. Would any man, who is ready to die for love, deſcribe his paſſion like Narciſſus? Would he think of "inopem me copia fecit," and a dozen more of ſuch expreſſions, poured on the neck of one another, and ſignifying all the ſame thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death! This is juſt John Littlewit in Bartholemew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his miſery; a miſerable conceit. On theſe occaſions the poet ſhould endeavour to raiſe pity: but, inſtead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made uſe of ſuch machines, when he was moving you to commiſerate the death of Dido: he would not deſtroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite violent in his love, and unjuſt in the purſuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reaſonably: he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the injuſtice of his proceedings, and reſigns Emilia to Palamon. What would Ovid have done on this occaſion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from poſſeſſion, by being ſo near, and a thouſand ſuch witticiſms, which Chaucer rejected as below the dignity of the ſubject. They, who think otherwiſe, would by the ſame reaſon prefer Lucan and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial to all four of them. As for the

turn

turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets; they are ſometimes a fault, and ſometimes a beauty, as they are uſed properly or improperly; but in ſtrong paſſions always to be ſhunned, becauſe paſſions are ſerious, and will admit no playing. The French have a high value for them; and I confeſs, they are often what they call delicate, when they are introduced with judgment; but Chaucer writ with more ſimplicity, and followed nature more cloſely, than to uſe them. I have thus far, to the beſt of my knowledge, been an upright judge betwixt the parties in competition, not meddling with the deſign nor the diſpoſition of it; becauſe the deſign was not their own; and in the diſpoſing of it they were equal. It remains that I ſay ſomewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the firſt place, as he is the father of Engliſh poetry, ſo I hold him in the ſame degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good ſenſe; learned in all ſciences; and therefore ſpeaks properly on all ſubjects: as he knew what to ſay, ſo he knows alſo when to leave off; a continence which is practiſed by few writers, and ſcarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is ſunk in his reputation, becauſe he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but ſwept like a drag-net, great and ſmall. There was plenty enough, but the diſhes were ill-ſorted; whole pyramids of ſweet-meats, for boys and women; but little of ſolid meat, for men: *all this proceeded* not from any want of knowledge,

but

For this reason, though he muſt always be
a great poet, he is no longer eſteemed a good
and for ten impreſſions, which his works have
o many ſucceſſive years, yet at preſent a hun-
oks are ſcarcely purchaſed once a twelvemonth:
my laſt lord Rocheſter ſaid, though ſomewhat
ly, Not being of God, he could not ſtand.
cer followed nature every where; but was ne-
old to go beyond her: and there is a great dif-
of being Poeta and nimis Poeta, if we believe
s, as much as betwixt a modeſt behaviour and
on. The verſe of Chaucer, I confeſs, is not
ious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one
Tacitus commends, it was "auribus iſtius tem-
accommodata:" they who lived with him, and
ne after him, thought it muſical; and it conti-
even in our judgment, if compared with the
s of Lidgate and Gower, his contemporaries:
the rude ſweetneſs of a Scotch tune in it, which

and revelation) muſt convince the reader, that equality of numbers in every verſe, which we call Heroic, was either not known, or not always practiſed in Chaucer's age. It were an eaſy matter to produce ſome thouſands of his verſes, which are lame for want of half a foot, and ſometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwiſe. We can only ſay, that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the firſt. We muſt be children before we grow men. There was an Ennius, and in proceſs of time a Lucilius, and a Lucretius, before Virgil and Horace; even after Chaucer there was a Spenſer, a Harrington, a Fairfax, before Waller and Denham were in being: and our numbers were in their nonage till theſe laſt appeared. I need ſay little of his parentage, life, and fortunes: they are to be found at large in all the editions of his works. He was employed abroad, and favoured by Edward the Third, Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth, and was poet, as I ſuppoſe, to all three of them. In Richard's time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the rebellion of the commons; and being brother-in-law to John of Graunt, it was no wonder if he followed the fortunes of that family; and was well with Henry the Fourth when he had depoſed his predeceſſor. Neither is it to be admired, that Henry, who was a wiſe as well as a valiant prince, who claimed by ſucceſſion, and was ſenſible that his title was not ſound, but was rightfully in Mortimer, who had married the heir of York; it was not to be admired, I ſay, if that great politician ſhould be pleaſed to have the greateſt

greateſt wit of thoſe times in his intereſts, and to be the trumpet of his praiſes. Auguſtus had given him the example, by the advice of Mæcenas, who recommended Virgil and Horace to him; whoſe praiſes helped to make him popular while he was alive, and after his death have made him precious to poſterity. As for the religion of our poet, he ſeems to have ſome little bias towards the opinions of Wickliff, after John of Gaunt his patron; ſomewhat of which appears in the tale of Piers Plowman: yet I cannot blame him for inveighing ſo ſharply againſt the vices of the clergy in his age: their pride, their ambition, their pomp, their avarice, their worldly intereſt, deſerved the laſhes which he gave them, both in that, and in moſt of his Canterbury tales: neither has his contemporary Boccace ſpared them. Yet both thoſe poets lived in much eſteem with good and holy men in orders: for the ſcandal which is given by particular prieſts, reflects not on the ſacred function. Chaucer's Monk, his Chanon, and his Fryer, took not from the character of his Good Parſon. A ſatyrical poet is the check of the laymen, on bad prieſts. We are only to take care, that we involve not the innocent with the guilty in the ſame condemnation. The good cannot be too much honoured, nor the bad too coarſely uſed: for the corruption of the beſt becomes the worſt. When a clergyman is whipped, his gown is firſt taken off, by which the dignity of his order is ſecured: if he be wrongfully accuſed, he has his action of ſlander; and it is at the poet's peril, if he tranſgreſs the law. But they will tell us, that all kind of ſatire, though never

ſo

ſo well deſerved by particular prieſts, yet brings the whole order into contempt. Is then the peerage of England any thing diſhonoured, when a peer ſuffers for his treaſon? If he be libeled, or any way defamed, he has his "Scandalum Magnatum" to puniſh the offender. They, who uſe this kind of argument, ſeem to be conſcious to themſelves of ſomewhat which has deſerved the poet's laſh; and are leſs concerned for their public capacity, than for their private; at leaſt there is pride at the bottom of their reaſoning. If the faults of men in orders are only to be judged among themſelves, they are all in ſome ſort parties: for, ſince they ſay the honour of their order is concerned in every member of it, how can we be ſure, that they will be impartial judges? How far I may be allowed to ſpeak my opinion in this caſe, I know not: but I am ſure a diſpute of this nature cauſed miſchief in abundance betwixt a king of England and an archbiſhop of Canterbury; one ſtanding up for the Laws of his land, and the other for the honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the murther of the prelate, and in the whipping of his majeſty from poſt to pillar for his penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. Drake has ſaved me the labour of inquiring into the eſteem and reverence which the prieſts have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminiſh any part of it: yet I muſt needs ſay, that when a prieſt provokes me without any occaſion given him, I have no reaſon, unleſs it be the charity of a Chriſtian, to forgive him. "Prior læſit" is juſtification ſufficient in the Civil Law.

If I anſwer him in his own language, ſelf-defence, I am ſure, muſt be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a ſharp recrimination, ſomewhat may be indulged to human frailty. Yet my reſentment has not wrought ſo far, but that I have followed Chaucer in his character of a holy man, and have enlarged on that ſubject with ſome pleaſure, reſerving to myſelf the right, if I ſhall think fit hereafter, to deſcribe another ſort of prieſts, ſuch as are more eaſily to be found than the good parſon; ſuch as have given the laſt blow to Chriſtianity in this age, by a practice ſo contrary to their doctrine. But this will keep cold till another time. In the mean while, I take up Chaucer where I left him. He muſt have been a man of a moſt wonderful comprehenſive nature, becauſe, as it has been truly obſerved of him, he has taken into the compaſs of his Canterbury tales the various manners and humours (as we now call them) of the whole Engliſh nation, in his age. Not a ſingle character has eſcaped him. All his pilgrims are ſeverally diſtinguiſhed from each other; and not only in their inclinations, but in their very phyſiognomies and perſons. Baptiſta Porta could not have deſcribed their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are ſo ſuited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and ſerious characters are diſtinguiſhed by their ſeveral ſorts of gravity: their diſcourſes are ſuch as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding;

breeding; ſuch as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his perſons are vicious, and ſome virtuous; ſome are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and ſome are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are ſeveral men, and diſtinguiſhed from each other, as much as the mincing lady prioreſs, and the broad-ſpeaking gap-toothed wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is ſuch a variety of game ſpringing up before me, that I am diſtracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is ſufficient to ſay, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our fore-fathers and great grand-dames all before us, as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are ſtill remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than thoſe of Monks and Friars, and Chanons, and lady Abbeſſes, and Nuns: for mankind is ever the ſame, and nothing loſt out of nature, though every thing is altered. May I have leave to do myſelf the juſtice, (ſince my enemies will do me none, and are ſo far from granting me to be a good poet, that they will not allow me ſo much as to be a Chriſtian, or a moral man); may I have leave, I ſay, to inform my reader, that I have confined my choice to ſuch tales of Chaucer as ſavour nothing of immodeſty. If I had deſired more to pleaſe than to inſtruct, the Reeve, the Miller, the Shipman, the Merchants, the Sumner, and, above all, the Wife of Bath, in the prologue to her tale, would have procured me as many friends and readers, as there are beaux

beaux and ladies of pleaſure in the town. But I will no more offend againſt good-manners: I am ſenſible, as I ought to be, of the ſcandal I have given by my looſe writings; and make what reparation I am able, by this public acknowledgment. If any thing of this nature, or of profaneneſs, be crept into theſe poems, I am ſo far from defending it, that I diſown it. "Totum hoc indictum volo." Chaucer makes another manner of apology for his broad-ſpeaking, and Boccace makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our countryman, in the end of his characters, before the Canterbury tales, thus excuſes the ribaldry, which is very groſs in many of his novels.

But firſt, I pray you of your courteſy,
That ye ne arrettee it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly ſpeak in this mattere
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I ſpeak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,
Who ſhall tellen a tale after a man,
He mote rehearſe as nye, as ever he can:
Everich word of it been in his charge,
All ſpeke he, never ſo rudely, ne large.
Or elſe he mote tellen his tale untrue,
Or feine things, or find words new:
He may not ſpare, although he were his brother,
He mote as well ſay o word as another.
Chriſt ſpake himſelf full broad in holy writ,
And well I wote no villany is it,

was too modeſt to ſet up for a dictator; and being ſhocked perhaps with his old ſtile, never examined into the depth of his good ſenſe. Chaucer, I confeſs, is a rough diamond, and muſt firſt be poliſhed, ere he ſhines. I deny not likewiſe, that, living in our early days of poetry, he writes not always of a piece: but ſometimes mingles trivial things with thoſe of greater moment. Sometimes alſo, though not often, he runs riot, like Ovid, and knows not when he has ſaid enough. But there are more great wits beſides Chaucer, whoſe fault is their exceſs of conceits, and thoſe ill ſorted. An author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having obſerved this redundancy in Chaucer (as it is an eaſy matter for a man of ordinary parts to find a fault in one of greater), I have not tied myſelf to a literal tranſlation; but have often omitted what I judged unneceſſary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts. I have preſumed farther, in ſome places, and added ſomewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient, and had not given his thoughts their true luſtre, for want of words in the beginning of our language. And to this I was the more emboldened, becauſe (if I may be permitted to ſay it of myſelf) I found I had a ſoul congenial to his, and that I had been converſant in the ſame ſtudies. Another poet, in another age, may take the ſame liberty with my writings; if at leaſt they live long enough to deſerve correction. It was alſo neceſſary ſometimes to reſtore the ſenſe of Chaucer, which was loſt or mangled in the errors of the preſs: let this example ſuffice at preſent;

in the ſtory of Palaiſon and Arcite, where the temple of Diana is deſcribed, you find theſe verſes, in all the editions of our author:

There ſaw I Danè turned into a tree,
I mean not the goddeſs Diane,
But Venus daughter, which that hight Danè:

Which after a little conſideration I knew was to be reformed into this ſenſe, that Daphne the daughter of Peneus was turned into a tree. I durſt not make thus bold with Ovid, leſt ſome future Milbourn ſhould ariſe, and ſay, I varied from my author, becauſe I underſtood him not.

But there are other judges who think I ought not to have tranſlated Chaucer into Engliſh, out of a quite contrary notion: they ſuppoſe there is a certain veneration due to his old language; and that it is little leſs than profanation and ſacrilege to alter it. They are farther of opinion, that ſomewhat of his good ſenſe will ſuffer in this transfuſion, and much of the beauty of his thoughts will infallibly be loſt, which appear with more grace in their old habit. Of this opinion was that excellent perſon, whom I mentioned, the late earl of Leiceſter, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley deſpiſed him. My lord diſſuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it ſome years before his death) and his authority prevailed ſo far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him: yet my reaſon was not convinced with what he urged againſt it. If the firſt end of a writer be

to be underſtood, then as his language grows obſolete, his thoughts muſt grow obſcure:

"Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,
"Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula; ſi volet uſus,
"Quem penès arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi."

When an ancient word for its ſound and ſignificancy deſerves to be revived, I have that reaſonable veneration for antiquity, to reſtore it. All beyond this is ſuperſtition. Words are not like landmarks, ſo ſacred as never to be removed; cuſtoms are changed; and even ſtatutes are ſilently repealed, when the reaſon ceaſes for which they were enacted. As for the other part of the argument, that his thoughts will loſe of their original beauty, by the innovation of words; in the firſt place, not only their beauty, but their being is loſt, where they are no longer underſtood, which is the preſent caſe. I grant that ſomething muſt be loſt in all transfuſion, that is, in all tranſlations; but the ſenſe will remain, which would otherwiſe be loſt, or at leaſt be maimed, when it is ſcarce intelligible; and that but to a few. How few are there who can read Chaucer, ſo as to underſtand him perfectly! And if imperfectly, then with leſs profit and no pleaſure. It is not for the uſe of ſome old Saxon friends, that I have taken theſe pains with him: let them neglect my verſion, becauſe they have no need of it. I made it for their ſakes who underſtand ſenſe and poetry as well as they, when that poetry and ſenſe is put into words which they underſtand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what beauties I *loſe in ſome* places, I give to *others which had them not originally*: but in this I

may be partial to myself: let the reader judge, and I submit to his decision. Yet I think I have just occasion to complain of them, who, because they understand Chaucer, would deprive the greater part of their countrymen of the same advantage, and hoard him up, as misers do their grandam gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making use of it. In fine, I frankly profess, that no man ever had, or can have, a greater veneration for Chaucer, than myself. I have translated some part of his works, only that I might perpetuate his memory, or at least refresh it amongst my countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him. "Facile omnia addere," is no great commendation; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one remark: a lady of my acquaintance, who keeps a kind of correspondence with some authors of the fair sex in France, has been informed by them, that Mademoiselle de Scudery, who is as old as Sibyl, and inspired like her by the same god of poetry is at this time translating Chaucer into modern French from which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old Provençal (for how she should come to understand old English I know not). But the matter of fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like fatality; that, after certain period of time, the fame and memory of great wits should be renewed, as Chaucer is both in France and England. I

this be wholly chance, it is extraordinary, and I dare not call it more, for fear of being taxed with ſuperſtition.

Boccace comes laſt to be conſidered, who, living in the ſame age with Chaucer, had the ſame genius, and followed the ſame ſtudies: both writ novels, and each of them cultivated his mother tongue. But the greateſt reſemblance of our two modern authors being in their familiar ſtile, and pleaſing way of relating comical adventures, I may paſs it over, becauſe I have tranſlated nothing from Boccace of that nature. In the ſerious part of poetry, the advantage is wholly on Chaucer's ſide; for though the Engliſhman has borrowed many tales from the Italian, yet it appears that thoſe of Boccace were not generally of his own making, but taken from authors of former ages, and by him only modelled: ſo that what there was of invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But Chaucer has refined on Boccace, and has mended the ſtories which he has borrowed, in his way of telling; though proſe allows more liberty of thought, and the expreſſion is more eaſy when unconfined by numbers. Our countryman carries weight, and yet wins the race at diſadvantage. I deſire not the reader ſhould take my word: and therefore I will ſet two of their diſcourſes on the ſame ſubject, in the ſame light, for every man to judge betwixt them. I tranſlated Chaucer firſt, and, amongſt the reſt, pitched on the Wife of Bath's tale; not daring, as I have ſaid, to adventure on her prologue, becauſe it is too licentious: there Chaucer introduces an old woman of mean parentage, whom a *youthful knight of* noble blood was

forced to marry, and conſequently loathed her: the crone being in bed with him on the wedding-night, and finding his averſion, endeavours to win his affection by reaſon, and ſpeaks a good word for herſelf, (as who could blame her?) in hope to mollify the ſullen bridegroom. She takes her topics from the benefits of poverty, the advantages of old age and uglineſs, the vanity of youth, and the ſilly pride of anceſtry and titles without inherent virtue, which is the true nobility. When I had cloſed Chaucer, I returned to Ovid, and tranſlated ſome more of his fables; and by this time had ſo far forgotten the wife of Bath's tale, that, when I took up Boccace, unawares I fell on the ſame argument of preferring virtue to nobility of blood, and titles, in the ſtory of Sigiſmunda; which I had certainly avoided for the reſemblance of the two diſcourſes, if my memory had not failed me. Let the reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to Chaucer, it is in him to right Boccace.

I prefer in our countryman, far above all his other ſtories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the Epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis: the ſtory is more pleaſing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various; and the diſpoſition full as artful; only it includes a greater length of time, as taking up ſeven years at leaſt; but Ariſtotle has left undecided the duration of the action; which yet is eaſily reduced into the *compaſs of a year*, by a narration of what preceded the return

turn of Palamon to Athens. I had thought for the honour of our nation, and more particularly for his, whoſe laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this ſtory was of Engliſh growth, and Chaucer's own: but I was undeceived by Boccace; for caſually looking on the end of his ſeventh Giornata, I found Dioneo (under which name he ſhadows himſelf) and Fiametta (who repreſents his miſtreſs the natural daughter of Robert king of Naples) of whom theſe words are ſpoken, "Dioneo e la Fiametta granpezza conta-"rono inſieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone:" by which it appears that this ſtory was written before the time of Boccace; but the name of its author being wholly loſt, Chaucer is now become an original; and I queſtion not but the poem has received many beauties by paſſing through his noble hands. Beſides this tale, there is another of his own invention, after the manner of the Provençals, called The Flower and the Leaf; with which I was ſo particularly pleaſed, both for the invention and the moral, that I cannot hinder myſelf from recommending it to the reader.

As a corollary to this preface, in which I have done juſtice to others, I owe ſomewhat to myſelf: not that I think it worth my time to enter the liſts with one Milbourn, and one Blackmore, but barely to take notice, that ſuch men there are who have written ſcurrilouſly againſt me, without any provocation. Milbourn, who is in Orders, pretends amongſt the reſt this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on prieſthood: if I have, I am only to aſk pardon of good prieſts, and am afraid his part

part of the reparation will come to little. Let him b
ſatisfied that he ſhall not be able to force himſelf upo
me for an adverſary. I contemn him too much to en
ter into competition with him. His own tranſlation
of Virgil have anſwered his criticiſms on mine. If (a
they ſay, he has declared in print) he prefers the ver
ſion of Ogilby to mine, the world has made him th
ſame compliment: for it is agreed on all hands, that h
writes even below Ogilby: that, you will ſay, is no
eaſily to be done; but what cannot Milbourn brin
about? I am ſatisfied however, that while he and I liv
together, I ſhall not be thought the worſt poet of th
age. It looks as if I had deſired him underhand t
write ſo ill againſt me: but upon my honeſt word
have not bribed him to do me this ſervice, and an
wholly guiltleſs of his pamphlet. It is true, I ſhoul
be glad, if I could perſuade him to continue his goo
offices, and write ſuch another critique on any thing o
mine: for I find by experience he has a great ſtrok
with the reader, when he condemns any of my poems
to make the world have a better opinion of them. H
has taken ſome pains with my poetry; but nobod
will be perſuaded to take the ſame with his. If I ha
taken to the church (as he affirms, but which was neve
in my thoughts) I ſhould have had more ſenſe, if no
more grace, than to have turned myſelf out of my be
nefice by writing libels on my pariſhioners. But hi
account of my manners and my principles, are of
piece with his cavils and his poetry: and ſo I have don
with him for ever.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Phyſician, I hear his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Abſalom and Achitophel, which he thinks is a little hard on his fanatic patrons in London.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two poems, becauſe nothing ill is to be ſpoken of the dead: and therefore peace be to the Manes of his Arthurs. I will only ſay, that it was not for this noble knight that I drew the plan of an Epic poem on king Arthur, in my preface to the tranſlation of Juvenal. The guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as Dares did the whirlbats of Eryx, when they were thrown before him by Entellus. Yet from that preface he plainly took his hint: for he began immediately upon the ſtory; though he had the baſeneſs not to acknowledge his benefactor; but inſtead of it, to traduce me in a libel.

I ſhall ſay the leſs of Mr Collier, becauſe in many things he has taxed me juſtly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expreſſions of mine, which can be truly argued of obſcenity, profaneneſs, or immorality; and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no perſonal occaſion to be otherwiſe, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cauſe, when I have ſo often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many places he has perverted my meaning by his gloſſes; and interpreted my words into blaſphemy and baudry,

baudry, of which they were not guilty; beſides that he is too much given to horſe-play in his raillery; and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not ſay, The zeal of God's houſe has eaten him up; but I am ſure it has devoured ſome part of his good-manners and civility. It might alſo be doubted whether it were altogether zeal, which prompted him to this rough manner of proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his function to rake into the rubbiſh of ancient and modern plays; a divine might have employed his pains to better purpoſe, than in the naſtineſs of Plautus and Ariſtophanes; whoſe examples, as they excuſe not me, ſo it might be poſſibly ſuppoſed, that he read them not without ſome pleaſure. They who have written commentaries on thoſe poets, or on Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, have explained ſome vices, which without their interpretation had been unknown to modern times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former age and us.

There is more baudry in one Play of Fletcher's, called The Cuſtom of the Country, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the ſtage in my remembrance. Are the times ſo much more reformed now, than they were five and twenty years ago? If they are, I congratulate the amendment of our morals. But I am not to prejudice the cauſe of my fellow-poets, though I abandon my own defence: they have ſome of them anſwered for themſelves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. Collier ſo formidable an enemy, that we ſhould ſhun him. He has loſt ground at the latter end

of

of the day, by purſuing his point too far, like the prince of Conde at the battle of Senneph: from immoral plays, to no plays; "ab abuſu ad uſum, non valet "conſequentia." But being a party, I am not to erect myſelf into a judge. As for the reſt of thoſe who have written againſt me, they are ſuch ſcoundrels, that they deſerve not the leaſt notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourn are only diſtinguiſhed from the crowd, by being remembered to their infamy.

—— "Demetri, Teque Tigelli
"Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras."

TALES

TALES

FROM

CHAUCER.

To her GRACE

The DUTCHESS of ORMOND,

With the following POEM of

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

MADAM,

THE bard who firſt adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his Britiſh lyre this ancient ſong:
Which Homer might without a bluſh rehearſe,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verſe:
He match'd their beauties, where they moſt excel;
Of love ſung better, and of arms as well.
Vouchſafe, illuſtrious Ormond, to behold
What power the charms of beauty had of old;
Nor wonder if ſuch deeds of arms were done,
Inſpir'd by two fair eyes that ſparkled like your own.
If Chaucer by the beſt idea wrought,
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The faireſt nymph before his eyes he ſet;
And then the faireſt was Plantagenet;
Who three contending princes made their prize,
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes:
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the nobleſt order gave the name.
Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conqueſts, and extend your own:

As when the ſtars in their etherial race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid ſpace,
At certain periods they reſume their place,
From the ſame point of heaven their courſe advance,
And move in meaſures of their former dance;
Thus, after length of ages, ſhe returns,
Reſtor'd in you, and the ſame place adorns;
Or you perform her office in the ſphere,
Born of her blood, and make a new platonic year.
O true Plantagenet, O race divine,
(For beauty ſtill is fatal to the line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you;
Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
Your noble Palamon had been the knight;
And conquering Theſeus from his ſide had ſent
Your generous lord, to guide the Theban government.
Time ſhall accompliſh that; and I ſhall ſee
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.
Already have the Fates your path prepar'd,
And ſure preſage your future ſway declar'd:
When weſtward, like the ſun, you took your way,
And from benighted Britain bore the day,
Blue Triton gave the ſignal from the ſhore,
The ready Nereids heard, and ſwam before
To ſmooth the ſeas; a ſoft Eteſian gale
But juſt inſpir'd, and gently ſwell'd the ſail;
Portunus took his turn, whoſe ample hand
Heav'd up his lighten'd keel, and ſunk the ſand,
And ſteer'd the ſacred veſſel ſafe to land.

The

ınd, if not reſtrain'd, had met your way,
ted out a neck, and jutted to the ſea.
aia, proſtrate at your feet, ador'd
ı, the pledge of her expected lord;
› her iſle; a venerable name;
ther and his grandſire known to fame;
by that houſe, accuſtom'd to command,
urdy Kerns in due ſubjection ſtand;
:ar the reins in any foreign hand.
ır approach, they crouded to the port;
ſcarcely landed, you create a court:
mond's harbinger, to you they run;
:nus is the promiſe of the ſun.
afte of civil wars, their towns deſtroy'd,
ınhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
ıll forgot; and one triumphant day
all the tears of three campaigns away.
rapines, maſſacres, were cheaply bought,
hty recompence your beauty brought.
en the dove returning bore the mark
h reſtor'd to the long labouring ark,
licks of mankind, ſecure of reſt,
:very window to receive the gueſt,
ıe fair bearer of the meſſage bleſs'd;
en you came, with loud repeated cries,
tion took an omen from your eyes,
od advanc'd his rainbow in the ſkies,
ı inviolable peace reſtor'd;
nts with ſolemn ſhouts proclaim'd the new accord.

When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretel that millenary year)
The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
But earth unbidden shall produce her store;
The land shall laugh, the circling ocean smile,
And heaven's indulgence bless the holy isle.
Heaven from all ages has reserv'd for you
That happy clime, which venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
Have power to chase all poison, but their own.
Now in this interval, which fate has cast
Betwixt your future glories and your past,
In pangs of power, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe return,
By which you seem the seasons to command,
And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.
The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend,
Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, though often we may lend.
The dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more.
Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
New from her sickness, to that northern air;
Rest here a while your lustre to restore,
That they may see you, as you shone before;
For yet, th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Through some remains, and dimness of a shade.
A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him with strength impair'd to fight;

Till

Till force returns, his ardor we reſtrain,
And curb his warlike wiſh to croſs the main.
Now paſt the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where diſeaſe could enter in;
How thoſe malignant atoms forc'd their way,
What in the faultleſs frame they found to make their prey?
Where every element was weigh'd ſo well,
That heaven alone, who mix'd the maſs, could tell
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, impriſon'd in ſo ſweet a cage,
A ſoul might well be pleas'd to paſs an age.
And yet the fine materials made it weak:
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your breaſt the ſickneſs durſt aſpire;
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire,
Profanely ſet the holy place on fire.
In vain your lord like young Veſpaſian mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the ſanctuary burn'd:
And I prepar'd to pay in verſes rude
A moſt deteſted act of gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your elegy, which now
I offer'd for your health, the table of my vow.
Your angel ſure our Morley's mind inſpir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee:
Or heaven, which had ſuch over-coſt beſtow'd,
As ſcarce it could afford to fleſh and blood,
So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
To ſave the charges of another you.

Or by his middle ſcience did he ſteer,
And ſaw ſome great contingent good appear
Well worth a miracle to keep you here:
And for that end, preſerv'd the precious mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better mind
An heir from you, which may redeem the failing kind.

Bleſt be the power which has at once reſtor'd
The hopes of loſt ſucceſſion to your lord,
Joy to the firſt and laſt of each degree,
Virtue to courts, and, what I long'd to ſee,
To you the Graces, and the Muſe to me.
O daughter of the roſe, whoſe cheeks unite
The differing titles of the red and white;
Who heaven's alternate beauty well diſplay,
The bluſh of morning and the milky way;
Whoſe face is paradiſe, but fenc'd from ſin:
For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.

All is your lord's alone; ev'n abſent, he
Employs the care of chaſte Penelope.
For him you waſte in tears your widow'd hours,
For him your curious needle paints the flowers;
Such works of old Imperial dames were taught;
Such, for Aſcanius, fair Eliſa wrought.
The ſoft receſſes of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love:
All other parts of pious duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a ſon;
To fill in future times his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race.

PALA-

PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR,

THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theſeus was his name;
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The riſing nor the ſetting ſun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he ſtrove,
Whom firſt by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her ſiſter, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theſeus ride,
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his ſide.
I paſs their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their ſhouts, their ſongs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town beſieg'd, and how much blood it coſt
The female army and th' Athenian hoſt;
The ſpouſals of Hippolita the queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feaſt were ſeen;

The ſtorm at their return, the ladies fear:
But theſe, and other things, I muſt forbear.
The field is ſpacious I deſign to ſow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waſte my ſtrength;
And trivial accidents ſhall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at firſt enjoin'd us by mine hoſt:
That he whoſe tale is beſt, and pleaſes moſt,
Should win his ſupper at our common coſt.
And therefore where I left, I will purſue
This ancient ſtory, whether falſe or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmoſt of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to caſt his eye aſide,
And ſaw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two acroſs the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breaſts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they ſeiz'd at laſt
His courſer's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
Tell me, ſaid Theſeus, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praiſe, and would deſtroy
With grief my pleaſures, and pollute my joy?

Or

Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your requeſt, and I will eaſe your grief.
The moſt in years of all the mourning train
Began (but ſwooned firſt away for pain);
Then ſcarce recover'd ſpoke: nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redreſs,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy ſucceſs:
We wretched women ſue for that alone,
Which of thy goodneſs is refus'd to none;
Let fall ſome drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be juſt, and we deſerve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of ſovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliſs ſhould laſt for length of years,
She caſt us headlong from our high eſtate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddeſs Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whoſe name it bears,
Relieve th' oppreſs'd, and wipe the widow's tears,
I, wretched I, have other fortune ſeen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell; curſt be the fatal day!
And all the reſt thou ſeeſt in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle loſt
Before that town beſieg'd by our confederate hoſt:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and uſurps the lands,

Denies

Denies the rites of funeral fires to make
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed:
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Beseught his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And what e'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;

'n the ground glitter'd where the ſtandard flew,
d the green graſs was dy'd to ſanguine hue.
gh on his pointed lance his pennon bore
Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaure:
e ſoldiers ſhout around with generous rage,
d in that victory their own preſage.
prais'd their ardour; inly pleas'd to ſee
hoſt the flower of Grecian chivalry.
day he march'd; and all th' enſuing night;
d ſaw the city with returning light.
e proceſs of the war I need not tell,
w Theſeus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
after, how by ſtorm the walls were won,
how the victor ſack'd and burn'd the town:
w to the ladies he reſtor'd again
: bodies of their lords in battle ſlain:
l with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
theſe to fitter times ſhall be deferr'd:
are the widows tears, their woeful cries,
l howling at their huſbands obſequies;
r Theſeus at theſe funerals did aſſiſt,
l with what gifts the mourning dames diſmiſs'd.
'hus when the victor chief had Creon ſlain,
l conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
country waſted, and the hamlets burn'd,
left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
hout control to ſtrip and ſpoil the dead.
here, in a heap of ſlain, among the reſt
youthful knights they found beneath a load oppreſs'd

Of

Denies the rites of funeral fires to thoſe
Whoſe breathleſs bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and ſuch his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeleſs limbs his hounds are fed:
At this ſhe ſhriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Beſought his pity to their helpleſs kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He ſigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, ſo fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty ſteed he flew,
And raiſing one by one the ſuppliant crew,
To comfort each, full ſolemnly he ſwore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And what e'er elſe to chivalry belongs,
He would not ceaſe, till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece ſhould ſee perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel Creon find his juſt reward.
He ſaid no more, but, ſhunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his ſiſter and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his ſword, and ſhield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead ſeem'd to glow with fire;

ſh than May herſelf in bloſſoms new,
the roſy colour ſtrove her hue,
as her cuſtom was, before the day,
obſervance due to ſprightly May:
htly May commands our youth to keep
ls of her night, and breaks their ſluggard ſleep;
tle breaſt with kindly warmth ſhe moves;
ew flames, revives extinguiſh'd loves.
membrance Emily ere day
d dreſs'd herſelf in rich array;
he month, and as the morning fair;
r ſhoulders fell her length of hair:
l did the braided treſſes bind,
vas looſe, and wanton'd in the wind:
d but newly chas'd the night,
led o'er the ſky with bluſhing light,
he garden walk ſhe took her way,
nd trip along in cool of day,
maiden vows in honour of the May.
turn, ſhe made a little ſtand,
among the thorns her lily hand
he roſe, and every roſe ſhe drew
the ſtalk, and bruſh'd away the dew:
-colour'd flowers of white and red
to make a garland for her head:
ſhe ſung and carol'd out ſo clear,
and angels might rejoice to hear:
ering Philomel forgot to ſing;
d from her to welcome-in the ſpring.

The

'The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
'The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning-air.
It happen'd Palamon the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his jayler's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
'This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Chear'd with the promise of a glorious day:
'Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
'The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
'This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,

He

hrough a little window caſt his ſight,
ugh thick of bars that gave a ſcanty light:
ev'n that glimmering ſerv'd him to deſcry
inevitable charms of Emily.
arce had he ſeen, but, ſeiz'd with ſudden ſmart,
g to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
:k blind with over-powering light he ſtood,
ı ſtarted back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
›ung Arcite heard; and up he ran with haſte,
elp his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
aſk'd him why he look'd ſo deadly wan,
whence and how his change of cheer began?
ho had done th' offence? But if, ſaid he,
grief alone is hard captivity;
ove of heaven, with patience undergo
releſs ill, ſince fate will have it ſo:
›od our horoſcope in chains to lie,
Saturn in the dungeon of the ſky,
her baleful aſpect, rul'd our birth,
ı all the friendly ſtars were under earth:
e'er betides, by deſtiny 'tis done;
better bear like men, than vainly ſeek to ſhun.
: of my bonds, ſaid Palamon again,
f unhappy planets I complain;
hen my mortal anguiſh caus'd my cry,
moment I was hurt through either eye;
l with a random ſhaft, I faint away,
eriſh with inſenſible decay:
ıce of ſome new goddeſs gave the wound,
, like Acteon, unaware I found.

Look

[illegible] PLEMS.

[illegible] pace.
[illegible] grace:
[illegible] race.
[illegible] ins [illegible]
[illegible] lefs
[illegible] man.
[illegible] to [illegible]:
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] dungeon [illegible]
[illegible] with our disgrace.
[illegible] Human race.
[illegible] While [illegible] he spoke,
[illegible] look:
[illegible] passage found.
[illegible] heart infix'd the wound:
[illegible] wounded sore,
[illegible] more:
[illegible] he sigh'd, and said,
[illegible] has struck me dead:
[illegible] and kills by chance;
[illegible] and death in every glance.
[illegible] alone, but move
[illegible] must die for love.
[illegible] thus Palamon replies,
[illegible] and ardent were his eyes.)
[illegible] in earnest, or in jesting vein?
[illegible] Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
[illegible] Palamon again.
[illegible] his brows) with men who honour weigh
[illegible] break, their friendship to betray;

But worſt with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinſman, and in arms my brother ſworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one ſhould be the common good of both;
One ſoul ſhould both inſpire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in purſuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my deſign:
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canſt, nor dar'ſt thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whoſe faith I truſt, and on whoſe care depend:
And would'ſt thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than releaſe would chooſe to die?
But thou, falſe Arcite, never ſhalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee firſt my pain:
For firſt my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother ſworn,
Art bound t' aſſiſt my elderſhip of right:
Or juſtly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon: but Arcite with diſdain
In haughty language thus reply'd again;
Forſworn thyſelf: the traitor's odious name
I firſt return, and then diſprove thy claim.
If love be paſſion, and that paſſion nurſt
With ſtrong deſires, I lov'd the lady firſt.
Canſt thou pretend deſire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worſhip, and a power celeſtial nam'd?

Thine was devotion to the bleſt above,
I ſaw the woman, and deſir'd her love;
Firſt own'd my paſſion, and to thee commend
Th' important ſecret, as my choſen friend.
Suppoſe (which yet I grant not) thy deſire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of ſeeing firſt thy title prove?
And know'ſt thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but poſitive; love's power, we ſee,
Is Nature's ſanction, and her firſt decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cauſe.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waſte:
Maids, widows, wives, without diſtinction fall;
The ſweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendſhip I tranſgreſs,
I keep the greater, while I break the leſs;
And both are mad alike, ſince neither can poſſeſs.
Both hopeleſs to be ranſom'd, never more
To ſee the ſun, but as he paſſes o'er.
Like Æſop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitleſs fight continued all the day;
A cur came by, and ſnatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore juſtle for a grant,
And when they break their friendſhip plead their want,

So

So thou, if fortune will thy ſuit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I muſt love, and am reſolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in th' adventure die.
Great was their ſtrife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a ſurly ſtand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they paſs'd,
And wiſh'd that every look might be their laſt.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theſeus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And roſe as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war; and lov'd ſo well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient ſtories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to purſue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long ſince,
And honour'd by this young Theſſalian prince.
Theſeus, to gratify his friend and gueſt,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his requeſt,
Reſtor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on theſe hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite ſhould be found
Within the compaſs of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit of th' offence.

To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promiſe was the priſoner freed.
Unpleas'd and penſive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life muſt pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchaſe, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he ſaid, in priſon pent,
If I but change my bonds for baniſhment?
And baniſh'd from her ſight, I ſuffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her preſence, and condemn'd to live:
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;
And where ſhe's abſent, all is hell beſides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurſt,
Which bound my friendſhip to Pirithous firſt:
Had I not known that prince, I ſtill had been
In bondage, and had ſtill Emilia ſeen:
For though I never can her grace deſerve,
'Tis recompence enough to ſee and ſerve.
O Palamon, my kinſman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou on that angel's face may'ſt feed thine eyes,
In priſon, no; but bliſsful paradiſe!
Thou daily ſeeſt that ſun of beauty ſhine,
And lov'ſt at leaſt in love's extremeſt line.

I mourn

I mourn in abſence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but ſince thou haſt her ſight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may ceaſe to frown,
And by ſome ways unknown thy wiſhes crown?
But I, the moſt forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathſome life in care,
For my reward, muſt end it in deſpair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can eaſe my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's laſt relief:
Then farewel youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itſelf farewel.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than thoſe which we deſire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are ſlain;
Some pray from priſon to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by thoſe they truſted with their life,
A favour'd ſervant, or a boſom wife.
Such dear-bought bleſſings happen every day,
Becauſe we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken ſots about the ſtreet we roam:
Well knows the ſot he has a certain home;

Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and ſtaggers every pace.
Thus all ſeek happineſs; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my caſe, who thought our utmoſt good
Was in one word of freedom underſtood:
The fatal bleſſing came: from priſon free,
I ſtarve abroad, and loſe the ſight of Emily.
Thus Arcite; but if Arcite thus deplore
His ſufferings, Palamon yet ſuffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He ſwells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he ſtares, he ſtamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of ſweat.
Alas! he cry'd! I wretch in priſon pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'ſt at large, thou draw'ſt thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my deſpair:
Thou mayſt, ſince thou haſt youth and courage join'd,
A ſweet behaviour and a ſolid mind,
Aſſemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy diſgrace;
And after, by ſome treaty made, poſſeſs
Fair Emily, the pledge of laſting peace.
So thine ſhall be the beauteous prize, while I
Muſt languiſh in deſpair, in priſon die.
Thus all th' advantage of the ſtrife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double ſorrows mine.

The

The rage of Jealouſy then fir'd his ſoul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Deſpair, ſucceeding in her ſtead,
To livid paleneſs turns the glowing red.
His blood, ſcarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind conſtrains.
Then thus he ſaid: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with abſolute decrees,
And write whatever time ſhall bring to paſs,
With pens of adamant, on plates of braſs;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the reſt is liable to pain,
And like the ſheep, his brother-beaſt, is ſlain.
Cold, hunger, priſons, ills without a cure,
All theſe he muſt, and guiltleſs oft endure;
Or does your juſtice, power, or preſcience fail,
When the good ſuffer, and the bad prevail?
What worſe to wretched virtue could befal,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worſe than other beaſts is our eſtate;
Them, to purſue their pleaſures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, muſt curb our will,
And your commands, not our deſires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjuſtly ſlain,
Yet after death at leaſt he feels no pain;
But man in life ſurcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to ſuffer more.
A ſerpent ſhoots his ſting at unaware;
An ambuſh'd thief forelays a traveller:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

orrow in his ſtupid eyes appears,
wanting nouriſhment, he wanted tears:
ye-balls in their hollow ſockets ſink.
t of ſleep, he loaths his meat and drink.
thers at his heart, and looks as wan
e pale ſpectre of a murder'd man:
pale turns yellow, and his face receives
aded hue of ſapleſs boxen leaves:
itary groves he makes his moan,
s early out, and ever is alone:
mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleaſures ſhares,
ghs when ſongs and inſtruments he hears.
pirits are ſo low, his voice is drown'd,
ars as from afar, or in a ſwoon,
the deaf murmurs of a diſtant ſound:
nb'd his locks, and ſqualid his attire,
e the trim of love and gay deſire:
ull of muſeful mopings, which preſage
ofs of reaſon, and conclude in rage.
when he had endur'd a year and more,
wholly chang'd from what he was before,
pen'd once, that, ſlumbering as he lay,
eam'd (his dream began at break of day)
Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
with ſoft words his drooping ſpirits chear'd:
at, adorn'd with wings, diſclos'd the God,
n his hand he bore the ſleep-compelling rod:
as he ſeem'd, when, at his ſire's command,
rgus' head he laid the ſnaky wand.

Ariſe,

Ariſe, he ſaid, to conquering Athens go,
There fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a ſtart,
Againſt his boſom beunc'd his heaving heart;
But ſoon he ſaid, with ſcarce-recover'd breath,
And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be ſlain; but death is my deſire,
Since in Emilia's ſight I ſhall expire.
By chance he ſpy'd a mirror while he ſpoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he ſaw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that ſcarce himſelf he knew.
A ſudden thought then ſtarting in his mind,
Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may ſearch in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this diſguiſe.
Thanks to the change which grief and ſickneſs give,
In low eſtate I may ſecurely live,
And ſee unknown my miſtreſs day by day.
He ſaid; and cloth'd himſelf in coarſe array:
A labouring hind in ſhew; then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
One ſquire attended in the ſame diſguiſe,
Made conſcious of his maſter's enterprife.
Arriv'd at Athens ſoon he came to court,
Unknown, unqueſtion'd, in that thick reſort:
Proffering for hire his ſervice at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befel him, that for little gain
He ſerv'd at firſt Emilia's chamberlain;

And,

And, watchful all advantages to ſpy,
Was ſtill at hand, and in his maſter's eye;
And as his bones were big, and ſinews ſtrong,
Refus'd no toil that could to ſlaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He paſs'd a year at leaſt attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philoſtratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much eſteem'd, ſo well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courteſy was blown:
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace:
That, exercis'd within a higher ſphere,
His virtues more conſpicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theſeus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial ſervants firſt enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with ſums of gold:
Beſides what ſecretly from Thebes was ſent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiouſly conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increaſe,
In arms of honour, and eſteem in peace;
To Theſeus' perſon he was ever near;
And Theſeus for his virtues held him dear.

PALA-

PALAMON AND ARCITE:
OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.
BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliſs, the ſtory turns
Where hopeleſs Palamon in priſon mourns.
For ſix long years immur'd, the captive knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and ſcarcely ſeen the light:
Loſt liberty, and love, at once he bore:
His priſon pain'd him much, his paſſion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wiſhes to be free from love.

But when the ſixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the ſun,
Were it by chance, or forceful deſtiny,
Which forms in cauſes firſt whate'er ſhall be,
Aſſiſted by a friend, one moonleſs night,
This Palamon from priſon took his flight:
A pleaſant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey mix'd with added ſtore
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who ſwallow'd unaware the ſleepy draught,
And ſnor'd ſecure till morn, his ſenſes bound
In ſlumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the riſing ſun.
A thick ſpread foreſt near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd ſtrides he took his way
(*For* far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).

Safe

Safe from purſuit, he meant to ſhun the light,
Till the brown ſhadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next deſign
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theſeus, till he loſt his life,
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our ſtile;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous fortune caught him in the ſnare.
The morning-lark, the meſſenger of day,
Saluted in her ſong the morning gray;
And ſoon the ſun aroſe with beams ſo bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to ſee the joyous ſight;
He with his tepid rays the roſe renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, reſolv'd to pay
Obſervance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery ſteed betimes he rode,
That ſcarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At eaſe he ſeem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horſe's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland ſought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face againſt the riſing day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, ſweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the firſt, the faireſt of the year:

For

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy ſhort reign is paſt, the feverish ſun
The ſultry tropic fears, and moves more ſlowly on.
So may thy tender bloſſoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou ſhalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I ſeek, my brows to bind.
His vows addreſs'd, within the grove he ſtray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His ſteps where ſecret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and ſhunning mortal
ſight:
And leſs he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been ſaid of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wiſe are ever on their guard,
For, unforeſeen, they ſay, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himſelf alone,
And leſs than all ſuſpected Palamon,
Who liſtening heard him, while he ſearch'd the grove,
And loudly ſung his roundelay of love:
But on the ſudden ſtopp'd, and ſilent ſtood,
As lovers often muſe, and change their mood;
Now high as heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;

For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And ſeldom ſhall we ſee a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having ſung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his boſom drew
A deſperate ſigh, accuſing heaven and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
Curs'd be the day when firſt I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Leſt it pollute the month, and poiſon all the year.
Still will the jealous Queen purſue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceaſes not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I ſuffer for my blood: unjuſt decree!
That puniſhes another's crime on me.
In mean eſtate I ſerve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my ſhame,
Has forc'd me to forſake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philoſtratus I am.
That ſide of heaven is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Beſides myſelf, th' unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theſeus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet theſe, and all the reſt, I could endure;
But Love 's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hiſſes at my heart.

Your

Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate purſue;
I ſuffer for the reſt, I die for you.
Of ſuch a Goddeſs no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where ſhe was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my ſufferings, if you knew my pain.
At this a ſickly qualm his heart aſſail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his ſenſes fail'd.
No word miſs'd Palamon of all he ſpoke,
But ſoon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a ſmart,
As if cold ſteel had glided through his heart;
No longer ſtaid, but, ſtarting from his place,
Diſcover'd ſtood, and ſhew'd his hoſtile face:
Falſe traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy ſacred oath to ſeek my good,
Now art thou found foreſworn, for Emily;
And dar'ſt attempt her love, for whom I die.
So haſt thou cheated Theſeus with a wile,
Againſt thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as falſe to me,
So falſe thou art to him who ſet thee free:
But reſt aſſur'd, that either thou ſhalt die,
Or elſe renounce thy claim in Emily:
For, though unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance)
Am here without my ſword, or pointed launce:
Hope not, baſe man, unqueſtion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His ſword unſheath'd, and fiercely thus began:

Now by the Gods who govern heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy laſt, or in this grove
This hand ſhould force thee to renounce thy love.
The ſurety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know I will ſerve the fair in thy deſpight;
But ſince thou art my kinſman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms ſhall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven ſo help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cauſe and quarrel both unknown;
With arms of proof both for myſelf and thee;
Chuſe thou the beſt, and leave the worſt to me.
And, that a better eaſe thou may'ſt abide,
Bedding and cloaths I will this night provide,
And needful ſuſtenance, that thou mayſt be
A conqueſt better won, and worthy me.
His promiſe Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the firſt he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou ſternly doſt thy power maintain;
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowſhip diſdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in deſpair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding *and with food* ſupply'd;

Then, ere the day, two ſuits of armour ſought,
Which borne before him on his ſteed he brought:
Both were of ſhining ſteel, and wrought ſo pure,
As might the ſtrokes of two ſuch arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So ſtands the Thracian herdſman with his ſpear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him ruſtling in the wood, and ſees
His courſe at diſtance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he muſt fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chilneſs ſeizes every part:
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb ſurlineſs, each arm'd with care
His foe profeſt, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment loſt, at once advance
Againſt each other, arm'd with ſword and lance:
They laſh, they foin, they paſs, they ſtrive to bore
Their corſlets, and the thinneſt parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they ſtood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the ſpot.

Fell

Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With riſing briſtles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverſe breaſts with tuſks oblique they wound;
With grunts and groans the foreſt rings around.
So fought the knights, and fighting muſt abide,
Till fate an umpire ſends their difference to decide.
The power that miniſters to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what heaven foreſees,
Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal ſway,
Comes with reſiſtleſs force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And ſome one day, ſome wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For ſure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foreſight neceſſitate the will.
In Theſeus this appears; whoſe youthful joy
Was beaſts of chace in foreſts to deſtroy,
This gentle knight, inſpir'd by jolly May,
Forſook his eaſy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds purſued his way.
Beſide him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:

And as he follow'd Mars before, ſo now
He ſerves the goddeſs of the ſilver bow.
The way that Theſeus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle ſtood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouſe the prey,
That ſhaded by the fern in harbour lay;
And, thence diſlodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and croſs the cryſtal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the ſun,
He ſaw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro;
And ſhot a dreadful gleam; ſo ſtrong they ſtrook,
There ſeem'd leſs force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Reſolv'd to learn, he ſpurr'd his fiery ſteed
With goring rowels to provoke his ſpeed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So ſoon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his ſword unſheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to ceaſe their ſtrife:
Then with imperious tone purſues his threat;
What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride preſume againſt my laws,
As in a liſted field to fight your cauſe?
Unaſk'd the royal grant; no marſhal by,
As ſ ghtly rites require; nor judge to try?

Then Palamon, with ſcarce recover'd breath,
Thus haſty ſpoke: We both deſerve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair ſo wretched is not to be found,
Our life 's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to ſet th' impriſon'd ſoul at large.
Now as thou art a ſovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
Me firſt, O kill me firſt; and cure my woe;
Then ſheath the ſword of juſtice on my foe:
Or kill him firſt; for when his name is heard,
He foremoſt will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty beſtow;
But firſt contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head ſhould pay the forfeit; ſee return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour ſcorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd ſervice, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philoſtratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor truſted, and in high degree,
Aſpiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myſelf th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; ſince no diſgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy priſoner to remain:

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itſelf th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, ſince I thy life purſue;
For ſafeguard of thyſelf, death is my due.
More wouldſt thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her ſake and in her ſight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no leſs
Deſerves; and I thy righteous doom will bleſs,
Aſſur'd that what I loſe, he never ſhall poſſeſs.
To this reply'd the ſtern Athenian prince,
And ſourly ſmil'd, In owning your offence,
You judge yourſelf; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your deſert, the death you have decreed;
I ſeal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He ſaid; dumb ſorrow ſeiz'd the ſtanders-by.
The queen above the reſt, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when ſhe began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid:
And thus among themſelves they ſoftly ſaid:
What eyes can ſuffer this unworthy ſight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The maſterſhip of heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithleſs kind:

See their wide ſtreaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor deſire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applauſe:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cauſe.
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their ſteeds, and proſtrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offenders grace.
He paus'd a while, ſtood ſilent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But ſoon his tender mind th' impreſſion felt,
(As ſofteſt metals are not ſlow to melt
And pity ſooneſt runs in ſofteſt minds):
Then reaſons with himſelf; and firſt he finds
His paſſion caſt a miſt before his ſenſe,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cauſe?
The priſoner freed himſelf by nature's laws:
Born free, he fought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And ſaw the women's tears, and heard their cries;
Which mov'd compaſſion more, he ſhook his head,
And ſoftly ſighing to himſelf he ſaid:
Curſe on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorſe; who rules by lions law;
And deaf to prayers, by no ſubmiſſion bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud:

[illegible], with [illegible] [illegible], he raised his head;
Reason [illegible] her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: The power of love,
In earth, [illegible], and air, and heaven above,
Ru[illegible], [illegible], with an awful nod;
[illegible] declared a God:
[illegible] gives eye-sight to the blind;
[illegible] stamps anew the lover's mind.
[illegible], and this Palamon,
[illegible], and in safety gone,
[illegible] in their native soil
[illegible] harvest of their toil;
[illegible] ordain,
[illegible] in their own despite again,
[illegible] death deserv'd; for well they know,
[illegible], and I their deadly foe;
[illegible], that to be wise and love,
[illegible] to the Gods above.
[illegible] Bleed: behold the gains
[illegible] Love, rewards their pains;
[illegible] every day,
[illegible] monarch's pay:
[illegible] bound, they serve him on;
[illegible], they think it wisely done;
Nor [illegible] wealth, nor life itself regard,
For [illegible] maxim, Love's love's reward.
[illegible]; the fair for whom they strove
Nor [illegible] before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor [illegible], when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.

But

But ſure a general doom on man is paſt,
And all are fools and lovers, firſt or laſt:
This both by others and myſelf I know,
For I have ſerv'd their ſovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female ſnares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human hearts conſtrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of thoſe
Who for th' offending warriors interpoſe,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their ſovereign lord;
And as my vaſſals, to their utmoſt might,
Aſſiſt my perſon, and aſſert my right.
This freely ſworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
Then thus the king his ſecret thoughts explain'd;
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deſerve
A princeſs born; and ſuch is ſhe you ſerve:
For Emily is ſiſter to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But ſhould you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot ſhare a ſingle bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to deſtiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who beſt deſerves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you pleaſe repair;

But

But on the day when this returning ſun
To the ſame point through every ſign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights ſhall bring,
In royal liſts, to fight before the king;
And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms ſo far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his oppoſite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love ſhall gain;
The vanquiſh'd party ſhall their claim releaſe,
And the long jars conclude in laſting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the choſen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions ſo renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heaven of me ſo judge as I ſhall judge aright.
If both are ſatisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my ſword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And raviſh'd Arcite ſeems to touch the ſky:
The whole aſſembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bleſs the gracious king. The knights with leave
Departing from the place, his laſt commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inſpiration took.
From thence to Thebes' old walls purſue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It

it be deem'd, on our hiſtorian's part,
uch negligence, or want of art,
ot the vaſt magnificence
Theſeus, and his large expence.
iclos'd for liſts a level ground,
le circumference a mile around;
was circular; and all without
was ſunk, to moat the place about.
n amphitheatre appear'd,
degrees; to ſixty paces rear'd:
n a man was plac'd in one degree,
as allow'd for him above to ſee.
d was built a gate of marble white;
adorn'd the weſtern oppoſite.
object than this fabric was,
er ſaw; nor of ſo vaſt a ſpace:
with ſpoils of many a conquer'd land,
nd artiſts Theſeus could command;
for hire, or wrought for better fame;
r-painters and the carvers came.
thin the compaſs of the year
work, a glorious theatre.
its eaſtern gate was rais'd above
ſacred to the queen of love;
tood below: on either hand
ith roſes crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
me of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
ie north a turret was inclos'd,
e wall of alabaſter white,
ſon coral for the queen of night,
s in ſylvan ſports her *chaſte delight*.

Within

Within theſe oratories might you ſee
Rich carvings, pourtraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life expreſs'd
The godhead's power to whom it was addreſs'd.
In Venus' temple on the ſides were ſeen
The broken ſlumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers that even ſpoke, and pity ſeem'd to call,
And iſſuing ſighs that ſmok'd along the wall.
Complaints, and hot deſires, the lover's hell,
And ſcalding tears that wore a channel where they fe
And all around where nuptial bonds, the ties,
Of love's aſſurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in luſt, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And ſpritely hope, and ſhort-enduring joy;
And ſorceries to raiſe th' infernal powers,
And ſigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark deſpair;
Suſpicions, and fantaſtical ſurmiſe,
And jealouſy ſuffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Diſcolouring all ſhe view'd, in tawny dreſs'd;
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fiſt.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other ſide advance
The coſtly feaſt, the carol, and the dance,
Minſtrels, and muſic, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All theſe were painted on the wall, and more:
With acts and monuments of times before:

others added by prophetic doom,
overs yet unborn, and loves to come:
ere th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
ourt of Venus was in colours drawn:
the palace-gate, in careleſs dreſs,
ooſe array, ſat portreſs Idleneſs:
, by the fount, Narciſſus pin'd alone;
Samſon was; with wiſer Solomon,
ll the mighty names by Love undone.
's charms were there, Circean feaſts,
bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beaſts,
night be ſeen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
rowes, to the power of love ſubmit:
reading ſnare for all mankind is laid;
vers all betray, and are betray'd.
oddeſs' ſelf ſome noble hand had wrought;
g ſhe ſeem'd, and full of pleaſing thought:
ocean as ſhe firſt began to riſe,
nooth'd the ruffled ſeas and clear'd the ſkies;
d the brine all bare below the breaſt,
ie green waves but ill conceal'd the reſt;
ſhe held; and on her head was ſeen
ath of roſes red, and myrtles green;
rtles fann'd the buxom air above;
by his mother, ſtood an infant Love,
vings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
ds a bow, his back a quiver bore,
'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly ſtore.
the dome of mighty Mars the red
ifferent figures all the ſides were ſpread;

This

[illegible] laughing in his ireful mood;
[illegible] complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
[illegible] the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd:
Succeeding wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Anthony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.

The form of Mars high on a chariot ſtood,
All ſheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God;
Two geomantic figures were diſplay'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haſte
To the third temple of Diana chaſte.
A ſylvan ſcene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the ſides, and on the midſt a lawn:
The ſilver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Purſued the flying deer, the woods with horns reſound;
Califto there ſtood manifeſt of ſhame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern ſtar became:
Her ſon was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the ſecond place;
The ſtag Acteon in the ſtream had ſpy'd
The naked huntreſs, and, for ſeeing, dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, purſue
The chace, and their miſtaken maſter ſlew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to ſee,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' aſſembled Greeks expreſs'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beaſt.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor ſhown,
The murdreſs mother; and conſuming ſon;
The Volſcian queen extended on the plain;
The treaſon puniſh'd, and the traitor ſlain.

The rest were various huntings well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every God,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to sing.

PALA-

PALAMON AND ARCITE:
OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when Fortune ſhould decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had ſought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And ſend the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army ſeem'd alone:
Beſide the champions: all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the liſts, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor ſeems it ſtrange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endued with might,
In ſuch a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not ſcarce a man on Britiſh ground
(An iſle for Jove and arms of old renown'd)
But would have ſold his life to purchaſe fame,
To Palamon or Arcite ſent his name:
And had the land ſelected of the beſt,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the reſt.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;

His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.

His

His ample forehead bore a coronet
With ſparkling diamonds and with rubies ſet:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, ſnowy fair,
And tall as ſtags, ran looſe, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the ſame their necks ſurround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with ſtrong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courſer, goodly to behold
The trappings of his horſe adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars beſtrode a ſteed with greater grace;
His ſurcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His ſaddle was of gold, with emeralds ſet.
His ſhoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and ſparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and ſhone againſt the ſun.
His noſe was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and freſh and fair his hue:
Some ſprinkled freckles on his face were ſeen,
Whoſe duſk ſet off the whiteneſs of the ſkin:
His awful preſence did the croud ſurprize,
Nor durſt the raſh ſpectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confeſs'd him born for kingly ſway,
So fierce, they flaſh'd intolerable day.

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[illegible]

No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every houſe was proud to lodge a knight.
I paſs the royal treat, nor muſt relate
The gifts beſtow'd, nor how the champions ſate:
Who firſt, or laſt, or how the knights addreſs'd
Their vows, or who was faireſt at the feaſt;
Whoſe voice, whoſe graceful dance did moſt ſurprize;
Soft amorous ſighs, and ſilent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muſe another way,
To ſing their vigils for th' enſuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkneſs, paſt the noon of night:
And Phoſpher, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the ſun, ere day began to ſpring;
The tuneful lark already ſtretch'd her wing,
And, flickering on her neſt, made ſhort eſſays to ſing.
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lifts, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own houſe, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her ſhrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliſs of men below, and Gods above!
Beneath the ſliding ſun thou runn'ſt thy race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaſtern blaſts forbear,
Thy month reveals the ſpring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the ſtorms of winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with flowers renewing, laughs the ſky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.

With ſmiling aſpect you ſerenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The fates but only ſpin the coarſer clue,
The fineſt of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one ſmall portion of the twine,
And let the ſiſters cut below your line:
The reſt among the rubbiſh may they ſweep,
Or add it to the yarn of ſome old miſer's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wiſh, I grant, beyond mortality,)
Then let me ſink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him poſſeſs her charms.
Thus ended he; then, with obſervance due,
The ſacred incenſe on her altar threw:
The curling ſmoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddeſs gave the ſign,
Her ſtatue ſhook, and trembled all the ſhrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, ſince the flames purſued the trailing ſmoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To diſtance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now morn with roſy light had ſtreak'd the ſky,
Up roſe the ſun, and up roſe Emily;
Addreſs'd her early ſteps to Cynthia's fane,
In ſtate attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the veſts that holy rites require,
Incenſe, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleaſant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught beſides in honour of the moon.

For thee th[illegible] d steam,
And rouri[illegible]
For thee th[illegible]
And temp[illegible]
'Tis thine[illegible]
All natu[illegible]
Thou m[illegible]
Thou gl[illegible]
Increase [illegible]
If e'er A[illegible]
Have pity[illegible]
Alas! I [illegible]
'Tis vent[illegible]
Light [illegible]
We gr[illegible]
O Godd[illegible]
Thou b[illegible]
So gra[illegible]
In love [illegible]
A serv[illegible]
A for p[illegible]
Nor [illegible]
Nor [illegible]
In m[illegible]
Let [illegible]
Fond [illegible]
Pe[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

votreſs from my tender years I am,
love, like thee, the woods and ſylvan game.
leath, thou know'ſt, I loath the nuptial ſtate,
nan, the tyrant of our ſex, I hate,
ly ſervant, but a lofty mate;
e love is duty on the female ſide;
eir's mere ſenſual guſt, and ſought with ſurly pride.
by thy triple ſhape, as thou art ſeen
ven, earth, hell, and every where a queen,
this my firſt deſire; let diſcord ceaſe,
nake betwixt the rivals laſting peace:
h their hot fire, or far from me remove
ame, and turn it on ſome other love:
my frowning ſtars have ſo decreed,
one muſt be rejected, one ſucceed,
him my lord, within whoſe faithful breaſt
d my image, and who loves me beſt.
oh! ev'n that avert! I chuſe it not,
ke it as the leaſt unhappy lot.
id I am, and of thy virgin train;
t me ſtill that ſpotleſs name retain!
nt the foreſts, thy chaſte will obey,
nly make the beaſts of chace my prey!
flames aſcend on either altar clear,
thus the blameleſs maid addreſs'd her prayer.
lo! the burning fire that ſhone ſo bright,
off, all ſudden, with extinguiſh'd light,
eft one altar dark, a little ſpace;
turn'd ſelf-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;

The

victor-flame a moment ſtood,
Then fell, and lifeleſs left th' extinguiſh'd wood;
For ever loſt, th' irrevocable light
Forſook the blackening coals, and ſunk to night:
At either end it whiſtled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, ſo dropp'd the dew;
Infected as it fell with ſweat of ſanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud ſhrieks and clamours rent the ſkies,
Nor knew what ſignify'd the boding ſign,
But found the powers diſpleas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.

Then ſhook the ſacred ſhrine, and ſudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.

The power, behold! the power in glory ſhone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The reſt, a huntreſs iſſuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel ſpear ſhe ſtood.
Then gracious thus began: Diſmiſs thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More powerful Gods have torn thee from my ſide,
Unwilling to reſign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breaſt;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee beſt.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreſhews the love allotted to remain:

Farewel!

ſhe ſaid, and vaniſh'd from the place;
of arrows ſhook, and rattled in the caſe.
this, the royal virgin ſtood,
l, and now no more a ſiſter of the wood:
parting Goddeſs thus ſhe pray'd;
ſtill be preſent to my aid,
abandon your once favour'd maid.
ing ſhe return'd; but ſmil'd betwixt,
s and fears, and joys with ſorrows mixt.
ct returning planetary hour
who ſhar'd the heptarchy of power,
old Arcite to the temple bent,
vith pagan rites the power armipotent:
trate, low before his altar lay,
l his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
d of Arms, whoſe iron ſceptre ſways
ng North, and Hyperborean ſeas,
ian colds, and Thracia's winter coaſt,
nd thy ſteeds, and thou art honour'd moſt:
t; but every-where thy power is known,
ne of the fight is all thy own:
thine, and wild amazement, flung
thy chariot, withers ev'n the ſtrong:
ray and ſhameful rout enſue,
is added to the fainting crew.
dg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
have atchiev'd deſerve thy care:
tmoſt power with ſword and ſhield
death, unknowing how to yield,
ing in my rank, ſtill kept the field:

Then

Then let my arms prevail, by thee ſuſtain'd,
That Emily by conqueſt may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor thoſe unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy ſtubborn heart has ſoften'd into love:
Now by her blandiſhments and powerful charms,
When yielded ſhe lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy ſhame, if ſhame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net inthrall'd;
O envy'd ignominy, ſweet diſgrace,
When every God that ſaw thee wiſh'd thy place!
By thoſe dear pleaſures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to perſuade:
And want the ſoothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myſelf, lie ſtruggling in the ſnare:
And ſhe I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with diſdain.
For ſure I am, unleſs I win in arms,
To ſtand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my ſtrength avail, unleſs by thee
Endued by force, I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy generous heart,
Pity thy ſubject's pains, and equal ſmart.
So be the morrow's ſweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conqueſt thine:
Then ſhall the war, and ſtern debate, and ſtrife
Immortal, be the buſineſs of my life;

And

And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be hung:
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' atchievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let fate dispose the rest,
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,

And

And with a ſullen ſound and feeble cry,
Half ſunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of victory
For this, with ſoul devout, he thank'd the God,
And, of ſucceſs ſecure, return'd to his abode.

Theſe vows thus granted, rais'd a ſtrife above,
Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
She granting firſt, had right of time to plead;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And ſeem'd unwilling to decide the ſtrife;
Till Saturn from his leaden throne aroſe,
And found a way the difference to compoſe:
Though ſparing of his grace, to miſchief bent,
He ſeldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wiſe; by long experience taught
To pleaſe both parties, for ill ends, he ſought:
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with ſtern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him diſpoſing in his own abode,
He ſooth'd the Goddeſs, while he gull'd the God:
Ceaſe, daughter, to complain, and ſtint the ſtrife;
Thy Palamon ſhall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conqueſt, in the fight
With palm and laurel ſhall adorn his knight.
Wide is my courſe, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I preſs th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.

Mi

Mine is the ſhipwreck, in a watery ſign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold ſhivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blaſting winds, and poiſon'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, reſulting from deſpair.
The throtling quinſey 'tis my ſtar appoints,
And rheumatiſms aſcend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel againſt their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furniſh the pretence;
And, houſing in the lion's hateful ſign,
Bought ſenates and deſerting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poiſoning; I command
Unkindly ſeaſons, and ungrateful land.
By me king's palaces are puſh'd to ground,
And miners cruſh'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I ſlew Samſon, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and cruſh'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of peſtilence,
That ſweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but truſt thy grandſire's art,
Mars ſhall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men ſhould war.
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither loſt his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and ſing the war.
In Athens all was pleaſure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the ſpring, and ſprightly May:

Which every ſoul inſpir'd with ſuch delight,
'Twas jeſting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven ſmil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it firſt began.
At length in ſleep their bodies they compoſe,
And dreamt the future fight, and early roſe.
Now ſcarce the dawning day began to ſpring,
As at a ſignal given, the ſtreets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd aroſe; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the heaven was heard a ſhouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the ſky.
The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their ſights, and leaning from their ſtars.
The neighing of the generous horſe was heard,
For battle by the buſy groom prepar'd,
Ruſtling of harneſs, rattling of the ſhield,
Clattering of armour, furbiſh'd for the field.
Crowds to the caſtle mounted up the ſtreet,
Battering the pavement with their courſers' feet:
The greedy ſight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And poliſh'd ſteel that caſt the view aſide,
And creſted morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their ſquires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the ſhining buckler did advance.
The courſer paw'd the ground with reſtleſs feet,
And ſnorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.

The ſmiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their ſide,
And nails for looſen'd ſpears, and thongs for ſhields provide.
The yeomen guard the ſtreets, in ſeemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the ſign to ſound the martial blaſt;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the laſt comers bear the former to the ſides.
The throng is in the midſt: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they ſtand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aſpect, earneſt in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t' other ſide,
As their ſtrong fancy or weak reaſon guide:
Their wagers back their wiſhes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, ſuch rays they caſt,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But moſt their looks on the black monarch bend,
His riſing muſcles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beamy ſpear,
Each aſking a gigantic force to rear.
All ſpoke as partial favour mov'd the mind:
And, ſafe themſelves, at others' coſt divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief aroſe,
The knightly forms of combat to diſpoſe;

And paſſing through th' obſequious guards, he ſate
Conſpicuous on a throne, ſublime in ſtate;
There, for the two contending knights he ſent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent;
He ſmil'd on both, and with ſuperior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people preſs on every ſide, to ſee
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then ſigning to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty ſtand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms beſpeaks the knights and liſtening crowd.

Our ſovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to ſpare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his firſt ſevere decree!
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death ſhould terminate their ſtrife;
And wounds, if wounds enſue, be ſhort of life:
But iſſues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That ſlings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be baniſh'd from the field; that none ſhall dare
With ſhortned ſword to ſtab in cloſer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly ſtrength,
Nor puſh with biting point, but ſtrike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough aſh, with the ſharp-grinded ſpear,

But

But knights unhors'd may riſe from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at miſchief taken, on the ground
Be ſlain, but priſoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either ſide, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the ſtrife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with ſwords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vaſt applauſe is rent:
Heaven guard a prince ſo gracious and ſo good,
So juſt, and yet ſo provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets ſound,
And warlike ſymphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marſhal orders their array.
The fair from high the paſſing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The caſements are with golden tiſſue ſpread,
And horſes hoofs, for earth, on ſilken tapeſtry tread;
The king goes midmoſt, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and cloſe his either ſide.
Next after theſe, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cauſe and the reward of ſtrife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marſhal'd in degree.
Thus through the ſouthern gate they take their way,
And at the liſt arriv'd ere prime of day.

There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling Eaſt and Weſt, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next theſe the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer ſeats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they ſeated, when with clamours loud
In ruſh'd at once a rude promiſcuous crowd:
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the ſpacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noiſe to whiſpers low,
As winds forſaking ſeas more ſoftly blow;
When at the weſtern gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and diſplay'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.
At that ſelf moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the riſing-ſun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and ſhares the people's eyes.
From Eaſt to Weſt, look all the world around,
Two troops ſo match'd were never to be found:
Such bodies built for ſtrength, of equal age,
In ſtature ſiz'd; ſo proud an equipage:
The niceſt eye could no diſtinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what ſide to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the laſt proclaims
A ſilence, while they anſwer'd to their names:

For

For ſo the king decreed, to ſhun the care,
The fraud of muſters falſe, the common bane of war.
The tale was juſt, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds laſt retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet ſounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, reſounds the vaulted ſky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the reſt,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the creſt;
They vaniſh from the barrier, ſpeed the race,
And ſpurring ſee decreaſe the middle ſpace.
A cloud of ſmoke envelops either hoſt,
And all at once the combatants are loſt:
Darkling they join adverſe, and ſhock unſeen,
Courſers with courſers juſtling, men with men:
As labouring in eclipſe, a while they ſtay,
Till the next blaſt of wind reſtores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grizly fight.
Two troops in fair array one moment ſhow'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies ſtrow'd:
Not half the number in their ſeats are found;
But men and ſteeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of ſpears are ſtuck within the ſhield,
The ſteeds without their riders ſcour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering faulchions caſt a gleaming light:

Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound:
Out ſpins the ſtreaming blood, and dies the ground.
The mighty maces with ſuch haſte deſcend,
They break the bones, and make the ſolid armour bend.
This thruſts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horſeman and the horſe:
That courſer ſtumbles on the fallen ſteed,
And floundering throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this diſabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he muſt abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other ſide.
By fits they ceaſe; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither ſpar'd
His utmoſt force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the ſaddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper ſent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they cloſe.
So deep their faulchions bite, that every ſtroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far aſunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and ſteel they meet again.
So when a tiger ſucks the bullock's blood,
A famiſh'd lion iſſuing from the wood
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.

Each

Each claims poſſeſſion, neither will obey,
But both their paws are faſten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they ſtrive,
The ſwains come arm'd between, and both to diſtance drive.

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By courſe of time to their appointed end;
So when the ſun to Weſt was far declin'd,
And both afreſh in mortal battle join'd,
The ſtrong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning ſhort, he ſtruck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he ſtagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with ſuch force he ſtruck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once ſurround the ſingle knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worſe than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conqueſt, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from firſt to laſt,

Bad ceaſe the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the the beauteous Emily.
The ſound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal liſts the heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.

The people rend the ſkies with vaſt applauſe;
All own the chief, when fortune owns the cauſe.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
And conquering Mars inſults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's uſurping arms in heaven prevail'd.
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the ſtanding army of the ſky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the liſts diſtill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman moſt,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cauſe of Love is loſt.
Till Saturn ſaid, Fair daughter, now be ſtill,
The bluſtering fool has ſatisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But loſt the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and raine the care ſhall be
To pleaſe thy knight, and ſet thy promiſe free.

Now while the heralds run the liſts around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heaven and earth reſound;
A miracle (nor leſs it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected ſorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aſide,
Part for his eaſe, the greater part for pride:

Bare-

ided, popularly low he bow'd,
d the ſalutations of the crow'd.
urring at full ſpeed, ran endlong on
Theſeus ſate on his imperial throne;
he drove, and upward caſt his eye,
ext the queen was plac'd his Emily;
ſling to the ſaddle-bow he bent:
regard the gracious virgin lent
nen, to the brave an eaſy prey,
ow Fortune where ſhe leads the way):
, from earth ſprung out a flaſhing fire,
ſent, at Saturn's bad deſire:
ling ſteed was ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
unding, o'er the pommel caſt the knight:
he flew, and, pitching on his head,
r'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
is his countenance in a little ſpace,
ie blood was gather'd in his face.
at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
a his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
c'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
but clogg'd with ſymptoms of his death.
le-bow the noble parts had preſt,
'd and mortify'd his manly breaſt.
entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
e from field, and to his bed convey'd.
i he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
l he firſt pronounc'd was Emily.
ime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
triumphant to the town return'd.

Attended

[illegible] by the chiefs who fought the field
Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though most were forely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with leaves they cure, and some with charms
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts [illegible]
[illegible]
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgraced; for failing is no shame;
And [illegible] alone is loss of fame.
The [illegible] knight is from the saddle thrown;
But [illegible] the fault of fortune, not his own,
[illegible] and pains the conquering side adorn.
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor [illegible] with arms deserts his cause;
Unmanl'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can;
For [illegible] of [illegible], but honour is of man.
[illegible] Theseus sin'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With [illegible] were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.

At length they took their leave, the time expir'd;
Well pleas'd, and to their ſeveral homes retir'd.
Mean while the health of Arcite ſtill impairs;
From bad proceeds to worſe, and mocks the leeches cares;
Swoln is his breaſt; his inward pains increaſe,
All means are us'd, and all without ſucceſs.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in ſpite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mold of nature's fabric is deſtroy'd,
Her veſſels diſcompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to ſwell:
All out of frame is every ſecret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Thoſe breathing organs thus within oppreſt,
With venom ſoon diſtend the ſinews of his breaſt.
Nought profits him to ſave abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmoſt region batter'd and deſtroy'd,
When nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For phyſic can but mend our crazy ſtate,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Muſt leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, againſt right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was paſt,
Conſcience (that of all phyſic works the laſt)
Caus'd him to ſend for Emily in haſte.

With

[redacted]

Ah! my ſweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But love the ſenſe of right and wrong confounds,
Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, ſhould heaven my life prolong,
I ſhould return to juſtify my wrong:
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to ſin.
With mortal hatred I purſued his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the ſtrife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind;
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For ſtill our kindred ſouls had one deſire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I ſeen firſt, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and juſtify'd his right;
Nor holds this earth a more deſerving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with ſuch an holy fire,
As will not; cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long ſuffering, and my ſhort command,
Whe'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This

[illegible] remain.
[illegible]
[illegible] task of art he goes:
[illegible] what he touch'd he froze:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] love;
[illegible] soul away.
[illegible] relate
[illegible] future fate:
[illegible] themselves believe;
[illegible] but not demonstrative:
[illegible] rules must agree,
[illegible]
[illegible] the best,
[illegible] the rest.
[illegible] brethren go,
[illegible] they know.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd ſo late, becomes the ſcene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both ſexes, every ſtate,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was ſeen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with duſt deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breaſts, their cheeks they tare.
Why would'ſt thou go, with one conſent they cry,
When thou had'ſt gold enough, and Emily.
Theſeus himſelf, who ſhould have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the ſame relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his ſon,
Who various changes of the world had known:
And ſtrange viciſſitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a ſteady ſtate;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the ſcenes of day and night:
Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boaſt ſincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worſe or better, mount the throne.
With words like theſe the crowd was ſatisfy'd,
And ſo they would have been, had Theſeus dy'd.

But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead deſign'd.
And, after long debate, at laſt he found
(As love itſelf had mark'd the ſpot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conſcious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous deſires
With ſoft complaints, and felt his hotteſt fires,
There other flames might waſte his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart.
This once reſolv'd, the peaſants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With ſounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, ſplit, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeleſs body ſhould be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpſe of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle ſpread.
A ſword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly viſage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death ſevere.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in ſolemn ſtate, a public ſight.
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected ſorrow ſat on every face.

Sad Palamon above the reſt appears,
In ſable garments, dew'd with guſhing tears:
His auburn locks on either ſhoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his ſide,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obſequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The ſteed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with poliſh'd ſteel, all ſhining bright,
And cover'd with th' atchievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreaſt, and one his ſhield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The coſtly quiver, all of burniſh'd gold.
The nobleſt of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their ſhoulders bore the bier;
With ſober pace they march'd, and often ſtaid,
And through the maſter-ſtreet the corpſe convey'd.
The houſes to their tops with black were ſpread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right ſide of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theſeus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinſman of the ſlain,
And after him appear'd th' illuſtrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.

With high devotion was the ſervice made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, muſt ſend the ſhaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling ſtraw beneath in due proportion ſtrow'd.
The fabric ſeem'd a wood of riſing green,
With ſulphur and bitumen caſt between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain aſh, the mother of the ſpear;
The mourner-yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the ſwimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a ſofter grain,
And laurels, which the Gods for conquering chiefs ordain:
How they were rank'd, ſhall reſt untold by me,
With nameleſs nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
Diſherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign ſeats repair'd,
Or beaſts, that bolted out, and ſaw the foreſt bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghaſtly fright
Beheld the ſudden ſun, a ſtranger to the light.
The ſtraw, as firſt I ſaid, was laid below:
Of chips and ſere-wood was the ſecond row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high ſtage the fragrant odours held,
And pearls, and precious ſtones, and rich array;
In midſt of which, embalm'd, the body lay.

The ſervice ſung, the maid with mourning eyes
The ſtubble fir'd; the ſmouldering flames ariſe:
This office done, ſhe ſunk upon the ground;
But what ſhe ſpoke, recover'd from her ſwoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dreſs;
But by themſelves the tender ſex may gueſs.
While the devouring fire was burning faſt,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy caſt;
And ſome their ſhields, and ſome their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghoſt a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hiſſing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted ſquadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice reſound;
Hail, and farewel, they ſhouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again:
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering ſhields;
The women mix their cries; and clamour fills the fields.
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light;
Who naked wreſtled beſt, beſmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haſte to my long ſtory's end.

I paſs the reſt; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long ſince to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general conſent,
At Athens Theſeus held his parliament:

Among the laws that paſs'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage ſhould be freed;
Reſerving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the ſovereign ſummon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cauſe, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and ſtill in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, ſhe came; the ſenate roſe, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And firſt ſoft whiſpers through th' aſſembly went:
With ſilent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All huſh'd, the king aroſe with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breaſt, and counſel in his face.
At length he ſigh'd; and, having firſt prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
The Cauſe and ſpring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring ſeeds he ſent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And Love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain ſtill holds; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The ſame firſt mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long thoſe periſhable forms ſhall laſt:
Nor can they laſt beyond the time aſſign'd
By that all-ſeeing and all-making mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never paſs th' appointed deſtiny.

So

So men oppreſs'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and ſuborn their death.
Then, ſince thoſe forms begin, and have their end,
On ſome unalter'd cauſe they ſure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole;
Who gives us life and animating ſoul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, ſtable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beaſts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or leſs of his perfection ſhare.
But by a long deſcent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire:
As he withdraws his virtue, ſo they paſs,
And the ſame matter makes another maſs:
This law th' Omniſcient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind ſhould by ſucceſſion live:
That individuals die, his will ordains;
The propagated ſpecies ſtill remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots riſing up, and ſpreads by ſlow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he ſtays,
Supreme in ſtate, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the ſtreet,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forſaken of their ſprings; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at firſt a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;

Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the ſhell,
And ſtruggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpleſs, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, iſſuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Reckleſs of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and reſtleſs on the throne:
Firſt vegetive, then feels, and reaſons laſt;
Rich of three ſouls, and lives all three to waſte.
Some thus; but thouſands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter ſtage.
Sunk in the firſt, in battle ſome are ſlain,
And others whelm'd beneath the ſtormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whoſe command we periſh, and we ſpring?
Then 'tis our beſt, ſince thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of neceſſity.
Take what he gives, ſince to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well ſuſtain;
And could we chuſe the time, and chuſe aright,
'Tis beſt to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our anceſtors no ſhame,
But ſerv'd our friends, and well ſecur'd our fame;
Then ſhould we wiſh our happy life to cloſe,
And leave no more for fortune to diſpoſe:
So ſhould we make our death a glad relief
From future ſhame, from ſickneſs, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the preſent hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower.

Then

Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?
With grief as soft, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsmen or his wife,
Could tears recal him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:

If

If you, fair ſiſter, ratify the accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no diſhonour to confer your grace
On one deſcended from a royal race:
And were he leſs, yet years of ſervice paſt
From grateful ſouls exact reward at laſt:
Pity is Heaven's and your's; nor can ſhe find
A throne ſo ſoft as in a woman's mind.
He ſaid; ſhe bluſh'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theſeus what ſhe gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he ſaid;
Small arguments are needful to perſuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And ſpeaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conqueſt, though he loſt the fight;
And bleſs'd with nuptial bliſs the ſweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either ſide,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride
And long-attending Hymen from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day diſcolour'd with domeſtic ſtrife;
No jealouſy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repoſe, and kindneſs undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compaſs of his thought,
Sent him the bleſſing he ſo dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long duty bleſs,
And all true lovers find the ſame ſucceſs.

THE COCK AND THE FOX. OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

THERE liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow ſomewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely ſtood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since laſt ſhe laid her huſband in the ground,
A ſimple ſober life, in patience, led,
And had but juſt enough to buy her bread:
But huſwifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homeſtead were three ſows,
An ewe call'd Mally, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour-window ſtuck with herbs around,
Of ſavoury ſmell; and ruſhes ſtrew'd the ground.
A maple-dreſſer in her hall ſhe had,
On which full many a ſlender meal ſhe made;
For no delicious morſel paſs'd her throat;
According to her cloth ſhe cut her coat:
No poignant ſauce ſhe knew, nor coſtly treat,
Her hunger gave a reliſh to her meat;

A ſparing

A sparing diet did her health insure
Or, like, a bremer poiset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise he bw at ill humours out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skim'd her bowls),
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holy days an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead, liv'd, without a peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So sing'd her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the mattin-bell was rung,
He clap'd his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall:
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:

White

White were his nails, like ſilver to behold,
His body glittering like the burniſh'd gold.
This gentle cock, for ſolace of his life,
Six miſſes had, beſides his lawful wife;
Scandal, that ſpares no king, though ne'er ſo good,
Says, they were all of his own fleſh and blood,
His ſiſters both by ſire and mother's ſide;
And ſure their likeneſs ſhow'd them near ally'd.
But make the worſt, the monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When inceſt is for intereſt of a nation,
'Tis made no ſin by holy diſpenſation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common uglineſs are known.
But paſſing this as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the ſovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And ſhe, that was not only paſſing fair,
But was withal diſcreet, and debonair,
Reſolv'd the paſſive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage-vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had injoin'd.
Ev'n ſince ſhe was a ſe'nnight old, they ſay,
Was chaſte and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to diſobey.
By this her huſband's heart ſhe did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!

She

[illegible] her pride,
[illegible] went pecking by his side;
[illegible] the ground, he sprung a corn,
[illegible] to her was borne.
[illegible] what joy it was to hear him sing
[illegible], when the day began to spring,
[illegible] his neck, and warbling in his throat,
[illegible] then was all his note.
[illegible] days of yore, the birds of parts
[illegible] speak, and sing, and learn the liberal art
[illegible] that, perching on the parlour-beam
[illegible] he had a deadly dream,
[illegible] the dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
[illegible] breath he drew would be his last.
[illegible], ever nearest to his side,
[illegible] his piteous moan, and how he cry'd
[illegible] and men: and sore aghast
[illegible], and waken'd him at last.
[illegible], for love of Heaven, declare
[illegible] make me partner of your care.
[illegible] since the morning-light,
[illegible] your noble spright.
[illegible] I might, said Chanticleer,
[illegible] such a fear,
[illegible] sweat,
[illegible] yet.
[illegible] portent,
[illegible] be shent:
It bodes [illegible] woeful strife,
[illegible] in a [illegible] my life.

Knc

Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breaſt,
That in our yard I ſaw a murderous beaſt,
That on my body would have made arreſt.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black; and much unlike his other hairs:
The reſt, in ſhape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a ſharper ſnout:
Deep in his front were ſunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I ſee him with ſurprize.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy ſweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now fy for ſhame, quoth ſhe, by Heaven above,
Thou haſt for ever loſt thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He muſt be bold by day, and free by night:
Our ſex deſires a huſband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wiſe, hardy, ſecret, liberal of his purſe:
A fool is nauſeous, but a coward worſe:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'ſt thou talk of love, and dar'ſt not fight?
How dar'ſt thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Haſt thou no manly heart, and haſt a beard?
If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They ſignify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;

From

From riſing fumes of indigeſted food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And ſure, my lord, if I can read aright,
Theſe fooliſh fancies, you have had to-night,
Are certain ſymptoms (in the canting ſtile)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your ſtomach floats,
Engenders all theſe viſionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beaſts, in ſleep we view,
For humours are diſtinguiſh'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And waſps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler aduſt congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toſs us, and blacks devils tear.
In ſanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppreſs'd we ſink in rivers drown'd.
More I could ſay, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wiſe,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preſerve your body ſound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I ſhould be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once preſcribe for your diſeaſe,
And ſave long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.

Two

Two ſovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow);
On peril of my ſoul ſhall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You muſt both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the ſun when in a vernal ſign;
For when he mounts exalted in the ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at leaſt your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the Gods forefend)
May bring your youth to ſome untimely end:
And therefore, ſir, as you deſire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take juſt three worms, nor under nor above,
Becauſe the Gods unequal numbers love.
Theſe digeſtives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and ſpurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat theſe, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's ſon was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, grammercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may ſpare:
'Tis true, a wiſe and worthy man he ſeems,
And (as you ſay) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wiſe as he,

[illegible] sense, that dreams forebode;
For Homer [illegible] says they come from God.
Not [illegible] but some modern fool
Impos[illegible] name on boys at school.
Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
[illegible] of things, and future weal or woe:
Some [illegible] are not by reason to be try'd,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.
Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that, when the sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground;
And but one sorry bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather choose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.
His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,

Who,

Who, with a ghaſtly look and doleful cry,
Said, Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Ariſe, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's ſtall I ſhall be ſlain.
Rous'd from his reſt, he waken'd in a ſtart,
Shivering with horror, and with aking heart;
At length to cure himſelf by reaſon tries;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his ſide, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
The murderers come, now help, or I am ſlain:
'Twas but a viſion ſtill, and viſions are but vain.
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood beſmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, awake, ſaid he; relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unſeal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day ariſe:
Take to the weſtern gate thy ready way,
For by that paſſage they my corpſe convey:
My corpſe is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and inclos'd with dung:
That cart arreſt, and raiſe a common cry;
For ſacred hunger of my gold, I die:
Then ſhew'd his grieſly wound: and laſt he drew
A piteous ſigh; and took a long adieu.
The frighted friend aroſe by break of day,
And found the ſtall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious hoſt inquiring more,
Was anſwer'd that his gueſt was gone before:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Freſh from the fact; as in the preſent caſe,
The criminals are ſeiz'd upon the place:
Carter and hoſt confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they diſtend their tortur'd joints:
So was confeſſion forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public juſtice on th' offenders done.

Here may you ſee that viſions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnerſhip to croſs the main:
Waiting till willing winds their ſails ſupply'd,
Within a trading-town they long abide,
Full fairly ſituate on a haven's ſide.

One evening it befel, that looking out,
The wind they long had wiſh'd was come about:
Well-pleas'd they went to reſt; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both reſolv'd to ſail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought ſtood frowning at his ſide:
Who warn'd him for his ſafety to provide,
Nor put to ſea, but ſafe on ſhore abide.
I come, thy genius, to command thy ſtay;
Truſt not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And death unhop'd attends the watery way.
The viſion ſaid: and vaniſh'd from his ſight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowſy neighbour, and declar'd
What in his ſlumber he had ſeen and heard.

His friend ſmil'd ſcornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
Stay, who will ſtay: for me no fears reſtrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy ſeems,
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reaſon ſleeps, this mimic wakes:
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of coblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, groſſer fumes are ſad:
Both are the reaſonable ſoul run mad;
And many monſtrous forms in ſleep we ſee,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long caſt behind
Ruſh forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurſe's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.
Sometimes we but rehearſe a former play,
The night reſtores our actions done by day;
As hounds in ſleep will open for their prey.
In ſhort, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more abſurd, or leſs:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.
Thus while he ſpoke, he heard the ſhouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his laſt adieu.
The veſſel went before a merry gale,
And for quick paſſage put on every ſail:

But

But when leaſt fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The miſchief overtook her in the way:
Whether ſhe ſprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether ſhe was overſet with wind,
Or that ſome rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew ſhe went:
Her fellow ſhips from far her loſs deſcry'd;
But only ſhe was ſunk, and all were ſafe beſide.
By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and viſions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are ſtill in doubt,
Another tale ſhall make the former out.
Kenelm the ſon of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whoſe holy life the legends loudly ſing,
Warn'd in a dream his murder did foretel
From point to point as after it befel;
All circumſtances to his nurſe he told
(A wonder from a child of ſeven years old):
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treaſon counſel'd him to guard his life;
But cloſe to keep the ſecret in his mind,
For a boy's viſion ſmall belief would find.
The pious child, by promiſe bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd:
By Quenda ſlain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his ſiſter's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which at your better leiſure you may read.
Macrobius too relates the viſion ſent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:

[illegible] makes replies,
[illegible] often prophesies.
[illegible] read in holy writ,
[illegible] his vision did forget,
[illegible] word the wondrous dream repeat.
[illegible] Joseph understand,
[illegible] Egyptian land,
[illegible] plenty and of dearth foretold,
[illegible] their bread, their liberty they sold.
[illegible] exalted butler be forget,
[illegible] dream presag'd his hanging lot.
[illegible] Crœsus the same death foretole,
[illegible] his vision on a lofty tree?
[illegible] Hector, in his utmost pride,
[illegible] his death the night before he dy'd;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
[illegible] warn'd in vain:
[illegible] was slain.
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
[illegible] the ruddy day begins to break,
[illegible] that plainly I foretee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity
But [illegible] I like,
They [illegible] make the well-man sick.
Of these [illegible] physician makes,
[illegible] purge, but seldom takes.
They [illegible] but poison all the blood,
[illegible] but the doctors good.
[illegible] tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
[illegible] every work of 'pothecary's hall.

There

Theſe melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and ſwear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor diſgrace:
So may my ſoul have bliſs, as when I ſpy
The ſcarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art conſtant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All ſorrows at thy preſence take their flight.
For true it is, as "in principio,
"Mulier eſt hominis confuſio."
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his ſovereign bliſs.
For when by night I feel your tender ſide,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have ſuch a ſolace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are caſt behind;
And ev'n already I forget my dream:
He ſaid, and downward flew from off the beam.
For day-light now began apace to ſpring,
The thruſh to whiſtle, and the lark to ſing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th'appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went ſtrutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart ſo light,
As ſhew'd he ſcorn'd the viſions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he ſpurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the firſt grain he found.

Then

[illegible] he will wanton play,
[illegible] prime of day:
[illegible] gave to much delight,
[illegible] with envy at the sight.
[illegible] when other corns he found,
[illegible] to set a foot to ground.
[illegible] about his hall,
[illegible] came running at his call.
[illegible] the month in which the world began
[illegible] the first created man):
[illegible] the sun,
[illegible] or more, had run;
[illegible] against the light,
[illegible] and hour, he measur'd right;
[illegible] than the Ephemeris:
[illegible]
[illegible] his breast,
[illegible]
[illegible] See, my dear,
[illegible] the year;
How [illegible] spring,
[illegible] to sing;
[illegible], and I with pleasure see
Man [illegible] on two legs, and aping me:
[illegible] creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our [illegible] sits couring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time ſhall come when Chanticleer ſhall wiſh
His words unſaid, and hate his boaſted bliſs:
The creſted bird ſhall by experience know,
Jove made not him his maſter-piece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The veſſel of his bliſs to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taſte his other tun.

Ye wiſe, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true I undertake
As Triſtran is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in ſuch reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.

A fox full-fraught with ſeeming ſanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durſt not ſin before he ſaid his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never ſuck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the fleſh of lambs, but when he cou'd;
Had paſs'd three ſummers in the neighbouring wood:
And muſing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination caſt,
By ſtratagem to gratify his taſte.

The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be ſeen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;

Then

[illegible] his time,
[illegible] his crime.
[illegible]
[illegible] was to Troy;
[illegible] reign,
[illegible] Charlemagne!
[illegible] hour
[illegible] of thy bower:
[illegible] thy dream,
[illegible] from the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Heaven [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] will,

Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to ſin by ſtrict neceſſity;
This ſtrict neceſſity they ſimple call,
Another ſort there is conditional.
The firſt ſo binds the will, that things foreknown
By ſpontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-ſlaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in proſpect of the ſhore;
But would not work at all if not conſtrain'd before.
That other does not liberty conſtrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foreſaw the will.
Freedom was firſt beſtow'd on human race,
And preſcience only held the ſecond place.
If he could make ſuch agents wholly free,
I not diſpute, the point 's too high for me;
For heaven's unfathom'd power what man can ſound,
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the ſoul, and that muſt be,
Or not the maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to ſin,
I wave, for fear of ſplitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a miſchief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Chanticleer, who never ſaw a fox,
ſhunn'd him as a ſailor ſhuns the rocks.
ut the falſe loon, who could not work his will
)pen force, employ'd his flattering ſkill;
pe, my lord, ſaid he, I not offend;
you afraid of me, that am your friend?
re a beaſt indeed to do you wrong,
ho have lov'd and honour'd you ſo long:
, gentle Sir, nor take a falſe alarm,
on my ſoul I never meant you harm.
me no ſpy, nor as a traitor preſs,
earn the ſecrets of your ſoft receſs:
be from Reynard ſo profane a thought,
by the ſweetneſs of your voice was brought:
as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
ſong as of an angel in the yard;
ng that would have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
baniſh'd horror from the dark abodes;
Orpheus ſung it in the nether ſphere,
uch the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
wife had been detain'd, to keep the huſband there.
y lord, your ſire familiarly I knew,
er deſerving ſuch a ſon as you:
with your lady-mother, (whom Heaven reſt)
often grac'd my houſe, and been my gueſt:
iew his living features, does me good;
I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
in my cottage ſhould be proud to ſee
worthy heir of my friend's family.

But

But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver-sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way.
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.
Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;

For which the clerk his father was diſgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now ſing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the ſake of ſweet ſaint charity;
Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him ſpeak ſo fair,
And proud beſide, as ſolar people are;
Nor could the treaſon from the truth deſcry,
So was he raviſh'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himſelf;
Though ſickly, ſlender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes rais'd by poets to the Gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There 's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he ſhall be receiv'd with more regard
And liſten'd to, than modeſt truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the ſtory ſings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then ſtretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious, as he ſought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himſelf to raiſe his note,
Falſe Reynard ruſh'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And ſought his wonted ſhelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the miſchief done,
Of all unheeded, and purſued by none.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] written, the [illegible] was [illegible],
[illegible] of the world were [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible];
[illegible] and he,
[illegible] the same degree:
[illegible] of equal power,
[illegible] a mingled hour.
[illegible] dream: this direful dream,
[illegible] native, in his scheme!
[illegible] of delight,
[illegible] thy devoted knight,
[illegible] by the oppress'd,
[illegible] the world who [illegible] their best?
[illegible] recreation,
[illegible] mortification.
[illegible] complain
[illegible]
[illegible] heart,
[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible] Thames,
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Fair

Fair Partlet firſt, when he was borne from ſight,
With ſovereign ſhrieks bewail'd her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Aſdrubal her huſband loſt his life,
When ſhe beheld the ſmouldering flames aſcend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires ſhe plung'd her head,
With greater eaſe than others ſeek their bed.
Not more aghaſt the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfal in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltleſs lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my ſtory I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of thoſe diſtracted damſels in the yard;
And ſtarting up beheld the heavy ſight,
How Reynard to the foreſt took his flight,
And croſs his back, as in triumphant ſcorn,
The hope and pillar of the houſe was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his houſe ran every neighbour nigh:
The vicar firſt, and after him the crew
With forks and ſtaves, the felon to purſue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her diſtaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of purſuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful ſqueak,
Poor ſwine, as if their pretty hearts would break.

Call

Call back their mungril curs, and ceaſe their cry,
See, fools, the ſhelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your deſpite ſhall die,
He ſhall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well adviſ'd, in faith it ſhall be done;
This Reynard ſaid: but, as the word he ſpoke,
The priſoner with a ſpring from priſon broke:
Then ſtretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight;
Whom when the traitor ſafe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with ſhame and ſorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, ſorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, maſtering both, th' artificer of lyes
Renews th' aſſault, and his laſt battery tries.

Though I, ſaid he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How juſtly may my lord ſuſpect his friend!
Th' appearance is againſt me, I confeſs,
Who ſeemingly have put you in diſtreſs:
You, if your goodneſs does not plead my cauſe,
May think I broke all hoſpitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble perſon in a fright:
This, ſince you take it ill, I muſt repent,
Though, heaven can witneſs, with no bad intent:
I practis'd it, to make you taſte your cheer
With double pleaſure, firſt prepar'd by fear.
So loyal ſubjects often ſeize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to ſeeming violence,
Yet mean his ſacred perſon not the leaſt offence.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF:

OR,

THE LADY IN THE ARBOUR.

A VISION.

NOW turning from the wintery ſigns, the ſun
His courſe exalted through the Ram had run,
And, whirling up the ſkies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightſome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb deſcends in ſhowers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When firſt the tender blades of graſs appear,
And buds, that yet the blaſt of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and ſoft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
And ſwell the germs, and burſt the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms diſplay.
Salute the welcome ſun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing ſouls the ſweets repair,
To ſcent the ſkies, and purge th' unwholſome air:
Joy ſpreads the heart, and, with a general ſong,
Spring iſſues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that ſweet ſeaſon, as in bed I lay,
And ſought in ſleep to paſs the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd ſide, but ſtill in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:

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Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but ſcarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly preſs'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for ſtill methought
To ſome ſtrange end ſo ſtrange a path was wrought:
At laſt it led me where an arbour ſtood,
The ſacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progreſs I had never ſeen:
And, ſeiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting ſight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young graſs aroſe in freſher green:
The mound was newly made, no ſight could paſs
Betwixt the nice partitions of the graſs;
The well-united ſods ſo cloſely lay;
And all around the ſhades defended it from day:
For ſycamores with eglantine were ſpread,
A hedge about the ſides, a covering over head.
And ſo the fragrant brier was wove between,
The ſycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature ſeem'd to vary the delight;
And ſatisfy'd at once the ſmell and ſight.
The maſter workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with ſuch proportion drew,
They roſe by meaſure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work ſo well.

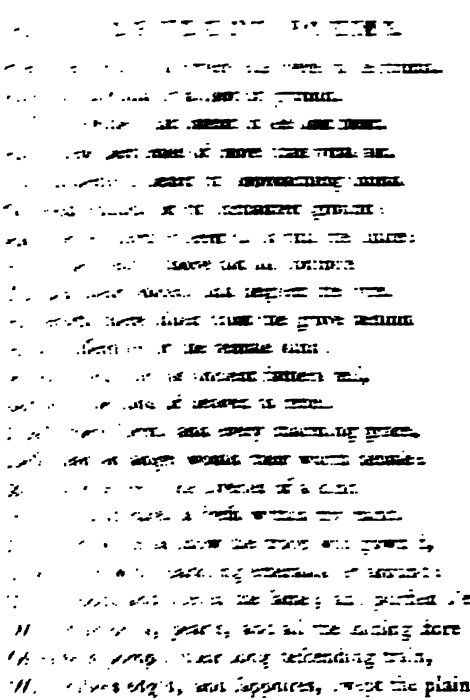
Both

Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A [illegible] recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.

Her

Her ſhort performance was no ſooner try'd,
When ſhe I ſought, the nightingale, reply'd:
So ſweet, ſo ſhrill, ſo variouſly ſhe ſung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I ſo raviſh'd with her heavenly note,
I ſtood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'er-power'd with ecſtaſy of bliſs,
Was in a pleaſing dream of paradiſe;
At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any-where by chance I might eſpy,
The rural poet of the melody:
For ſtill methought ſhe ſung not far away:
At laſt I found her on a laurel ſpray.
Cloſe by my ſide ſhe ſat, and fair in ſight,
Full in a line againſt her oppoſite;
Where ſtood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native ſweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I ſat, and liſten'd long
(Sitting was more convenient for the ſong):
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wiſh'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too ſwiftly paſs'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the laſt.
My ſight, and ſmell, and hearing, were employ'd,
And all three ſenſes in full guſt enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the reſt ſurpaſs,
The ſweet poſſeſſion of the fairy place;
Single, and conſcious to myſelf alone
Of pleaſures to th' excluded world unknown:

Pleaſures



These

These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereso'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,

Till

Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly,
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.
So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd.
And at each trumpet was a banner bound;

Which

Which waving in the wind diſplay'd at large
Their maſter's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of ſnowy hue,
A purer web the ſilk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the ſcutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was ſet about with many a coſtly ſtone.
Next theſe of kings at arms a goodly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of ſilver mix'd with gold,
And garlands green around their temples roll'd:
Rich crowns were on their royal ſcutcheons plac'd,
With ſapphires, diamonds, and with rubies grac'd:
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So theſe in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more ſober, and more ſlow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The purſuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his ſcutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank ſucceed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery ſteed:
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their ſurcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between, that caſt a glittering ſhade;
The trappings of their ſteeds were of the ſame;
The golden fringe ev'n ſet the ground on flame,

And

And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight aſſign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unſhorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremoſt held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ranſom would not pay the price.
The ſecond bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a ſpear upright,
Headed with piercing ſteel, and poliſh'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was ſeen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green.
And after theſe came, arm'd with ſpear and ſhield,
An hoſt ſo great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever-green were ſhaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of laſting kind,
Tenacious of the ſtem, and firm againſt the wind.
Some in their hands, beſide the lance and ſhield,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn held,
Or branches for their myſtic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty ſound,
Drawn in two lines adverſe they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themſelves the turney they divide,
In equal ſquadrons rang'd on either ſide.
Then turn'd their horſes heads, and man to man,
And ſteed to ſteed oppos'd, the juſts began.

They

They lightly ſet their lances in the reſt,
And, at the ſign, againſt each other preſs'd:
They met. I ſitting at my eaſe beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their ſpears, ſome tumbled horſe and man,
And round the field the lighten'd courſers ran.
An hour and more, like tides, in equal ſway
They ruſh'd, and won by turns, and loſt the day:
At length the nine (who ſtill together held)
Their fainting foes to ſhameful fight compel'd,
And with reſiſtleſs force o'er-ran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finiſh'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty ſteeds alight:
Like them diſmounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair aſſembly they advanc'd,
Who near the ſecret arbour ſung and danc'd.
The ladies left their meaſures at the ſight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her choſen knight.
Amid the plain a ſpreading laurel ſtood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleaſing ſhade they ſought, a ſoft retreat
From ſudden April ſhowers, a ſhelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with ſuch extent were ſpread,
So near the clouds was her aſpiring head,
That hoſts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of ſheep beneath the ſhade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war;

[illegible] here found retreat,
[illegible] and shunn'd the scorching heat:
[illegible] might there at ease abide;
[illegible] a lady by his side:
[illegible] such odours did bequeath,
[illegible] breeze to these was common breath.
[illegible] and ladies here, approaching, paid
[illegible] homage, with a low obeisance made;
[illegible] to venerate the sacred shade.
[illegible] performed, their pleasures they pursue,
With song of love, and mix with pleasures new;
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the West I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with chearful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.

Before

Before the merry troop the minſtrels play'd;
All in their maſter's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their inſtruments were various in their kind,
Some for the how, and ſome for breathing wind:
The ſawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noiſy band,
And the ſoft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daiſies on a flowery lay
They ſaw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeiſance to the daiſy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady ſung a virelay:
And ſtill at every cloſe ſhe would repeat
The burden of the ſong, "The daiſy is ſo ſweet."
The daiſy is ſo ſweet, when ſhe begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice ſo charm'd my ear,
And ſooth'd my ſoul, that it was heaven to hear.
But ſoon their pleaſure paſs'd: at noon of day,
The ſun with ſultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius ſhoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poiſonous breath he blaſts the ſky:
Then droop'd the fading flowers (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their ſickly eyes, and hung the head;
And, rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gaſp'd, and ſcarcely could reſpire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;

The fainty knights were ſcorch'd; and knew not where
To run for ſhelter, for no ſhade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a ſtorm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flaſh'd betwixt: the field, and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the ſhowers.
The ladies and the knights, no ſhelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintery ſky,
Were dropping wet, diſconſolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While thoſe in white protected by the tree
Saw paſs in vain th' aſſault, and ſtood from danger free.
But as compaſſion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the ſtorm, and ſilent were the winds,
Diſpleas'd at what, not ſuffering, they had ſeen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour ſweet their foes embrace,
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair ſiſter, I have ſuffer'd in your woe;
Nor ſhall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreſhing bower.
That other anſwer'd with a lowly look,
And ſoon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at eaſe both ſhe and all her train
The ſcorching ſun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courteſy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every kinght a knight.

The

The laurel champions with their ſwords invade
The neighbouring foreſts, where the juſts were made,
And ſerewood from the rotten hedges took,
And ſeeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A chearful blaze aroſe, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refreſh'd with heat, the ladies ſought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground
They ſqueez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their ſun-burnt cheeks and their chapt ſkins they laid:
Then ſought green ſalads, which they bade them eat,
A ſovereign remedy for inward heat.
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feaſt,
And made the lady of the flower her gueſt:
When lo, a bower aſcended on the plain,
With ſudden ſeats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleaſant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and ſee whatever paſs'd:
The ladies ſat with each a knight between,
Diſtinguiſh'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquiſh'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Mean time the minſtrels play'd on either ſide,
Vain of their art, and for the maſtery vy'd:
The ſweet contention laſted for an hour,
And reach'd my ſecret arbour from the bower.
The ſun was ſet; and Veſper, to ſupply
His abſent beams, had lighted up the ſky:

When Philomel officious all the day
To ſing the ſervice of th' enſuing May,
Fled from her laurel ſhade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping ſat familiar on her hand,
A new muſician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to ſhun the ſcalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a ſafer ſeat,
And hid in buſhes 'ſcap'd the bitter ſhower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;
And either ſongſter holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to ſing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by ſtar-light and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with ſteeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I ſaw, inquiſitive to know
The ſecret moral of the myſtic ſhow,
I ſtarted from my ſhade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to ſatisfy my longing mind:
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and ſoftly pac'd along,
Repeating to herſelf the former ſong.
With due reſpect my body I inclin'd,
As to ſome being of ſuperior kind,

And made my court according to the day,
Wiſhing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She ſaid; and I, who much deſir'd to know
Of whence ſhe was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to ſpeak:
Madam, might I preſume and not offend,
So may the ſtars and ſhining moon attend
Your nightly ſports, as you vouchſafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in liſted fields ſo well.
To this the dame reply'd: Fair daughter, know,
That what you ſaw was all a fairy ſhow:
And all thoſe airy ſhapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mold,
Our ſouls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomſday wander in the ſhades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in ſunſhine may appear:
With ſongs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours uſher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And poſting through the ſkies purſue the moon:
But when the morn ariſes, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and laſhes into night.
All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.

In every land we have a larger ſpace
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unſeen before, is ours.
Know farther; every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are ſervants to the leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence; and I myſelf am one.
Saw you not her ſo graceful to behold
In white attire, and crown'd with radiant gold?
The ſovereign lady of our land is ſhe,
Diana call'd, the queen of chaſtity:
And I, for the ſpotleſs name of maid ſhe bears,
That Agnus caſtus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But thoſe the chief and higheſt in command
Who bear thoſe holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger never could diſmay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held.
But thoſe, who wear the woodbine on their brow,
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealouſy.
The lords and ladies, who the woodbine bear,
As true as Triſtram and Iſotta were.

But

But what are thoſe, ſaid I, th' unconquer'd nine,
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden armour ſhine?
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dreſs'd with daiſies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worſhip diſagree,
And ſome adore the flower, and ſome the tree?
Juſt is your ſuit, fair daughter, ſaid the dame:
Thoſe laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty fame;
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites,
Three jews, three pagans, and three chriſtian knights.
Theſe, as you ſee, ride foremoſt in the field,
As they the foremoſt rank of honour held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excel'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that ſtill renew;
For deathleſs laurel is the victor's due:
Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charlemain:
For bows the ſtrength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valour and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date,
Doubling their number, equal in their ſtate;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune, to their ſovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
Theſe, of the garter call'd, of faith unſtain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honours which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were firſt by Cæſar worn,
And ſtill they Cæſar's ſucceſſors adorn:

One

[illegible] immortality,
[illegible] the world, [illegible] boy.
[illegible] in dames in green,
[illegible] an [illegible] their queen?
[illegible] and knights,
[illegible] delights,
[illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] in their green
[illegible]
[illegible] lower.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ground;
[illegible]
[illegible] month's May.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] between
[illegible] fits of [illegible] freaky green.

Not

Not ſo the flower, which laſts for little ſpace,
A ſhort-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble ſtem is driven,
Weak to ſuſtain the ſtorms and injuries of heaven.
Propp'd by the ſpring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a ſickly beauty, ſoon to ſhed;
In ſummer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleaſure made,
Shoot up with ſwift increaſe, and ſudden are decay'd.
With humble words, the wiſeſt I could frame,
And proffer'd ſervice, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, ſhe gave her maid to know
The ſecret meaning of this moral ſhow.
And ſhe, to prove what profit I had made
Of myſtic truth, in fables firſt convey'd,
Demanded till the next returning May,
Whether the leaf or flower I would obey?
I choſe the leaf; ſhe ſmil'd with ſober chear,
And wiſh'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and ſigils, for defence
Againſt ill tongues that ſcandal innocence:
But I, ſaid ſhe, my fellows muſt purſue,
Already paſt the plain, and out of view.
We parted thus; I homeward ſped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then late refreſh'd with ſleep, I roſe to write
The viſionary vigils of the night:
Bluſh, as thou may'ſt, my little book, with ſhame,
Nor hope with homely verſe to purchaſe fame;
For ſuch thy *Maker choſe: and ſo deſign'd*
Thy ſimple ſtile to ſuit thy lowly kind.

THE

THE WIFE OF BATH,

HER TALE.

It [illegible] of [illegible], when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose [illegible] and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfe and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and [illegible] on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass [illegible] rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor daraling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she plaid,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests, with prayers and other goodly geer,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;

And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have ſprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the ſun,
Reſort to farmers rich, and bleſs their halls,
And exorciſe the beds, and croſs the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forſake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the pariſh now is ſeen,
The midnight parſon poſting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he ſets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and ſanctity ſo near:
For by ſome haycock, or ſome ſhady thorn,
He bids his beads both even ſong and morn.
It ſo befel in this king Arthur's reign,
A luſty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd, as he rode, a damſel gay
In ruſſet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he caſt an amorous eye,
So ſtraight ſhe walk'd, and on her paſterns high:
If ſeeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning ſhort, he better likes her face.

He

He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespy'd,
For swarming at his back the country cry'd:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
  Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honourable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd:
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
  Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate),
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.

And

And the fair ſpeaker riſing from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the houſe declare.
Sir knight, though I have aſk'd thy life, yet ſtill
Thy deſtiny depends upon my will:
Nor haſt thou other ſurety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a ſofter mold,
And cannot blood without a ſigh behold,
I grant thee life; reſerving ſtill the power
To take the forfeit when I ſee my hour:
Unleſs thy anſwer to my next demand
Shall ſet thee free from our avenging hand.
The queſtion, whoſe ſolution I require,
Is, What the ſex of women moſt deſire?
In this diſpute thy judges are at ſtrife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (leſt, ſurpriz'd, unknowing what to ſay,
Thou damn thyſelf) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'ſt the ſkill.
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in ſcorn,
Good ſureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou ſhalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
Woe was the knight at this ſevere command;
But well he knew 'twas bootleſs to withſtand:
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd anſwer at the day aſſign'd,
The beſt, with heaven's aſſiſtance, he could find.

His

His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of diſcontent,
Miſdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of ſuch a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; ſtill anxious more and more,
Aſk'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Enquir'd of men; but made his chief requeſt
To learn from women what they lov'd the beſt.
They anſwer'd each according to her mind
To pleaſe herſelf, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place:
Crones, old and ugly, wiſh'd a better face.
The widow's wiſh was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for ſport a-bed.
Some ſaid the ſex were pleas'd with handſome lies,
And ſome groſs flattery lov'd without diſguiſe:
Truth is, ſays one, he ſeldom fails to win
Who flatters well; for that's our darling ſin;
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wiſeſt of the kind.
One thought the ſex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleaſures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
Some with a huſband-fool; but ſuch are curſt,
For fools perverſe of huſbands are the worſt:
All women would be counted chaſte and wiſe,
Nor ſhould our ſpouſes ſee, but with our eyes;

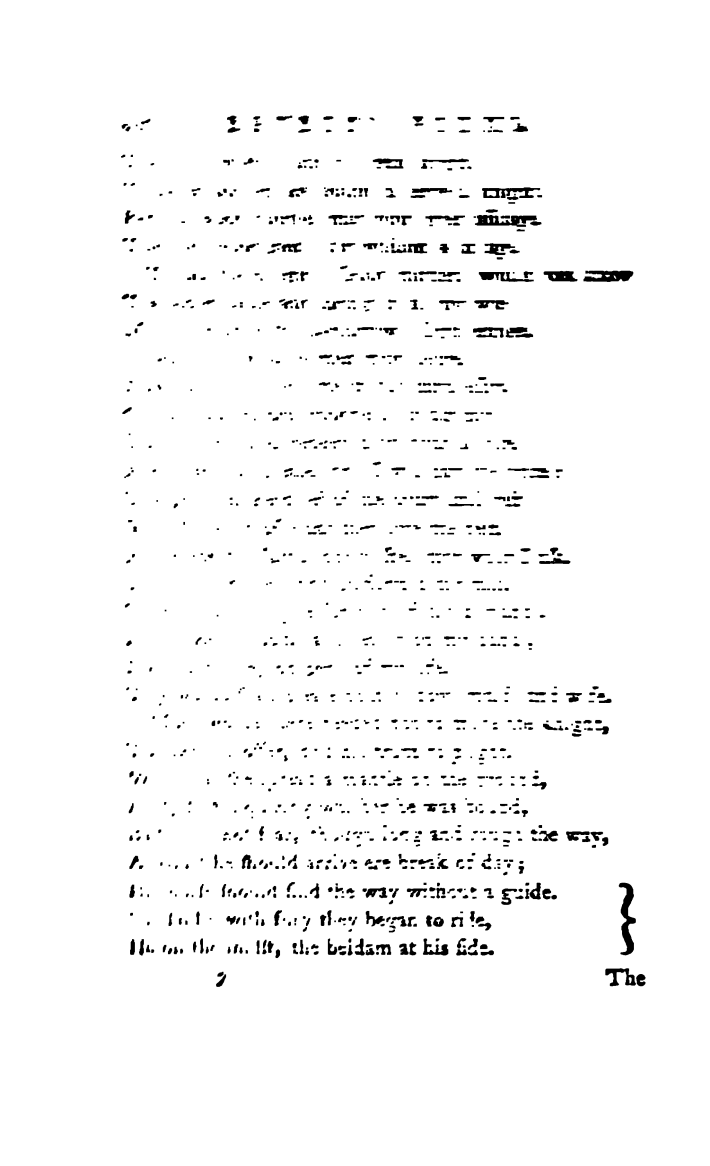
I

For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit:
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
And not our husbands counsels to reveal.
But that 's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew: and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the Gods had sent;
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.

The ſecret heard, ſhe plighted him her troth,
(And ſacred ſure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady ſhould reſt unknown,
Both for her huſband's honour and her own;
But ne'ertheleſs ſhe pin'd with diſcontent;
The counſel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing ſhe knew ſhe was oblig'd to hide;
By intereſt and by oath the wife was ty'd;
But if ſhe told it not, the woman dy'd.
Loth to betray a huſband and a prince,
But ſhe muſt burſt, or blab; and no pretence
Of honour ty'd her tongue from ſelf-defence.
A marſhy ground commodiouſly was near,
Thither ſhe ran, and held her breath for fear,
Leſt if a word ſhe ſpoke of any thing,
That word might be the ſecret of the king.
Thus full of counſel to the fen ſhe went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure neceſſity compel'd,
On her majeſtic marrow-bones ſhe kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink ſhe laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, ſhe ſaid, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):
Beneath his locks the king my huſband wears
A goodly royal pair of aſs's ears.
Now I have eas'd my boſom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.
Thus through a woman was the ſecret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.

R...

But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now conſum'd the year:
One day was only left to ſolve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he firſt ſet out.
But home he muſt, and, as th' award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this deſpairing ſtate he hapt to ride,
As fortune led him, by a foreſt ſide:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror ſtood,
Brown with the ſhade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and ſhot a gleamy light)
He ſaw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing ſeem'd to ſkim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, ſo light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At ſpeed he drove, and came a ſudden gueſt,
In hope where many women were, at leaſt,
Some one by chance might anſwer his requeſt.
But faſter than his horſe the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vaniſh'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian foreſts are;
Againſt a wither'd oak ſhe lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her truſty ſtaff, not half upright.
And dropp'd an aukward court'ſy to the knight.
Then ſaid, what makes you, Sir, ſo late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for ſome trouble in your mind?



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the way,

[illegible] he should arrive ere break of day;

[illegible] should find the way without a guide.

[illegible] with fury they began to ride,

He on the [illegible], the beldam at his side.

The

The horſe, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they ſped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he ſhould anſwer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly ſpread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female ſenate was aſſembled ſoon
With all the mob of women of the town:
The queen ſate lord chief juſtice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and ſilence they proclaim:
Then firſt the culprit anſwer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was laſt requir'd
To name the thing that women moſt deſir'd.
Th' offender, taught his leſſon by the way,
And by his counſel order'd what to ſay,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, ſaid he,
What all your ſex deſire is ſovereignty.
The wife affects her huſband to command;
All muſt be her's, both money, houſe, and land.
The maids are miſtreſſes ev'n in their name;
And of their ſervants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I ſay,
A blunt plain truth, the ſex aſpires to ſway,
You to rule all, while we, like ſlaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But ſaid the knight had well deſerv'd his life.
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a bluſh, confeſs'd
The man had found what women love the beſt.

Upſtarts the beldam, who was there unſeen:
And, reverence made, accoſted thus the queen.
My liege, ſaid ſhe, before the court ariſe,
May I, poor wretch, find favour in your eyes,
To grant my juſt requeſt: 'twas I who taught
The knight this anſwer, and inſpir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we moſt affect.
But firſt I ſwore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I ſhould deſire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promiſe is fulfill'd: I ſav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was aſk'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wreſt the laws,
Than let a ſiſter-plaintiff loſe the cauſe,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar)
Cry'd one and all, the ſuppliant ſhould have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.

In vain he ſigh'd, and oft with tears deſir'd,
Some reaſonable ſuit might be requir'd.
But ſtill the crone was conſtant to her note:
The more he ſpoke, the more ſhe ſtretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to ſave
His body deſtin'd to that living grave.
The liquoriſh hag rejects the pelf with ſcorn;
And nothing but the man would ſerve her turn.

Not

Not all the wealth of Eaſtern kings, ſaid ſhe,
Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I ſwore;
For mine thou art by promiſe, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay rather my damnation thou,
Said he: nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy ſire hath ſent thee from below,
Elſe how could'ſt thou my ſecret ſorrows know?
Avant, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race ſo foul a crone ſhall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd againſt the knight;
So was he marry'd in his own deſpite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to ſuſtain a ſight ſo foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To paſs the marriage feaſt and nuptial ſong:
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never ſuch an ill-pair'd couple ty'd:
Reſtleſs he toſs'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay ſmiling by his ſide,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cry'd,
When you my raviſh'd predeceſſor ſaw,
You were not then become this man of ſtraw;
Had you been ſuch, you might have ſcap'd the law.

Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much diſparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whoſe noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The king of heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bellow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honour ſtrive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your anceſtors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vaſt eſtates to mighty titles ty'd,
Did not your honour, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you elſe but of a baſtard-kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourſelf their ſon.
No father can infuſe or wit or grace;
A mother comes acroſs, and mars the race.
A grandſire or a grandame taints the blood;
And ſeldom three deſcents continue good.
Were virtue by deſcent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame:
But, as the firſt, the laſt of all the line
Would like the ſun even in deſcending ſhine;
Take fire, and bear it to the darkeſt houſe,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucaſus;

If

If you depart, the flame ſhall ſtill remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel periſh, can decay,
By nature form'd as things combuſtible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better ſeed
With worſe, begets a baſe degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father ſinks within his ſon, we ſee,
And often riſes in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even ſuch are we,
Or call it chance, or ſtrong neceſſity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs muſt be: for ſeed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work th' imperfect kind;
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation ſtill the ſame.
Its principle is in itſelf: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers
Or man or woman, whichſoever fails:
And, oft, the vigour of the worſe prevails.
Æther with ſulphur blended alters hue,
And caſts a duſky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honour ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fiſh deſcends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himſelf degraded, turns a churl.

No

Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee deſcending down.
If in thy ſmoke it ends, their glories ſhine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I ſaid before is plainly ſhow'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our ſtars, and grace of heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius roſe,
Whom for his virtues the firſt Romans choſe:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whoſe noble hands had exercis'd the plough.
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely anceſtors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue cloath'd, to caſt the rags of ſin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low eſtate:
Which he who had the world at his diſpoſe,
If poverty were vice, would never chooſe.
Philoſophers have ſaid, and poets ſing,
That a glad poverty 's an honeſt thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treaſure find.

[illegible]

[illegible] your will to marry all at once.
[illegible] your money, and believe me true.
[illegible] wooer better than the rest,
[illegible] that can love you best.
[illegible] and I intend not to dissemble,
[illegible] my intentions are not counterfeit:
[illegible] matter longer meditate to imagine,
[illegible] best to the purpose straight proceed:
[illegible] of the five maidens from thence,
[illegible] of wit, and active diligence,
[illegible] once, and fortune is given,
[illegible] I am persuaded cannot miss her love;
[illegible] that indulgence that brings me love,
[illegible] me worth, and him mine to know.
[illegible] your wives name would change, few would choose,
[illegible] yet willingly would match into this,
[illegible] we have our several destinies,
[illegible] you to know the farmer from the friend.
[illegible] I see your eye, my life, my joy,
[illegible] whatever my fortune proves;
[illegible], my life, the hope of many a day,
[illegible] you for a wither'd homely wife;
[illegible] and ugliness, as all agree,
[illegible] the best guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my disposé,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose;

Would

Would you I ſhould be ſtill deform'd and old,
Nauſeous to touch, and loathſome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your eaſe,
And not in deed, or word, or thought, diſpleaſe?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your ſhare?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliſs,
And thank yourſelf if aught ſhould fall amiſs.
Sore ſigh'd the knight, who this long ſermon heard;
At length, conſidering all, his heart he chear'd;
And thus reply'd: My lady and my wife,
To your wiſe conduct I reſign my life:
Chooſe you for me, for well you underſtand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble huſband may requeſt,
Provide, and order all things for the beſt;
Your's be the care to profit, and to pleaſe:
And let your ſubject ſervant take his eaſe.
Then thus in peace, quoth ſhe, concludes the ſtrife,
Since I am turn'd the huſband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will reſign;
Forgive if I have ſaid or done amiſs,
And ſeal the bargain with a friendly kiſs:
I promis'd you but one content to ſhare,
But now I will become both good and fair,

No nuptial quarrel ſhall diſturb your eaſe;
The buſineſs of my life ſhall be to pleaſe:
And for my beauty, that, as time ſhall try;
But draw the curtain firſt, and caſt your eye.
He look'd, and ſaw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and ſeiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the ſtatue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A ſtorm of kiſſes pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliſs they lay embrac'd,
And their firſt love continued to the laſt:
One ſunſhine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple ſeen.

And ſo may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven ſend the maids young huſbands freſh in bed;
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And ſome devouring plague purſue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE

THE

CHARACTER

OF A

GOOD PARSON.

A Pariſh prieſt was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itſelf was in his face.
Rich was his ſoul, though his attire was poor
(As God had cloth'd his own ambaſſador);
For ſuch, on earth, his bleſs'd redeemer bore.
Of ſixty years he ſeem'd; and well might laſt
To ſixty more, but that he liv'd too faſt;
Refin'd himſelf to ſoul, to curb the ſenſe;
And made almoſt a ſin of abſtinence.
Yet, had his aſpect nothing of ſevere,
But ſuch a face as promis'd him ſincere.
Nothing reſerv'd or ſullen was to ſee:
But ſweet regards, and pleaſing ſanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harſh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the ſky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A muſic more melodious than the ſpheres):

For

For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he ſung the beſt.
He bore his great commiſſion in his look:
But ſweetly temper'd awe; and ſoften'd all he ſpok
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,
And warn'd the ſinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the goſpel rather than the law;
And forc'd himſelf to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the ſoul ſublime, to ſeek her native ſeat.
To threats the ſtubborn ſinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, againſt the ſtorm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Thoſe but proclaim his ſtile, and diſappear;
The ſtiller ſound ſucceeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his pariſh freely paid, he took;
But never ſued, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to loſe his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
The leſs he ſought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a prieſt contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had ſome to ſpare,
To feed the famiſh'd, and to clothe the bare:

For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himſelf he would not ſee.
True prieſts, he ſaid, and preachers of the word,
Were only ſtewards of their ſovereign lord;
Nothing was their's; but all the public ſtore:
Intruſted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, ſhould they ſteal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himſelf accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his pariſh; not contracted cloſe
In ſtreets, but here and there a ſtraggling houſe;
Yet ſtill he was at hand, without requeſt,
To ſerve the ſick; to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor ſpar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durſt he truſt another with his care;
Nor rode himſelf to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where biſhoprics and ſinecures are ſold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry ſent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living ſermon of the truths he taught);
For this by rules ſevere his life he ſquar'd:
That all might ſee the doctrine which they heard.

For prieſts, he ſaid, are patterns for the reſt
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impreſs'd):
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The ſovereign's image is no longer ſeen.
If they be foul on whom the people truſt,
Well may the baſer braſs contract a ruſt.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy deſpis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy ſhow;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
Theſe marks of church and churchmen he deſign'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his ſons, but thoſe of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the ſigns of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's ſucceſſor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fiſher muſt be plain.
Such was the ſaint; who ſhone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moſes like, his Maker's face.
God ſaw his image lively was expreſs'd;
And his own work, as in creation bleſs'd.
The tempter ſaw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.

This prince, though great in arms, the prieſt withſtood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard unconſtrain'd, reſign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title ſtood entail'd, had Richard had a ſon.

Conqueſt, an odious name, was laid aſide,
Where all ſubmitted, none the battle try'd.
The ſenſeleſs plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering prieſt, invented ſince;
And laſts no longer than the preſent ſway;
But juſtifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let thoſe who dare
Diſpute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, becauſe he knew
Worſe might, and often did, from change enſue.
Much to himſelf he thought; but little ſpoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forſook.

Now, through the land, his cure of ſouls he ſtretch'd:
And like a primitive apoſtle preach'd.
Still chearful; ever conſtant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by moſt, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himſelf receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Becauſe he ſhew'd, by proof, 'twas eaſy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to ſee a ſhrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To ſhew you what the reſt in orders were:
This brilliant is ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo bright,
He needs no foil, but ſhines by his own proper light.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

BOCCACE.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

WHILE Norman Tancred in Salerno reign'd,
The title of a gracious prince he gain'd;
Till, turn'd a tyrant in his latter days,
He loſt the luſtre of his former praiſe;
And from the bright meridian where he ſtood,
Deſcending, dipp'd his hands in lovers blood.
This prince, of Fortune's favour long poſſeſs'd,
Yet was with one fair daughter only bleſs'd;
And bleſs'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy had he none!
She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
Moſt in his thought, and ever in his ſight:
Next, nay beyond his life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for marriage, he delay'd
Her nuptial bands, and kept her long a maid,
As envying any elſe ſhould ſhare a part
Of what was his, and claiming all her heart.
At length, as public decency requir'd,
And all his vaſſals eagerly deſir'd,
With mind averſe, he rather underwent
His people's will, than gave his own conſent.

So was she torn, as from a lover's side,
And made almost in his despite a bride.
Short were her marriage joys; for in the prime
Of youth, her lord expir'd before his time;
And to her father's court in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into grace.
This princess fresh and young, and fair and wise,
The worship'd idol of her father's eyes,
Did all her sex in every grace exceed,
And had more wit beside than women need.
Youth, health, and ease, and most an amorous mind,
To second nuptials had her thoughts inclin'd:
And former joys had left a secret sting behind.
But, prodigal in every other grant,
Her sire left unsupply'd her only want;
And she, betwixt her modesty and pride,
Her wishes, which she could not help, would hide.
Resolv'd at last to lose no longer time,
And yet to please herself without a crime,
She cast her eyes around the court, to find
A worthy subject suiting to her mind,
To him in holy nuptials to be ty'd,
A seeming widow, and a secret bride.
Among the train of courtiers, one she found
With all the gifts of bounteous nature crown'd,
Of gentle blood; but one whose niggard fate
Had set him far below her high estate;
Guiscard his name was call'd, of blooming age,
Now squire to Tancred, and before his page:

To

To him, the choice of all the ſhining crowd,
Her heart the noble Sigiſmonda vow'd.
Yet hitherto ſhe kept her love conceal'd,
And with thoſe graces every day beheld
The graceful youth; and every day increas'd
The raging fires that burn'd within her breaſt;
Some ſecret charm did all her acts attend,
And what his fortune wanted, hers could mend;
Till, as the fire will force its outward way,
Or, in the priſon pent, conſume the prey;
So long her earneſt eyes on his were ſet,
At length their twiſted rays together met;
And he, ſurpriz'd with humble joy, ſurvey'd
One ſweet regard, ſhot by the royal maid:
Not well aſſur'd, while doubtful hopes he nurs'd,
A ſecond glance came gliding like the firſt;
And he, who ſaw the ſharpneſs of the dart,
Without defence receiv'd it in his heart.
In public, though their paſſion wanted ſpeech,
Yet mutual looks interpreted for each;
Time, ways, and means of meeting were deny'd;
But all thoſe wants ingenious love ſupply'd.
Th' inventive God, who never fails his part,
Inſpires the wit, when once he warms the heart.
When Guiſcard next was in the circle ſeen,
Where Sigiſmonda held the place of queen,
A hollow cane within her hand ſhe brought,
But in the concave had enclos'd a note;
With this ſhe ſeem'd to play, and, as in ſport,
Toſs'd to her love, in preſence of the court;

Take

... at ... means ...
... ... our ...
... ... from him ...
... ...
... ...
... ...

Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, choak'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimmering and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.
The tyrant's den, whoſe uſe, though loſt to fame,
Was now th' apartment of the royal dame;
The cavern only to her father known,
By him was to his darling daughter ſhown.
Neglected long ſhe let the ſecret reſt,
Till love recall'd it to her labouring breaſt,
And hinted as the way by heaven deſign'd
The teacher, by the means he taught, to blind.
What will not women do, when need inſpires
Their wit, or love their inclination fires!
Though jealouſy of ſtate th' invention found,
Yet love refin'd upon the former ground.
That way, the tyrant had reſerv'd, to fly
Purſuing hate, now ſerv'd to bring two lovers nigh.
The dame, who long in vain had kept the key,
Bold by deſire, explor'd the ſecret way;
Now try'd the ſtairs, and, wading through the night,
Search'd all the deep receſs, and iſſued into light.
All this her letter had ſo well explain'd,
Th' inſtructed youth might compaſs what remain'd;
The cavern's mouth alone was hard to find,
Becauſe the path, diſus'd, was out of mind:
But in what quarter of the copſe it lay,
His eye by certain level could ſurvey:

Yet

Yet (for the wood perplex'd with thorns he knew)
A frock of leather o'er his limbs he drew;
And, thus provided, ſearch'd the brake around,
Till the choak'd entry of the cave he found.
Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd hour arriv'd
So long expected, and ſo well contriv'd:
With love to friend, th' impatient lover went,
Fenc'd from the thorns, and trod the deep deſcent.
The conſcious prieſt, who was ſuborn'd before,
Stood ready poſted at the poſtern door;
The maids in diſtant rooms were ſent to reſt,
And nothing wanted but th' invited gueſt.
He came, and knocking thrice without delay,
The longing lady heard, and turn'd the key;
At once invaded him with all her charms,
And the firſt ſtep he made was in her arms:
The leathern outſide, boiſterous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her ſtrict embrace:
On either ſide the kiſſes flew ſo thick,
That neither he nor ſhe had breath to ſpeak.
The holy man, amaz'd at what he ſaw,
Made haſte to ſanctify the bliſs by law;
And mutter'd faſt the matrimony o'er,
For fear committed ſin ſhould get before.
His work perform'd, he left the pair alone,
Becauſe he knew he could not go too ſoon;
His preſence odious, when his taſk was done.
What thoughts he had beſeems me not to ſay;
Though ſome ſurmiſe he went to faſt and pray,
And needed both to drive the tempting thoughts away

The

The foe once gone, they took their full delight;
'Twas reſtleſs rage, and tempeſt all the night;
For greedy love each moment would employ,
And grudg'd the ſhorteſt pauſes of their joy.
Thus were their loves auſpiciouſly begun,
And thus with ſecret care were carried on.
The ſtealth itſelf did appetite reſtore,
And look'd ſo like a ſin, it pleas'd the more.
The cave was now become a common way,
The wicket, often open'd, knew the key:
Love rioted ſecure, and, long enjoy'd,
Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.
But as extremes are ſhort, of ill and good,
And tides at higheſt mark regorge their flood;
So fate, that could no more improve their joy,
Took a malicious pleaſure to deſtroy.
Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whoſe delight
Was plac'd in his fair daughter's daily ſight,
Of cuſtom, when his ſtate affairs were done,
Would paſs his pleaſing hours with her alone;
And, as a father's privilege allow'd,
Without attendance of th' officious crowd.
It happen'd once, that when in heat of day
He try'd to ſleep, as was his uſual way,
The balmy ſlumber fled his wakeful eyes,
And forc'd him, in his own deſpite, to riſe:
Of ſleep forſaken, to relieve his care,
He ſought the converſation of the fair;
But with her train of damſels ſhe was gone,
In ſhady walks the ſcorching heat to ſhun:

[illegible] secrets,
[illegible] seavenly,
[illegible] eyes, [illegible] slumbers, which forget
[illegible] before to [illegible], now [illegible] unhinges.
[illegible] behind [illegible] daughter's bed,
[illegible] sleep [illegible] his head;
[illegible] for that she design'd,
[illegible] ease recall'd;
[illegible] the light to skreen,
[illegible] the [illegible] night,
[illegible] his light.
[illegible] hour
Was [illegible] to the secret bower,
And the fair nymph, [illegible] expectation fir'd,
From her [illegible] was retir'd:
[illegible] the [illegible] night,
[illegible] delight.
[illegible] door,
[illegible] the snow.
[illegible] foe.
[illegible] frock,
[illegible] repeated knock:
[illegible] the [illegible] grate
[illegible] their fate.
[illegible] delight they haste,
[illegible] embrac'd,
Rush to the [illegible] bed, a mutual freight,
Hers press it with their wonted weight.

The

den bound awak'd the ſleeping ſire,
d a ſight no parent can deſire;
g eyes at once with odious view
iſcover'd, and the lover knew:
have cry'd; but hoping that he dreamt,
t ty'd his tongue, and ſtopp'd th' attempt.
g moment all the truth declar'd,
e ſtood collected, and prepar'd,
and revenge had put him on his guard.
ion, that unheeded lay,
g ſleep, and watchful to betray,
rd rage he meditates his prey.
htleſs pair, indulging their deſires;
kindled, and then quench'd their fires;
ng in the ſhades of death they play'd,
mſelves, themſelves alone ſurvey'd,
ecure, were by them elves betray'd.
diſſolv'd in pleaſure thus they lay,
could no more ſuffice their play;
the youth, and through the cave again
the princeſs mingled with her train.
his unripe vengeance to defer,
ſpy, when now the coaſt was clear,
the garden, but retir'd unſeen,
n ſecret on his gather'd ſpleen,
dize revenge: to death he griev'd;
ıe ſaw the crime, had ſcarce believ'd.
tment for th' enſuing night he heard;
ore in the cavern had prepar'd
ıy yeomen of his truſty guard.

Scarce

Scarce had unwary Guiſcard ſet his foot
Within the foremoſt entrance of the grot,
When theſe in ſecret ambuſh ready lay;
And ruſhing on the ſudden ſeiz'd the prey:
Encumber'd with his frock, without defence,
An eaſy prize, they led the priſoner thence,
And, as commanded, brought before the prince.
The gloomy ſire, too ſenſible of wrong,
To vent his rage in words, reſtrain'd his tongue,
And only ſaid, Thus ſervants are preferr'd,
And, truſted, thus their ſovereigns they reward.
Had I not ſeen, had not theſe eyes receiv'd
Too clear a proof, I could not have believ'd.
He paus'd, and choak'd the reſt. The youth, who ſaw
His forfeit life abandon'd to the law,
The judge th' accuſer, and th' offence to him
Who had both power and will t' avenge the crime,
No vain defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd:
The faults of love by love are juſtify'd:
With unreſiſted might the monarch reigns,
He levels mountains, and he raiſes plains;
And, not regarding difference of degree,
Abas'd your daughter, and exalted me.
This bold return with ſeeming patience heard,
The priſoner was remitted to the guard.
The ſullen tyrant ſlept not all the night,
But, lonely walking by a winking light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd breaſt,
But would not violate his daughter's reſt;

Who

Who long expecting lay, for bliſs prepar'd,
Liſtening for noiſe, and griev'd that none ſhe heard;
Oft roſe, and oft in vain employ'd the key,
And oft accus'd her lover of delay;
And paſs'd the tedious hours in anxious thoughts away.
The morrow came; and at his uſual hour
Old Tancred viſited his daughter's bower;
Her cheek (for ſuch his cuſtom was) he kiſs'd,
Then bleſs'd her kneeling, and her maids diſmiſs'd.
The royal dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his grief and rage appear'd,
And floods of tears ran trickling down his beard.
O Sigiſmonda, he began to ſay:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to ſtay,
Till words with often trying found their way:
I thought, O Sigiſmonda, (but how blind
Are parents' eyes, their children's faults to find!)
Thy virtue, birth, and breeding, were above
A mean deſire, and vulgar ſenſe of love:
Nor leſs than ſight and hearing could convince
So fond a father, and ſo juſt a prince,
Of ſuch an unforeſeen and unbeliev'd offence.
Then what indignant ſorrow muſt I have,
To ſee thee lye ſubjected to my ſlave!
A man ſo ſmelling of the people's lee,
The court receiv'd him firſt for charity;
And ſince with no degree of honour grac'd,
But only ſuffer'd, where he firſt was plac'd.

The harder queſtion yet remains behind,
What pains a parent and a prince can find
To puniſh an offence of this degenerate kind.
As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever father lov'd a child before;
So that indulgence draws me to forgive:
Nature, that gave thee life, would have thee live:
But, as a public parent of the ſtate,
My juſtice, and thy crime, requires thy fate.
Fain would I chuſe a middle courſe to ſteer;
Nature 's too kind, and juſtice too ſevere:
Speak for us both, and to the balance bring
On either ſide the father and the king.
Heaven knows, my heart is bent to favour thee;
Make it but ſcanty weight, and leave the reſt to me.

Here ſtopping with a ſigh, he pour'd a flood
Of tears; to make his laſt expreſſion good.
She, who had heard him ſpeak, nor ſaw alone
The ſecret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Felt all the pangs of ſorrow in her breaſt:
And little wanted, but a woman's heart,
With cries and tears had teſtified her ſmart,
But inborn worth, that fortune can controul,
New ſtrung and ſtiffer beat her ſofter ſoul;
The heroine aſſum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortify'd her face:
Why ſhould ſhe beg, or what could ſhe pretend,
When her ſtern father had condemn'd her friend?

Her life she might have had: but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care;
Resolv'd on fate she, would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she, not as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse;
But boldly justify'd her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, deny'd th' offence:
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance mid-way, and [illegible]
spoke.
Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
Request for life, nor offer'd life to take;
Much less deny the deed; but least of all
Beneath pretended justice weakly fall.
My words [illegible]
My [illegible]
That I [illegible]
I [illegible]
Yet more I [illegible]
The [illegible]
And [illegible]
Not [illegible]
[illegible]
Nor the [illegible]
Betray'd my virtue: [illegible] I knew
What honour was, and honour had his due:
Before the holy priest my vows were ty'd,
So came I not a [illegible], but a bride.

This

This for my fame, and for the public voice:
Yet more, his merits juſtify'd my choice:
Which had they not, the firſt election thine,
That bond diſſolv'd, the next is freely mine;
Or grant I err'd, (which yet I muſt deny)
Had parents power ev'n ſecond vows to tie,
Thy little care to mend my widow'd nights,
Has forc'd me to recourſe of marriage rites,
To fill an empty ſide, and follow known delights.
What have I done in this, deſerving blame?
State-laws may alter: nature's are the ſame;
Thoſe are uſurp'd on helpleſs woman-kind,
Made without our conſent, and wanting power to bind.
Thou, Tancred, better ſhouldſt have underſtood,
That as thy father gave thee fleſh and blood,
So gav'ſt thou me: not from the quarry hew'd,
But of a ſofter mould, with ſenſe endued;
Ev'n ſofter than thy own, of ſuppler kind,
More exquiſite of taſte, and more than man refin'd.
Nor need'ſt thou by thy daughter to be told,
Though now thy ſpritely blood with age be cold,
Thou haſt been young: and canſt remember ſtill,
That when thou hadſt the power, thou hadſt the will;
And from the paſt experience of thy fires,
Canſt tell with what a tide our ſtrong deſires
Come ruſhing on in youth, and what their rage requires.
And grant thy youth was exercis'd in arms,
When love no leiſure found for ſofter charms,

Nor took I Guiſcard by blind fancy led,
Or haſty choice, as many women wed;
But with deliberate care, and ripen'd thought,
At leiſure firſt deſign'd, before I wrought:
On him I reſted, after long debate,
And, not without conſidering, fix'd my fate:
His flame was equal, though by mine inſpir'd
(For ſo the difference of our birth requir'd);
Had he been born like me, like me his love
Had firſt begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
But thus beginning, thus we perſevere;
Our paſſions yet continue what they were,
Nor length of trial makes our joys the leſs ſincere.
At this my choice, though not by thine allow'd
(Thy judgment herding with the common crowd),
Thou tak'ſt unjuſt offence; and, led by them,
Doſt leſs the merit, than the man eſteem.
Too ſharply, Tancred, by thy pride betray'd,
Haſt thou againſt the laws of kind inveigh'd:
For all th' offence is in opinion plac'd,
Which deems high birth by lowly choice debas'd.
This thought alone with fury fires thy breaſt
(For holy marriage juſtifies the reſt),
That I have ſunk the glories of the ſtate,
And mix'd my blood with a plebeian mate;
In which I wonder thou ſhould'ſt overſee
Superior cauſes, or impute to me
The fault of fortune, or the fates' decree.
Or call it heaven's imperial power alone,
Which moves on ſprings of juſtice, though unknown.

[illegible] we [illegible] through [illegible] for the [illegible],
[illegible], and the good [illegible];
[illegible] grace the [illegible] brow,
[illegible], the worthy cast below.
But [illegible] that [illegible] search we the secret springs,
[illegible] trace the principles of things;
[illegible] we find, that when the world began,
[illegible] compos'd the mould of man;
[illegible] of flesh on all degrees bestow'd,
[illegible] alike with moistening blood.
[illegible] power inspir'd the frame
[illegible] life, and form'd the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill,
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill:
[illegible] alike, from virtue first began
The [illegible] that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heavenly flame,
He wing'd his upright flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
[illegible], though disus'd; and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.
Now lay the line; and measure all thy court,
By inward virtue, not external port;

And find whom juſtly to prefer above
The man on whom my judgment plac'd my love:
So ſhalt thou ſee his parts and perſon ſhine;
And, thus compar'd, the reſt a baſe degenerate line.
Nor took I, when I firſt ſurvey'd thy court,
His valour, or his virtues, on report;
But truſted what I ought to truſt alone,
Relying on thy eyes, and not my own;
Thy praiſe (and thine was then the public voice)
Firſt recommended Guiſcard to my choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A man I thought deſerving to be crown'd;
Firſt by my father pointed to my ſight,
Nor leſs conſpicuous by his native light;
His mind, his mien, the features of his face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race:
Theſe were thy thoughts, and thou could'ſt judge aright,
Till intereſt made a jaundice in thy ſight;
Or ſhould I grant thou didſt not rightly ſee;
Then thou wert firſt deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou ſhalt alledge through pride of mind,
Thy blood with one of baſe condition join'd,
'Tis falſe; for 'tis not baſeneſs to be poor;
His poverty augments thy crime the more;
Upbraids thy juſtice with the ſcant regard
Of worth; whom princes praiſe, they ſhould reward.
Are theſe the kings entruſted by the crowd
With wealth, to be diſpens'd for common good?
The people ſweat not for their king's delight,
T' enrich a pimp, or raiſe a paraſite;

Their

Yet thought ſhe was not obſtinate to die,
Nor deem'd the death ſhe promis'd was ſo nigh:
Secure in this belief, he left the dame,
Reſolv'd to ſpare her life, and ſave her ſhame;
But that deteſted object to remove,
To wreak his vengeance, and to cure her love.
Intent on this, a ſecret order ſign'd,
The death of Guiſcard to his guards enjoin'd;
Strangling was choſen, and the night the time,
A mute revenge, and blind as was the crime:
His faithful heart, a bloody ſacrifice,
Torn from his breaſt, to glut the tyrant's eyes,
Clos'd the ſevere command (for ſlaves to pay):
What kings decree, the ſoldier muſt obey:
Wag'd againſt foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain deſpotic power:
Dangerous to freedom, and deſir'd alone
By kings, who ſeek an arbitrary throne;
Such were theſe guards; as ready to have ſlain
The prince himſelf, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.
Now, though the ſullen fire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the preſent he deſign'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth, and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he choſe: the hollow part
Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:

Then

Ev'n from my day of birth, to this, the bound
Of my unhappy being, I have found
My father's care and tenderneſs expreſs'd;
But this laſt act of love excels the reſt:
For this ſo dear a preſent, bear him back
The beſt return that I can live to make.
The meſſenger diſpatch'd, again ſhe view'd
The lov'd remains, and ſighing thus purſued:
Source of my life, and lord of my deſires,
In whom I liv'd, with whom my ſoul expires,
Poor heart, no more the ſpring of vital heat,
Curs'd be the hands that tore thee from thy ſeat!
The courſe is finiſh'd which thy fates decreed,
And thou from thy corporeal priſon freed:
Soon haſt thou reach'd the goal with mended pace,
A world of woes diſpatch'd in little ſpace;
Forc'd by thy worth, thy foe, in death become
Thy friend, has lodg'd thee in a coſtly tomb.
There yet remain'd thy funeral exequies,
The weeping tribute of thy widow's eyes,
And thoſe, indulgent heaven has found the way
That I, before my death, have leave to pay.
My father ev'n in cruelty is kind,
Or heaven has turn'd the malice of his mind
To better uſes than his hate deſign'd;
And made th' inſult, which in his gift appears,
The means to mourn thee with my pious tears;
Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
And ſave myſelf the pains to weep below,

If souls can weep; though once I meant to meet
My fate with face unmov'd, and eyes unwet,
Yet since I have thee here in narrow room,
My tears shall set thee first afloat within thy tomb:
Then (as I know thy spirit hovers nigh)
Under thy friendly conduct will I fly
To regions unexpl[illegible], secure to share
Thy state; [illegible] punishment appear;
And [illegible] heaven, if thou art there.
[illegible] eyes, that ready stood,
[illegible] to keep a flood,
[illegible] watery store, and pour'd amain,
[illegible] shower of rain;
[illegible] from female noise,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
have performed the ceremonial part,

The decencies of grief; it reſts behind,
That, as our bodies were, our ſouls be join'd;
To thy whate'er abode, my ſhade convey,
And, as an elder ghoſt, direct the way.
She ſaid; and bade the vial to be brought,
Where ſhe before had brew'd the deadly draught;
Firſt pouring out the med'cinable bane,
The heart, her tears had rins'd, ſhe bath'd again;
Then down her throat the death ſecurely throws,
And quaffs a long oblivion of her woes.
This done, ſhe mounts the genial bed, and there
(Her body firſt compos'd with honeſt care)
Attends the welcome reſt; her hands yet hold
Cloſe to her heart the monumental gold;
Nor farther word ſhe ſpoke, but clos'd her ſight,
And quiet ſought the covert of the night.
The damſels, who the while in ſilence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor ſuſpecting death ſuborn'd,
Yet, as their duty was, to Tancred ſent;
Who, conſcious of th' occaſion, fear'd th' event.
Alarm'd, and with preſaging heart, he came,
And drew the curtains, and expos'd the dame
To loathſome light: then with a late relief
Made vain efforts, to mitigate her grief.
She, what ſhe could, excluding day, her eyes
Kept firmly ſeal'd, and ſternly thus replies:
Tancred, reſtrain thy tears, unſought by me,
And ſorrow unavailing now to thee:
Did ever man before afflict his mind,
To ſee th' effect of what himſelf deſign'd?

Yet,

Yet, if thou haſt remaining in thy heart
Some ſenſe of love, ſome unextinguiſh'd part
Of former kindneſs, largely once profeſs'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd breaſt,
Not to deny thy daughter's laſt requeſt:
The ſecret love which I ſo long enjoy'd,
And ſtill conceal'd to gratify thy pride,
Thou haſt diſjoin'd; but, with my dying breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to diſjoin our death;
Where'er his corpſe by thy command is laid,
Thither let mine in public be convey'd;
Expos'd in open view, and ſide by ſide,
Acknowledg'd as a bridegroom and a bride.
The prince's anguiſh hinder'd his reply:
And ſhe, who felt her fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold heart, and, heaving to her breaſt,
Here, precious pledge, ſhe ſaid, ſecurely reſt!
Theſe accents were her laſt; the creeping death
Benumb'd her ſenſes firſt, then ſtopp'd her breath.
Thus ſhe for diſobedience juſtly dy'd:
The ſire was juſtly puniſh'd for his pride:
The youth, leaſt guilty, ſuffer'd for th' offence,
Of duty violated to his prince;
Who, late repenting of his cruel deed,
One common ſepulchre for both decreed;
Intomb'd the wretched pair in royal ſtate,
And on their monument inſcrib'd their fate.

THE-

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and moſt renown'd, Ravenna ſtands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the reſt,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bleſs'd,
The foremoſt place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madneſs lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the faireſt, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became ſo ſoft a kind,
Proud of her birth (for equal ſhe had none);
The reſt ſhe ſcorn'd; but hated him alone,
His gifts, his conſtant courtſhip, nothing gain'd;
For ſhe, the more he lov'd, the more diſdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could deviſe,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentleſs as a rock, the lofty maid,
Turn'd all to poiſon, that he did or ſaid:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he ſtrove
T'advance his ſuit, the farther from her love.

But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him ſhort,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-ſeat:
To Chaſſis' pleaſing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there reſolv'd to ſtay.
The ſpring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choiriſters of love:
Muſic unbought, that miniſter'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he diſcharg'd his friends; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public buſineſs, yet with equal charge;
With houſe and heart ſtill open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a gueſt,
Who could forſake the friend, purſued the feaſt.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his uſual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that ſtood
On every ſide ſurrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to pleaſe his penſive mind,
And ſought the deepeſt ſolitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of ſpreading pines he ſtray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful muſic made.
The place itſelf was ſuiting to his care,
Uncouth and ſavage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Loſt in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And ſummon'd him to due repaſt at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilſt liſtening to the murmuring leaves he ſtood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whiſpering ſound
Was dumb; a riſing earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overſpread;
A ſudden horror ſeiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled,
Nature was in alarm; ſome danger nigh
Scem'd threaten'd, though unſeen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he ſummon'd all his ſoul,
And ſtood collected in himſelf, and whole;
Not long: for ſoon a whirlwind roſe around,
And from afar he heard a ſcreaming ſound,
As of a dame diſtreſs'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the ſecret ſhade.

A thicket cloſe beſide the grove there ſtood,
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfiſh wood;
From thence the noiſe, which now, approaching near,
With more diſtinguiſh'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and ſaw a beauteous maid,
With hair diſhevel'd, iſſuing through the ſhade;
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and ev'n thoſe parts reveal'd,
Which modeſt nature keeps from ſight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With paſſing through the brakes, and prickly thorn;

Two maſtiffs gaunt and grim her flight purſued,
And oft their faſten'd fangs in blood embrued:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender ſide,
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! ſhe ran, and cry'd;
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then ſprang ſhe forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of ſwarthy face,
High on a coal-black ſteed purſued the chace;
With flaſhing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked ſword he held:
He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy uſage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, reſolv'd to give her aid.
A ſaplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readieſt weapon that his fury found.
Thus furniſh'd for offence, he croſs'd the way
Betwixt the graceleſs villain and his prey.

The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Ceaſe, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor ſtop the vengeance of ſo juſt a grief;
But give me leave to ſeize my deſtin'd prey,
And let eternal juſtice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, diſdain'd, betray'd,
And ſuffering death for this ungrateful maid.

He ſaid, at once diſmounting from the ſteed;
For now the hell-hounds with ſuperior ſpeed

Had reach'd the dame, and, faſtening on her ſide,
The ground with iſſuing ſtreams of purple dy'd,
Stood Theodore ſurpriz'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and briſtling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, ſaid he,
Thou art, who know'ſt me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cauſe, or be defy'd;
The ſpectre, fiercely ſtaring, thus reply'd:
Know, Theodore, thy anceſtry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common fire our fathers did beget,
My name and ſtory ſome remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my ſins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not leſs ador'd in life, nor ſerv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her ſtubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were anſwer'd with diſdain:
She ſcorn'd my ſorrows, and deſpis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitleſs care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep deſpair,
To finiſh my unhappy life, I fell
On this ſharp ſword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for ſoon th' inſulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented ſin ſhe dy'd,
Doom'd to the ſame bad place is puniſh'd for her pride:
Becauſe ſhe deem'd I well deſerv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.

There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were caſt,
And this irrevocable ſentence paſs'd,
That ſhe, whom I ſo long purſued in vain,
Should ſuffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that ſhe might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, ſhe to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I ſeek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better ſpeed
Arreſt her flight, is ſhe to death decreed:
Then with this fatal ſword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender ſide,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breaſt,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feaſt.
Nor lies ſhe long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and freſh to ſecond pain,
Is ſav'd to-day, to-morrow to be ſlain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to purſue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as fruſtrate of his will,
Not half ſuffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the ſoul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathleſs on the ground,
When thus the griſly ſpectre ſpoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I ſuſtain'd her hate,
So many years is ſhe condemn'd by fate

To daily death; and every ſeveral place,
Conſcious of her diſdain and my diſgrace,
Muſt witneſs her juſt puniſhment; and be
A ſcene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my laſt farewel,
As on this very ſpot of earth I fell,
As Friday ſaw me die, ſo ſhe my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he ſpoke, the virgin from the ground
Upſtarted freſh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all ſhe felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the ſhore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with fleſh and blood,
Purſue their prey, and ſeek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courſer, mends his pace;
And all the viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Long ſtood the noble youth oppreſs'd with awe
And ſtupid at the wondrous things he ſaw,
Surpaſſing common faith, tranſgreſſing nature's law:
He would have been aſleep, and wiſh'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impreſſion make,
Though ſtrong at firſt; if viſion, to what end,
But ſuch as muſt his future-ſtate portend?
His love the damſel, and himſelf the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Reſolv'd within himſelf to ſhun the ſnare,
Which hell for his deſtruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius ſhould direct,
From an ill cauſe to draw a good effect.

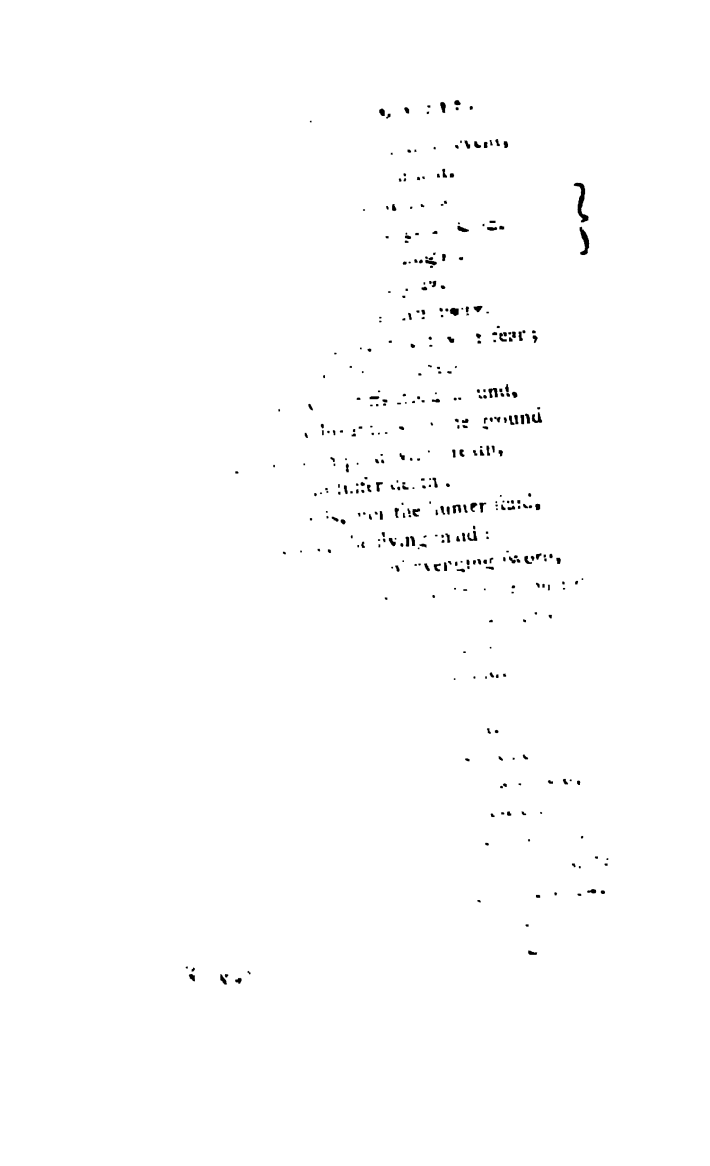
Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd from heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new deſign with long delay:
But of his train a truſty ſervant ſent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, uſual ſalutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he ſaid:
What you have often counſel'd, to remove
My vain purſuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my ſinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at laſt become my care:
My heart ſhall be my own; my vaſt expence
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cauſe I ſhall diſplay,
On Friday next; for that 's th' appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the taſk was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repaſt;
But yet reſolv'd, becauſe it was the laſt.
The day was come, the gueſts invited came,
And, with the reſt, th' inexorable dame:
A feaſt prepar'd with riotous expence,
Much coſt, more care, and moſt magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghoſt purſued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion ſpread,
With flowers below, and tiſſue overhead:
The reſt in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to ſet her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.

Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd
Mercy he would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the forests rale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold;
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale affistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The fi l-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the faultering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.

End



That ſting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire ſhe divin'd;
And her proud heart with ſecret ſorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the ſad diſcourſe renew'd,
Of the relentleſs dame to death purſued,
And of the ſight obſcene ſo lately view'd.
None durſt arraign the righteous doom ſhe bore,
Ev'n they who pity'd moſt, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noiſe ſhe look'd behind,
For ſtill the knight was preſent to her mind:
And anxious oft ſhe ſtarted on the way,
And thought the horſeman-ghoſt came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, ſhe took her bed with little reſt,
But in ſhort ſlumbers dreamt the funeral feaſt:
Awak'd, ſhe turn'd her ſide, and ſlept again;
The ſame black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the ſame dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, becauſe afraid to ſleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She ſprang from bed, diſtracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every ſtep, a twitching ſpright behind.
Darkling and deſperate, with a ſtaggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conſcious of diſgrace;
Fear, pride, remorſe, at once her heart aſſail'd,
Pride put remorſe to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her ſoul forethought the fiend would change his game,

And

And now the chearful light her fears diſpell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and ſtood reveal'd:
With faults confeſs'd commiſſion'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome meſſage made, was ſoon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wiſh'd, and hop'd, but ſcarce believ'd;
Fate ſeem'd a fair occaſion to preſent;
He knew the ſex, and fear'd ſhe might repent,
Should he delay the moment of conſent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modeſty of maidens well might ſpare);
But ſhe with ſuch a zeal the cauſe embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haſte);
The father, mother, and the kin beſide,
Were overborn by fury of the tide;
With full conſent of all ſhe chang'd her ſtate;
Reſiſtleſs in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the reſt beware;
More eaſy, leſs imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil deſign'd
For one fair female, loſt him half the kind.

CYMON

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

PIETA LOQUITUR.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With [illegible] excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense:
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;
And teaches more in one explaining page,
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but wanton; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse;

Nor

Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry inſtruction view;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the ſleepy vigour of the ſoul,
And bruſhing o'er adds motion to the pool.
Love, ſtudious how to pleaſe, improves our parts
With poliſh'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love firſt invented verſe, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion meaſur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To liberal acts enlarg'd the narrow-ſoul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold:
The world, when waſte, he peopled with increaſe,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the firſt, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame deſign'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind.

IN that ſweet iſle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, reſort;
Where either ſex is form'd of ſofter earth,
And takes the heart of pleaſure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian Lord above the reſt
Wiſe, wealthy, with a numerous iſſue bleſs'd.
But all theſe gifts of fortune are ſincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldeſt born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the reſt in ſhape, and outward ſhew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.

His ſoul bely'd the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in diſgrace.
A clowniſh mien, a voice with ruſtic ſound,
And ſtupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece deſign'd,
But made for two, and by miſtake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's deſpair;
The more inform'd, the leſs he underſtood,
And deeper ſunk by floundering in the mud.
Now ſcorn'd of all, and grown the public ſhame,
The people from Galeſus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which ſignifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature ſuit.
His father, when he found his labour loſt,
And care employ'd that anſwer'd not the coſt,
Choſe an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to ſee what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well ſuited with a ruſtic mind.
Thus to the wilds the ſturdy Cymon went,
A ſquire among the ſwains, and pleas'd with baniſhment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his ſupreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a ſummer's holiday,
That to the green-wood ſhade he took his way;
For Cymon ſhunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.

His

His quarter-ſtaff, which he could ne'er forſake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirſt conſtrain'd,
The deep receſſes of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted graſs a cryſtal flood,
By which an alabaſter fountain ſtood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her ſlaves) a ſleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tir'd with ſport,
To reſt by cool Eurotas they reſort:
The dame herſelf the goddeſs well expreſs'd,
Not more diſtinguiſh'd by her purple veſt,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in ſlumber a ſuperior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body ſhaded with a ſlight cymarr;
Her boſom to the view was only bare:
Where two beginning paps were ſcarcely ſpy'd,
For yet their places were but ſignify'd:
The fanning wind upon her boſom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the boſom roſe;
The fanning wind, and purling ſtreams, continue her repoſe.
The fool of nature ſtood with ſtupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that teſtify'd ſurprize,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his ſight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

For beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t' other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire:
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beaſt, advancing by degrees,
Firſt likes the whole, then ſeparates what he ſees;
On ſeveral parts a ſeveral praiſe beſtows,
The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd noſe,
The ſnowy ſkin, and raven-gloſſy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead riſing fair,
And, ev'n in ſleep itſelf, a ſmiling air.
From thence his eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heaving breaſt.
Long on the laſt he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow ſped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to ſee her eyes, in ſlumber hid,
And wiſh'd his own could pierce within the lid:
He would have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his thought,
And love new-born the firſt good-manners taught.
And awful fear his ardent wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the goddeſs of the wood.
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial face,
Excelling all the reſt of human race.
And things divine, by common ſenſe he knew,
Muſt be devoutly ſeen, at diſtant view:

So checking his deſire, with trembling heart
Gazing he ſtood, nor would nor could depart;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not ſtir by night, for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her ſlaves in ſleep were ſeal'd.

The ſlavering cudden, propp'd upon his ſtaff,
Stood ready gaping with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durſt begin
To ſpeak, but wiſely kept the fool within.
Then ſhe; What makes you, Cymon, here alone?
(For Cymon's name was round the country known
Becauſe deſcended of a noble race,
And for a ſoul ill ſorted with his face.)

But ſtill the ſot ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
And in his breaſt receiv'd th' invenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the ſmart.
But, conſcious of her form, with quick diſtruſt
She ſaw his ſparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal luſt:
This to prevent, ſhe wak'd her ſleepy crew,
And, riſing haſty, took a ſhort adieu.

Then Cymon firſt his ruſtic voice eſſay'd,
With proffer'd ſervice to the parting maid
To ſee her ſafe; his hand ſhe long deny'd,
But took at length, aſham'd of ſuch a guide.

So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair,
But ſought his father's houſe, with better mind,
Refuſing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the ſon's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting ſtill
To learn the ſecret cauſes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the firſt requeſt
He made, was like his brothers to be dreſs'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the reſt.
With eaſe his ſuit was granted by his ſire,
Diſtinguiſhing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next deſign'd
With liberal arts to cultivate his mind:
He ſought a tutor of his own accord,
And ſtudy'd leſſons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd ſo faſt,
That in ſhort time his equals he ſurpaſs'd:
His brutal manners from his breaſt exil'd,
His mien he faſhion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In every exerciſe of all admir'd,
He ſeem'd, nor only ſeem'd, but was inſpir'd:
Inſpir'd by love, whoſe buſineſs is to pleaſe;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful eaſe,
More fam'd for ſenſe, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon ſhall we ſay,
But that the fire which choak'd in aſhes lay,

[illegible] move,
[illegible] and [illegible] away by love.
[illegible] progress through his mind,
[illegible] he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
[illegible] and as he went impress'd
[illegible] on the human breast.
[illegible] man amended by desire,
[illegible] he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
[illegible] all his faults with reason scann'd,
[illegible] error of the better hand;
[illegible] excess of passion in his mind,
[illegible] too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
[illegible] Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
[illegible] lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
[illegible] he [illegible], and chose to bear
[illegible] name of fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.
To Cyprus by his friends his [illegible] mov'd,
[illegible] the father of the fair he lov'd.
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavouring to be wise:
And [illegible], oblig'd by former vows,
[illegible] given [illegible] to wed a foreign spouse:
Her [illegible] to Rhodian Pasimond,
[illegible] both repenting, were by promise bound,
[illegible] contract, and thus, as fate decreed,
[illegible] lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
[illegible] the ship already sent
[illegible] his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:

The

The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle ſhe wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her raviſh'd love
In rank ſhall place me with the bleſs'd above.
For mine by love, by force ſhe ſhall be mine,
Or death, if force ſhould fail, ſhall finiſh my deſign.
Reſolv'd he ſaid; and rigg'd with ſpeedy care
A veſſel ſtrong, and well equipp'd for war.
The ſecret ſhip with choſen friends he ſtor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambuſh'd he lay behind the Cyprian ſhore,
Waiting the ſail that all his wiſhes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hoſtile ſhip and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly ſteer'd,
When Cymon ſudden at her back appear'd,
And ſtopp'd her flight: then, ſtanding on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe;
Or ſtrike your ſails at ſummons, or prepare
To prove the laſt extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the veſſels ſide by ſide,
Theſe obſtinate to ſave, and thoſe to ſeize the bride.
But Cymon ſoon his crooked grapples caſt,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with ſword and ſhield, amid the preſs
he paſs'd.
Fierce was the fight, but, haſtening to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:

Himſelf

Himſelf alone diſpers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak diſdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conqueſt for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confeſs'd, the foes retreat,
And caſt the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he chear'd: O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty ſought:
Your lives are ſafe; your veſſel I reſign;
Yours be your own, reſtoring what is mine:
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Paſimond a lawleſs bargain drove,
The parent could not ſell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love diſdains the laws,
And like a king by conqueſt gains his cauſe:
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force ſhall love maintain,
You, what by ſtrength you could not keep, releaſe,
And at an eaſy ranſom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd ſide ſoon ſign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was reſtor'd:
While to his arms the bluſhing bride he took;
To ſeeming ſadneſs ſhe compos'd her look;
As if by force ſubjected to his will,
Though pleas'd, diſſembling, and a woman ſtill.
And, for ſhe wept, he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to diſmiſs her empty fears;
For yours I am, he ſaid, and have deſerv'd
Your love much better whom ſo long I ſerv'd,

Than

Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and ſold a ſlave, not ſent a bride.
Thus while he ſpoke, he ſeiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan ſpouſe away.
Faintly ſhe ſcream'd, and ev'n her eyes confeſs'd
She rather would be thought, than was diſtreſs'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the preſent, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon plows the ſea,
And ſteers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glaſs of meaſur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor ſunk the ſun;
The promiſe of a ſtorm; the ſhifting gales
Forſake by fits, and fill the flagging ſails;
Hoarſe murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds ariſe,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the maſter iſſues out commands,
In vain the trembling ſailors ply their hands:
The tempeſt unforeſeen prevents their care,
And from the firſt they labour in deſpair.
The giddy ſhip betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back, and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then ſhoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
Not more aghaſt the proud archangel fell,
Pung'd from the height of heaven to deepeſt hell,

Than

Than ſtood the lover of his love poſſeſs'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bleſs'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be loſt alone.
Sad Iphigene to womaniſh complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the ſaints;
Ev'n if ſhe could, her love ſhe would repent,
But, ſince ſhe cannot, dreads the puniſhment:
Her forfeit faith, and Paſimond betray'd,
Are ever preſent, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herſelf, nor blames her lover leſs,
Augments her anger, as her fears increaſe:
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interpoſing durſt, in heaven's deſpite,
Invade, and violate another's right:
The powers incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him maſter of his vows in vain:
But ſoon they puniſh'd his preſumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprize ſhe dy'd;
Who rather not reſiſted, than comply'd.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd ſenſe,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence,
Sex to the laſt: mean time with ſails declin'd
The wandering veſſel drove before the wind:
Toſs'd and retoſs'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they ſeek, nor certain courſe they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driven, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;

The

The land was welcome, but the tempeſt bore
The threaten'd ſhip againſt a rocky ſhore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And juſt eſcap'd; their force already ſpent:
Secure from ſtorms, and panting from the ſea,
The land unknown at leiſure they ſurvey;
And ſaw (but ſoon their ſickly ſight withdrew)
The riſing towers of Rhodes at diſtant view;
And curs'd the hoſtile ſhore of Paſimond,
Sav'd from the ſeas, and ſhipwreck'd on the ground.
The frighted ſailors try'd their ſtrength in vain
To turn the ſtern, and tempt the ſtormy main;
But the ſtiff wind withſtood the labouring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal ſhore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian ſtrand,
And the ſhip moor'd conſtrains the crew to land:
Yet ſtill they might be ſafe, becauſe unknown,
But, as ill fortune ſeldom comes alone,
The veſſel they diſmiſs'd was driven before,
Already ſhelter'd on their native ſhore;
Known each, they know; but each with change of chear;
The vanquiſh'd ſide exults; the victors fear;
Not them but theirs, made priſoners ere they fight,
Deſpairing conqueſt, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia ſwarms;
Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vaſt expence,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a bluſtering band,
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;

This

This was the morn when, iſſuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they ſtood prepar'd
Of ſeeming arms to make a ſhort eſſay,
Then haſten to be drunk, the buſineſs of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themſelves ſo many, and their foes ſo few:
But, crowding on, the laſt the firſt impel:
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon inſlav'd, who firſt the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is loſt and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive caſt,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters faſt:
His life was only ſpar'd at their requeſt,
Whom taken he ſo nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies care,
Each in their turn addreſs'd to treat the fair;
While Paſimond and his the nuptial feaſt prepare.
Her ſecret ſoul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her fates aſſign'd;
So paſſive is the church of woman-kind.
What worſe to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the loweſt ſpoke of all her wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the moſt)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he loſt.
The ſire of Paſimond had left a ſon,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormiſda call'd, to whom by promiſe ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the deſtin'd bride;

Caſſandra

is her name, above the reſt
r birth, with fortune amply bleſs'd.
who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
choice their annual magiſtrate:
ſandra too with equal fire,
ad not favour'd his deſire;
r friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
rr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd:
ffair: ſome little hope remain'd,
his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
l be double ſhould he wed alone)
rother's bridal with his own.
, oppreſs'd with mortal grief,
iews, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
approach'd; if force were us'd,
e his public truſt abus'd;
ole, as law requir'd;
office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
remain'd, the means were in his hand:
ze, and then forſake the land:
nes he knew not how to move,
ie, but, more a ſlave to love:
hers, yet himſelf not free,
t by power, debas'd by dignity.
weigh'd: but, after much debate,
ail'd above the magiſtrate.

Love

This was the morn when, rising on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the rest the first impel:
Till overborn with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon unlaw'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast:
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
But Iphigenia was the ladies care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Palimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of woman-kind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends, for what by love he lost.
The sire of Palimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Demisda call'd, to whom by promise ty'd,
Selina beauty was the destin'd bride;

Cassandra

Caſſandra was her name, above the reſt
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply bleſs'd.
Lyſimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian ſtate,
Was then by choice their annual magiſtrate:
He lov'd Caſſandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his deſire;
Croſs'd by her friends, by her not diſapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormiſda lov'd:
So ſtood th' affair: ſome little hope remain'd,
That, ſhould his rival chance to loſe, he gain'd.
Mean time young Paſimond his marriage preſs'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feaſt;
And frugally reſolv'd (the charge to ſhun,
Which would be double ſhould he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lyſimachus, oppreſs'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and ſtudy'd quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magiſtrate his public truſt abus'd;
To juſtice liable, as law requir'd;
Or, when his office ceas'd, his power expir'd:
While power remain'd, the means were in his hand:
By force to ſeize, and then forſake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move,
A ſlave to fame, but, more a ſlave to love:
Conſtraining others, yet himſelf not free,
Made impotent by power, debas'd by dignity.
Both ſides he weigh'd: but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magiſtrate.

Love

Our taſk perform'd, we next prepare for flight:
And let the loſers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will ſail before the wind,
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy reſolves: if now thy courage droop,
Deſpair in priſon, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'ſt in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain);
Then ſecond my deſign to ſeize the prey,
Or lead to ſecond rape, for well thou know'ſt the way.
Said Cymon overjoy'd, do thou propoſe
The means to fight, and only ſhew the foes:
For from the firſt, when love had fir'd my mind,
Reſolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lyſimachus reply'd,
Let heaven be neuter, and the ſword decide;
The ſpouſals are prepar'd, already play
The minſtrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dreſs'd;
All Rhodes is ſummon'd to the nuptial feaſt,
All but myſelf the ſole unbidden gueſt.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
And join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the reſt; when day reſigns the light,
And chearful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my choſen few
With arms adminiſter'd ſhall aid thy crew.
Then entering unexpected will we ſeize
Our deſtin'd prey, from men diſſolv'd in eaſe;

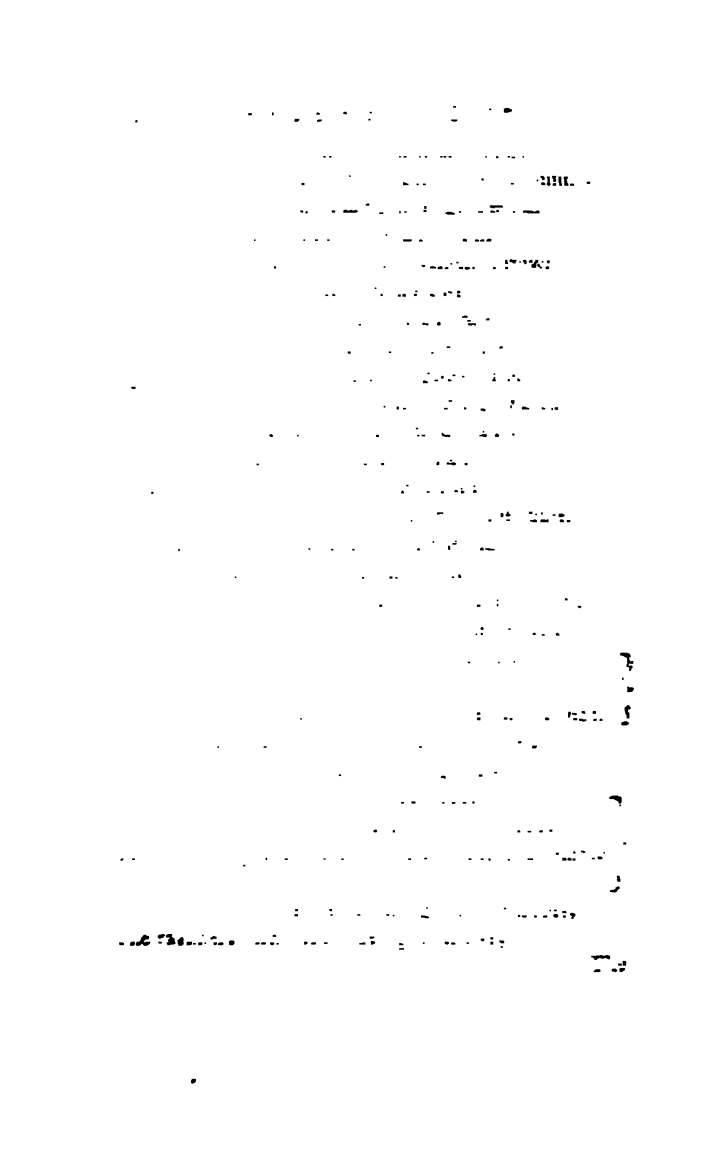
By

For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but firſt they muſt be try'd:
Theſe fruitful ſeeds within your mind they ſow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they beſtow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind,
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the groſſer parts; they gave you care
To pleaſe, and courage to deſerve the fair.
Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found
The grain intruſted in a grateful ground:
But ſtill the great experiment remain'd,
They ſuffer'd you to loſe the prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone:
And when reſtor'd, to them the bleſſing own.
Reſtor'd it ſoon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty ſmooth'd, the danger ſhar'd:
Be but yourſelf, the care to me reſign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Caſſandra mine.
Your rival Paſimond purſues your life,
Impatient to revenge his raviſh'd wife,
But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
Two brothers are our foes, Ormiſda mine,
As much declar'd as Paſimond is thine:
To-morrow muſt their common vows be ty'd:
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both reſolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor haſt thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, muſt juſtify the deed:

[illegible] prepare for flight:
[illegible] of fight:
[illegible] before the wind,
[illegible] the laws behind.
[illegible] courage droop,
[illegible]
[illegible] begin
[illegible]
[illegible] the prey,
[illegible] know'st the way.
[illegible] propose
[illegible] new the foes:
[illegible] had fir'd my mind,
[illegible] behind.
[illegible] replyd.
[illegible] decide;
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] grooms are dress'd;
[illegible] feast,
[illegible] guest.
[illegible] there,
[illegible] the fair.
[illegible] ins the light,
[illegible] night,
[illegible]
[illegible] thy crew.
[illegible]
[illegible] in ease;

By

By wine diſabled, unprepar'd for fight:
And haſtening to the ſeas, ſuborn our flight:
The ſeas are ours, for I command the fort,
A ſhip well-man'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize conteſt,
Death ſhall attend the man who dares reſiſt.
It pleas'd: the priſoner to his hold retir'd,
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work requir'd.
The ſun aroſe; the ſtreets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the poſts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected ſpouſe, and entertains the friends:
They meet, they lead to church, the prieſts invoke
The powers, and feed the flames with fragrant ſmoke.
This done, they feaſt, and at the cloſe of night
By kindled torches vary their delight,
Theſe lead the lively dance, and thoſe the brimming bowls invite.
Now, at th' appointed place and hour aſſign'd
With ſouls reſolv'd the raviſhers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the firſt is ſent before
To favour the retreat, and guard the ſhore;
The ſecond at the palace-gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty ſtairs aſcend the laſt:
A peaceful troop they ſeem with ſhining veſts,
But coats of mail beneath ſecure their breaſts.
Dauntleſs they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feaſt renew'd, the table ſpread:



The hall is heap'd with corps; the ſprinkl
Beſmears the walls, and floats the marble
Diſpers'd at length the drunken ſquadron
The victors to their veſſel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans, and lament
The crew with merry ſhouts their anchors
Then ply their oars, and bruſh the buxom
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd
What ſhould the people do wi
The governor and government
The public wealth to foreign parts c
Some troops diſbanded, and the reſt
Rhodes is the ſovereign of the ſe
Their ſhips unrigg'd, and ſpent their
They neither could defend, nor can pu
But grinn'd their teeth, and caſt a helpleſs view:
In vain with darts a diſtant war they try,
Short, and more ſhort, the miſſive weapons fly.
Mean while the raviſhers their crimes enjoy,
And flying ſails and ſweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little ſpace are loſt,
Jove's iſle they ſeek; nor Jove denies his coaſt.
In ſafety landed on the Candian ſhore,
With generous wines their ſpirits they reſtore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend reſides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing brides.
A war enſues, the Cretans own their cauſe,
Stiff to defend their hoſpitable laws:
Both parties loſe by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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TRANS-

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD RADCLIFFE.

MY LORD,

THESE Miſcellany Poems * are by many titles yours. The firſt they claim from your acceptance of my promiſe to preſent them to you, before ſome of them were yet in being. The reſt are derived from your own merit, the exactneſs of your judgment in poetry, and the candour of your nature; eaſy to forgive ſome trivial faults when they come accompanied with countervailing beauties. But, after all, though theſe are your equitable claims to a dedication from other Poets, yet I muſt acknowledge a bribe in the caſe, which is your particular liking to my verſes. It is a vanity common to all writers, to over-value their own productions; and it is better for me to own this failing in myſelf, than the world to do it for me. For what other reaſon have I ſpent my life in ſo unprofitable a ſtudy? why am I grown old, in ſeeking ſo barren a reward as fame? The ſame parts and application, which have made me a poet, might have raiſed me to any honours of the gown, which are often given to men of as little learning and leſs honeſty than myſelf. No government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein time-ſervers and blockheads will not be uppermoſt.

The

* Prefixed to the Third Volume of [illegible]'s Miſcellany Poems, printed in 1693.

The perſons are only changed, but the ſame jugglings in ſtate, the ſame hypocriſy in religion, the ſame ſelf-intereſt, and miſmanagement, will remain for ever. Blood and money will be laviſhed in all ages, only for the preferment of new faces, with old conſciences. There is too often a jaundice in the eyes of great men; they ſee not thoſe whom they raiſe in the ſame colours with other men. All whom they affect, look golden to them; when the gilding is only in their own diſtempered ſight. Theſe conſiderations have given me a kind of contempt for thoſe who have riſen by unworthy ways. I am not aſhamed to be little, when I ſee them ſo infamouſly great; neither do I know why the name of poet ſhould be diſhonourable to me if I am truly one, as I hope I am; for I will never do any thing that ſhall diſhonour it. The notions of morality are known to all men: none can pretend ignorance of thoſe ideas which are in-born in mankind: and if I ſee one thing, and practiſe the contrary, I muſt be diſingenuous, not to acknowledge a clear truth, and baſe to act againſt the light of my own conſcience. For the reputation of my honeſty, no man can queſtion it, who has any of his own: for that of my poetry, it ſhall either ſtand by its own merit; or fall for want of it. Ill writers are uſually the ſharpeſt cenſors: for they (as the beſt poet and the beſt patron ſaid) when in the full perfection of decay, turn vinegar, and come again in play. Thus the corruption of a poet is the generation of a critick: I mean of a critick in the general acceptation of this age: for formerly they were quite another

ſpecies

ſpecies of men. They were defenders of poets, and commentators on their works; to illuſtrate obſcure beauties; to place ſome paſſages in a better light; to redeem others from malicious interpretations; to help out an author's modeſty, who is not oſtentatious of his wit; and, in ſhort, to ſhield him from the ill-nature of thoſe fellows, who were then called Zoili and Momi, and now take upon themſelves the venerable name of cenſors. But neither Zoilus, nor he who endeavoured to defame Virgil, were ever adopted into the name of criticks by the ancients: what their reputation was then, we know; and their ſucceſſors in this age deſerve no better. Are our auxiliary forces turned our enemies? are they, who at beſt are but wits of the ſecond order, and whoſe only credit amongſt readers is what they obtained by being ſubſervient to the fame of writers, are theſe become rebels of ſlaves, and uſurpers of ſubjects; or, to ſpeak in the moſt honourable terms of them, are they from our ſeconds become principals againſt us? does the ivy undermine the oak, which ſupports its weakneſs? what labour would it coſt them to put in a better line, than the worſt of thoſe which they expunge in a true poet? Petronius, the greateſt wit perhaps of all the Romans, yet when his envy prevailed upon his judgment to fall on Lucan, he fell himſelf in his attempt: he performed worſe in his Eſſay of the Civil War, than the author of the Pharſalia: and avoiding his errors, has made greater of his own. Julius Scaliger would needs turn down Homer, and abdicate him after the poſſeſſion of three thouſ-

years: has he ſucceeded in his attempt? he has indeed ſhown us ſome of thoſe imperfections in him, which are incident to human kind: but who had not rather be that Homer than this Scaliger? You ſee the ſame hypercritick, when he endeavours to mend the beginning of Claudian (a faulty poet and living in a barbarous age) yet how ſhort he comes of him, and ſubſtitutes ſuch verſes of his own as deſerve the ferula. What a cenſure has he made of Lucan, that he rather ſeems to bark than ſing? would any but a dog, have made ſo ſnarling a compariſon? one would have thought he had learned Latin, as late as they tell us he did Greek. Yet he came off, with a *pace tuâ*, by your good leave, Lucan; he called him not by thoſe outrageous names, of fool, booby, and blockhead: he had ſomewhat more of good-manners than his ſucceſſors, as he had much more knowledge. We have two ſorts of thoſe gentlemen in our nation: ſome of them proceeding with a ſeeming moderation and pretence of reſpect, to the dramatick writers of the laſt age, only ſcorn and vilify the preſent poets, to ſet up their predeceſſors. But this is only in appearance; for their real deſign is nothing leſs than to do honour to any man, beſides themſelves. Horace took notice of ſuch men in his age: "Non in-"geniis favet ille, ſepultis; noſtra ſed impugnat; nos "noſtraque lividus odit." It is not with an ultimate intention to pay reverence to the manes of Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonſon, that they commend their writings, but to throw dirt on the writers of this age: *their* declaration is one thing, and their practice is another.

her. By a ſeeming veneration to our fathers, they would thruſt out us their lawful iſſue, and govern us themſelves, under a ſpecious pretence of reformation. If they could compaſs their intent, what would wit and learning get by ſuch a change? if we are bad poets, they are worſe; and when any of their woeful pieces come abroad, the difference is ſo great betwixt them and good writers, that there need no criticiſms on our part to decide it. When they deſcribe the writers of this age, they draw ſuch monſtrous figures of them, as reſemble none of us: our pretended pictures are ſo unlike, that it is evident we never ſate to them: they are all groteſque; the products of their wild imaginations, things out of nature, ſo far from being copied from us, that they reſemble nothing that ever was, or ever can be. But there is another ſort of inſects, more venomous than the former. Thoſe who manifeſtly aim at the deſtruction of our poetical church and ſtate; who allow nothing to their country-men, either of this or of the former age. Theſe attack the living by raking up the aſhes of the dead; well knowing that if they can ſubvert their original title to the ſtage, we who claim under them muſt fall of courſe. Peace be to the venerable ſhades of Shakeſpeare and Ben Jonſon: none of the living will preſume to have any competition with them: as they were our predeceſſors, ſo they were our maſters. We trail our plays under them; but (as at the funerals of a Turkiſh emperor) our enſigns are furled or dragged upon the ground, in honour to the dead; ſo we may lawfully advance our own, afterwards,

actors. They follow the ancients too servilley, in the machanick rules, and we assume too much licence to ourselves, in keeping them only in view, at too great a distance. But if our audience had their tastes, our poets could more easily comply with them, than the French writers could come up to the sublimity of our thoughts, or to the difficult variety of our designs. However it be, I dare establish it for a rule of practice on the stage, that we are bound to please those whom we pretend to entertain; and that at any price, religion and good-manners only excepted; and I care not much, if I give this handle to our bad illiterate poetasters, for the defence of their SCRIPTIONS, as they call them. There is a sort of merit in delighting the spectators; which is a name more proper for them, than that of auditors: or else Horace is in the wrong, when he commends Lucilius for it. But these common-places I mean to treat at greater leisure: in the mean time, submitting that little I have said, to your Lordship's approbation, or your censure, and chusing rather to entertain you this way, as you are a judge of writing, than to oppress your modesty with other commendations; which, though they are your due, yet would not be equally received in this satirical and censorious age. That which cannot without injury be denied to you, is the easiness of your conversation, far from affectation or pride; not denying even to enemies their just praises. And this, if I would dwell on any theme of this nature, is no vulgar commendation to your Lordship. Without flattery, my Lord, you have it in

your nature, to be a patron and encourager of good poets, but your fortune has not yet put into your hands the opportunity of expreſſing it. What you will be hereafter, may be more than gueſſed, by what you are at preſent. You maintain the character of a nobleman, without that haughtineſs which generally attends too many of the nobility; and when you converſe with gentlemen, you forget not that you have been of their order. You are married to the daughter of a king, who, amongſt her other high perfections, has derived from him a charming behaviour, a winning goodneſs, and a majeſtic perſon. The Muſes and the Graces are the ornaments of your family; while the Muſe ſings, the Grace accompanies her voice: even the ſervants of the Muſes have ſometimes had the happineſs to hear her; and to receive their inſpirations from her.

I will not give myſelf the liberty of going farther; for it is ſo ſweet to wander in a pleaſing way, that I ſhould never arrive at my journey's end. To keep myſelf from being belated in my letter, and tiring your attention, I muſt return to the place where I was ſetting out. I humbly dedicate to your Lordſhip, my own labours in this Miſcellany: at the ſame time, not arrogating to myſelf the privilege of inſcribing to you, the works of others who are joined with me in this undertaking, over which I can pretend no right. Your lady and you have done me the favour to hear me read my tranſlations of Ovid; and you both ſeemed not to be diſpleaſed with them. Whether it be the partiality of an old man to his youngeſt child, I know not: but

they appear to me the beſt of all my endeavours in this kind. Perhaps this poet is more eaſy to be tranſlated than ſome others, whom I have lately attempted: perhaps too, he was more according to my genius. He is certainly more palatable to the reader, than any of the Roman wits; though ſome of them are more lofty, ſome more inſtructive, and others more correct. He had learning enough to make him equal to the beſt. But as his verſe came eaſily, he wanted the toil of application to amend it. He is often luxuriant both in his fancy and expreſſions, and, as it has lately been obſerved, not always natural. If wit be pleaſantry, he has it to exceſs; but if it be propriety, Lucretius, Horace, and above all, Virgil, are his ſuperiors. I have ſaid ſo much of him already, in my preface to his Heroical epiſtles, that there remains little to be added in this place: for my own part, I have endeavoured to copy his character what I could in this tranſlation, even perhaps farther than I ſhould have done; to his very faults. Mr. Chapman, in his tranſlation of Homer, profeſſes to have done it ſomewhat paraphraſtically, and that on ſet purpoſe; his opinion being, that a good poet is to be tranſlated in that manner. I remember not the reaſon which he gives for it: but I ſuppoſe it is, for fear of omitting any of his excellencies: ſure I am, that if it be a fault, it is much more pardonable than that of thoſe, who run into the other extreme of a literal and cloſe tranſlation, where the poet is confined ſo *ſtreightly* to his author's words, that he wants elbow-*room to expreſs* his elegancies. He leaves him obſcure;

he leaves him proſe, where he found him verſe: and no better than thus has Ovid been ſerved by the ſo much admired Sandys. This is at leaſt the idea which I have remaining of his tranſlation; for I never read him ſince I was a boy. They who take him upon content, from the praiſes which their fathers gave him, may inform their judgment by reading him again, and ſee (if they underſtand the original) what is become of Ovid's poetry, in his verſion; whether it be not all, or the greateſt part of it, evaporated: but this proceeded from the wrong judgment of the age in which he lived. They neither knew good verſe, nor loved it; they were ſcholars, it is true, but they were pedants. And for a juſt reward of their pedantic pains, all their tranſlations want to be tranſlated into Engliſh.

If I flatter not myſelf, or if my friends have not flattered me, I have given my author's ſenſe, for the moſt part, truly: for to miſtake ſometimes, is incident to all men; and not to follow the Dutch commentators always, may be forgiven to a man who thinks them, in the general, heavy groſs-witted fellows, fit only to gloſs on their own dull poets. But I leave a farther ſatire on their wit, till I have a better opportunity to ſhew how much I love and honour them. I have likewiſe attempted to reſtore Ovid to his native ſweetneſs, eaſineſs, and ſmoothneſs; and to give my poetry a kind of cadence, and, as we call it, a run of verſe, as like the original, as the Engliſh can come up to the Latin. As he ſeldom uſes any Synalephas, ſo I have endeavoured to avoid them, as often as I could: I have likewiſe given

him his own turns, both on the words and on the thought, which I cannot ſay are inimitable, becauſe I have copied them; and ſo may others, if they uſe the ſame diligence: but certainly they are wonderfully graceful in this poet. Since I have named the Synalepha, which is the cutting off one vowel immediately before another, I will give an example of it from Chapman's Homer, which lies before me; for the benefit of thoſe who underſtand not the Latin Proſodia. It is in the firſt line of the argument to the firſt Iliad.

Apollo's prieſt to th' Argive fleet doth bring, &c.

There we ſee he makes it not the Argive, but th' Argive, to ſhun the ſhock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but, in his ſecond argument, in the ſame page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:

Alpha the prayer of Chryſes ſings;
The army's plague, the ſtrife of kings.

In theſe words *the army's*, *the* ending with a vowel, and *army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the firſt, which by it had been *th' army's*, there remains a moſt horrible ill-ſounding gap betwixt thoſe words. I cannot ſay that I have every way obſerved the rule of the Synalepha in my tranſlation; but wherefoever I have not, it is a fault in ſound: the French and the Italians have made it an inviolable precept in their verſification; therein following the ſevere example of the Latin poet. Our countrymen have not yet *reformed their* poetry ſo far, but content themſelves with

following the licentious practice of the Greeks; who, though they sometimes use Synalephas, yet make no difficulty, very often, to sound one vowel upon another; as Homer does, in the very first line of Alpha. Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος. It is true, indeed, that in the second line, in these words μυρὶ Ἀχαιοῖς, and ἄλγε' ἔθηκεν. the Synalepha in revenge is twice observed. But it becomes us, for the sake of Euphony, rather "Musas colere severiores," with the Romans, than to give into the looseness of the Grecians.

I have tired myself, and have been summoned by the press to send away this Dedication, otherwise I had exposed some other faults, which are daily committed by our English poets; which, with care and observation, might be amended. For, after all, our language is both copious, significant, and majestical, and might be reduced into a more harmonious sound. But, for want of public encouragement, in this iron age, we are so far from making any progress in the improvement of our tongue, that in few years we shall speak and write as barbarously as our neighbours.

Notwithstanding my haste, I cannot forbear to tell your Lordship, that there are two fragments of Homer translated in this Miscellany; one by Mr. Congreve (whom I cannot mention without the honour which is due to his excellent parts, and that entire affection which I bear him) and the other by myself. Both the subjects are pathetical, and I am sure my friend has added to the tenderness which he found in the original, and, without flattery, surpassed his author. Yet I must

needs ſay this in reference to Homer, that he is much more capable of exciting the manly paſſions than thoſe of grief and pity. To cauſe admiration, is indeed the proper and adequate deſign of an epic poem: and in that he has excelled even Virgil; yet, without preſuming to arraign our maſter, I may venture to affirm, that he is ſomewhat too talkative, and more than ſomewhat too digreſſive. This is ſo manifeſt, that it cannot be denied in that little parcel which I have tranſlated, perhaps too literally: there Andromache, in the midſt of her concernment, and fright for Hector, runs off her biaſs, to tell him a ſtory of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her ſeven brothers. The devil was in Hector if he knew not all this matter, as well as ſhe who told it him; for ſhe had been his bedfellow for many years together: and if he knew it, then it muſt be confeſſed, that Homer, in this long digreſſion, has rather given her his own character, than that of the fair lady whom he paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never fail him at a pinch, will needs excuſe him, by making the preſent ſorrow of Andromache, to occaſion the remembrance of all the paſt: but others think that ſhe had enough to do with that grief which now oppreſſed her, without running for aſſiſtance to her family. Virgil, I am confident, would have omitted ſuch a work of ſupererogation. But Virgil had the gift of expreſſing much in little, and ſometimes in ſilence: for though he yielded much to Homer in invention, he more excelled him in *his admirable* judgment. He drew the paſſion of Dido for

for Æneas, in the moſt lively and moſt natural colours imaginable: Homer was ambitious enough of moving pity; for he has attempted twice on the ſame ſubject of Hector's death: firſt, when Priam and Hecuba beheld his corpſe, which was dragged after the chariot of Achilles; and then in the lamentation which was made over him, when his body was redeemed by Priam; and the ſame perſons again bewailed his death, with a chorus of others to help the cry. But if this laſt excite compaſſion in you, as I doubt not but it will, you are more obliged to the tranſlator than the poet: for Homer, as I obſerved before, can move rage better than he can pity: he ſtirs up the iraſcible appetite, as our philoſophers call it; he provokes to murther, and the deſtruction of God's images; he forms and equips thoſe ungodly man-killers, whom we poets, when we flatter them, call heroes; a race of men, who can never enjoy quiet in themſelves, till they have taken it from all the world. This is Homer's commendation; and ſuch as it is, the lovers of peace, or at leaſt of more moderate heroiſm, will never envy him. But let Homer and Virgil contend for the prize of honour betwixt themſelves; I am ſatisfied they will never have a third concurrent. I wiſh Mr. Congreve had the leiſure to tranſlate him, and the world the good-nature and juſtice to encourage him in that noble deſign, of which he is more capable than any man I know. The earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Waller, two the beſt judges of our age, have aſſured me, that they could never read over the tranſlation of Chapman, without incredible pleaſure

and extreme tranſport. This admiration of theirs muſt needs proceed from the author himſelf: for the tranſlator has thrown him down as low as harſh numbers, improper Engliſh, and a monſtrous length of verſe, could carry him. What then would he appear in the harmonious verſion of one of the beſt writers, living in a much better age than was the laſt? I mean for verſification, and the art of numbers: for in the drama we have not arrived to the pitch of Shakeſpeare and Ben Jonſon. But here, my Lord, I am forced to break off abruptly, without endeavouring at a compliment in the cloſe. This Miſcellany is, without diſpute, one of the beſt of the kind, which has hitherto been extant in our tongue. At leaſt, as Sir Samuel Tuke has ſaid before me, a modeſt man may praiſe what is not his own. My fellows have no need of any protection: but I humbly recommend my part of it, as much as it deſerves, to your patronage and acceptance, and all the reſt to your forgiveneſs. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt

Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I ſing:
Ye Gods, from whence theſe miracles did ſpring,
Inſpire my numbers with celeſtial heat;
Till I my long laborious work compleat;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature 's birth, to Cæſar's times.
Before the ſeas, and this terreſtrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigeſted maſs:
A lifeleſs lump, unfaſhion'd, and unfram'd,
Of jarring ſeeds, and juſtly Chaos nam'd.
No ſun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth ſuſpended in the ſky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor ſeas about the ſhores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unſtable,
And water's dark abyſs unnavigable.

No

No certain form on any was impreſt;
All were confus'd, and each diſturb'd the reſt.
For hot and cold were in one body fixt,
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mixt.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To theſe inteſtine diſcords put an end.
Then earth from air, and ſeas from earth were driven,
And groſſer air ſunk from ætherial heaven.
Thus diſembroil'd, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguouſly embrace;
And foes are ſunder'd by a larger ſpace.
The force of fire aſcended firſt on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted ſky.
Then air ſucceeds, in lightneſs next to fire;
Whoſe atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth ſinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy ſeeds along.
About her coaſts unruly waters roar,
And, riſing on a ridge, inſult the ſhore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a ſpacious round:
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow;
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running ſprings, and ſtanding lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are ſwallow'd up, the moſt
In ample oceans, diſembogued, are loſt.

He

He ſhades the woods, the vallies he reſtrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones th' ætherial regions bind,
Five, correſpondent, are to earth aſſign'd:
The ſun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fries the middle zone:
The two beneath the diſtant poles complain
Of endleſs winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, incloſing all,
Surround the compaſs of this earthly ball:
The lighter parts lie next the fires above;
The groſſer near the watery ſurface move:
Thick clouds are ſpread, and ſtorms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were thoſe bluſtering brethren left at large,
On ſeas and ſhores their fury to diſcharge:
Bound as they are, and circumſcrib'd in place,
They rend the world, reſiſtleſs, where they paſs;
And mighty marks of miſchief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempeſtuous kind.
Firſt Eurus to the riſing morn is ſent,
(The regions of the balmy continent)
And Eaſtern realms, where early Perſians run,
To greet the bleſt appearance of the ſun.
Weſtward the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:

Fierce

Fierce Boreas with his offspring iſſues forth,
T' invade the frozen waggon of the North.
While frowning Auſter ſeeks the ſouthern ſphere,
And rots, with endleſs rain, th' unwholſome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The God a clearer ſpace for heaven deſign'd;
Where fields of light and liquid æther flow,
Purg'd from the ponderous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power diſtinguiſh'd theſe, when ſtraight
The ſtars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the maſs,
And upward ſhoot, and kindle as they paſs,
And with diffuſive light adorn the heavenly place.
Then, every void of nature to ſupply,
With forms of Gods he fills the vacant ſky:
New herds of beaſts he ſends, the plains to ſhare;
New colonies of birds, to people air;
And to their oozy beds the finny fiſh repair.
A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man deſign'd:
Conſcious of thought, of more capacious breaſt,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the reſt:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The God of nature did his ſoul inſpire;
Or earth, but new divided from the ſky,
And pliant ſtill, retain'd th' ætherial energy:
Which wiſe Prometheus temper'd into paſte,
And, mixt with living ſtreams, the godlike image caſt.
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their ſight, and to their earthly mother tend,

Man

Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary ſkies.
From ſuch rude principles our form began,
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was firſt; when man, yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted reaſon knew;
And, with a native bent, did good purſue.
Unforc'd by puniſhment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were ſimple, and his ſoul ſincere:
Needleſs was written-law, where none oppreſt;
The law of man was written in his breaſt:
No ſuppliant crowds before the judge appear'd;
No court erected yet, nor cauſe was heard;
But all was ſafe, for conſcience was their guard.
The mountain-trees in diſtant proſpect pleaſe,
Ere yet the pine deſcended to the ſeas;
Ere ſails were ſpread, new oceans to explore;
And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more,
Confin'd their wiſhes to their native ſhore.
No walls were yet, nor fence, nor mote, nor mound;
Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry ſound:
Nor ſwords were forg'd; but, void of care and crime,
The ſoft creation ſlept away their time.
The teeming earth, yet guiltleſs of the plough,
And unprovok'd, did fruitful ſtores allow:
Content with food, which nature freely bred,
On wildings and on ſtrawberries they fed;
Cornels and bramble-berries gave the reſt,
And *falling acorns furniſh'd* out a feaſt.

The

The flowers unſown in fields and meadows reign'd;
And weſtern winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
In following years the bearded corn enſued
From earth unaſk'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
From veins of vallies milk and nectar broke;
And honey ſweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, baniſh'd from above,
Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
Succeeding times a ſilver age behold,
Excelling braſs, but more excell'd by gold.
Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear;
And Spring was but a ſeaſon of the year.
The ſun his annual courſe obliquely made,
Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
Then air with ſultry heats began to glow,
The wings of winds were clog'd with ice and ſnow;
And ſhivering mortals, into houſes driven,
Sought ſhelter from th' inclemency of heaven.
Thoſe houſes, then, were caves, or homely ſheds,
With twining oziers fenc'd, and moſs their beds.
Then ploughs, for ſeed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd firſt beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

To this next came in courſe the brazen age,
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet———

THE

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard ſteel ſucceeded then;
And ſtubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, Modeſty, and Shame, the world forſook:
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their places took.
Then ſails were ſpread to every wind that blew;
Raw were the ſailors, and the depths were new:
Trees rudely hollow'd, did the waves ſuſtain:
Ere ſhips in triumph plough'd the watery plain.
Then land-marks limited to each his right:
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked ſhare;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her ſtore,
Digg'd from her entrails firſt the precious ore;
Which next to hell the prudent Gods had laid;
And that alluring ill to ſight diſplay'd;
Thus curſed ſteel, and more accurſed gold,
Gave miſchief birth, and made that miſchief bold:
And double death did wretched man invade,
By ſteel aſſaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandiſh'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken looſe from moral bands;
No rights of hoſpitality remain:
The gueſt, by him who harbour'd him, is ſlain:
The ſon-in-law purſues the father's life:
The wife her huſband murders, he the wife.
The ſtep-dame poiſon for the ſon prepares,
The ſon inquires into his father's years.

Faith

Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
And Juſtice, here oppreſt, to heaven returns.

THE GIANTS WAR.

Nor were the Gods themſelves more ſafe above;
Againſt beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the ſky.
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
T' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demoliſh'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monſters mix'd;
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in th' impregnate earth new ſons beget:
They, like the ſeed from which they ſprung, accurſt,
Againſt the Gods immortal hatred nurſt:
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood;
Expreſſing their original from blood.
Which when the king of Gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himſelf had found on earth of late,
Lycaon's guilt, and his inhuman treat)
He ſigh'd, nor longer with his pity ſtrove;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove;
Then call'd a general council of the Gods;
Who, ſummon'd, iſſue from their bleſt abodes,
And fill th' aſſembly with a ſhining train,
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,

Which,

Which, when the ſkies are clear, is ſeen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The ground-work is of ſtars; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode.
The Gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left the palace bound;
The commons where they can; the nobler ſort,
With winding-doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the ſky.
When all were plac'd, in ſeats diſtinctly known,
And he their father had aſſum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory ſceptre firſt he leant,
Then ſhook his head that ſhook the firmament:
Air, earth, and ſeas, obey'd th' almighty nod;
And, with a general fear, confeſs'd the God.
At length with indignation, thus he broke
His awful ſilence, and the powers beſpoke:

I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our univerſal ſtate
Was put to hazard, and the giant race
Our captive ſkies were ready to embrace:
For, though the foe was fierce, the ſeeds of all
Rebellion ſprung from one original;
Now whereſoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all muſt be deſtroy'd.
Let me this holy proteſtation make:
By hell and hell's inviolable lake,
I try'd whatever in the God-head lay,
But gangren'd members muſt be lopt away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.

There dwells below a race of Demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods:
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let them at leaſt enjoy that earth we give.
Can theſe be thought ſecurely lodg'd below,
When I myſelf, who no ſuperior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaon's hand?

At this a murmur through the ſynod went,
And with one voice they vote his puniſhment.
Thus, when conſpiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæſar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear;
All anxious for their earthly thunderer:
Nor was their care, O Cæſar, leſs eſteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd:
Who with his hand, and voice, did firſt reſtrain
Their murmurs, then reſum'd his ſpeech again.
The Gods to ſilence were compos'd, and fate
With reverence due to his ſuperior ſtate.

Cancel your pious cares; already he
Has paid his debt to juſtice, and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and th' oppreſſor's rage,
Had reach'd the ſtars; I will deſcend, ſaid I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Diſguis'd in human ſhape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my ſteepy way,
By caverns infamous for beaſts of prey:
Then croſs'd Cyllene, and the piny ſhade,
More infamous by curſt Lycaon made:
Dark night had covered heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his unhoſpitable door.
Juſt at my entrance, I diſplay'd the ſign
That ſomewhat was approaching of divine.
The proſtrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding prophanation to his ſins,
I'll try, ſaid he, and if a God appear,
To prove his deity ſhall coſt him dear.
'Twas late; the graceleſs wretch my death prepares,
When I ſhould ſoundly ſleep, oppreſt with cares:
This dire experiment he choſe, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove:
But firſt he had reſolv'd to taſte my power:
Not long before, but in a luckleſs hour,
Some legates ſent from the Moloſſian ſtate,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of theſe he murders one, he boils the fleſh,
And lays the mangled morſels in a diſh:
Some part he roaſts; then ſerves it up ſo dreſt,
And bids me welcome to this human feaſt.
Mov'd with diſdain, the table I o'erturn'd;
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd.
The tyrant, in a fright, for ſhelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and ſcours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have ſpoke,
But human voice his brutal tongue forſook.

About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing ſlaughter, ſtill with rage he burns,
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.
His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
Cleaves to his back; a famiſh'd face he bears;
His arms deſcend, his ſhoulders ſink away,
To multiply his legs for chace of prey.
He grows a wolf, his hoarineſs remains,
And the ſame rage in other members reigns.
His eyes ſtill ſparkle in a narrower ſpace,
His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.
This was a ſingle ruin, but not one
Deſerves ſo juſt a puniſhment alone.
Mankind 's a monſter, and th' ungodly times,
Confederate into guilt, are ſworn to crimes.
All are alike involv'd in ill, and all
Muſt by the ſame relentleſs fury fall.
Thus ended he; the greater Gods aſſent,
By clamours urging his ſevere intent;
The leſs fill up the cry for puniſhment.
Yet ſtill with pity they remember man;
And mourn as much as heavenly ſpirits can.
They aſk, when thoſe were loſt of human birth,
What he would do with all his waſte of earth?
If his diſpeopled world he would reſign
To beaſts, a mute, and more ignoble line?
Neglected altars muſt no longer ſmoke,
If none were left to worſhip and invoke.
To whom the father of the Gods reply'd:
Lay that unneceſſary fear aſide:
Mine be the care new people to provide.

I will

I will from wondrous principles ordain
A race unlike the firſt, and try my ſkill again.
Already had he toſs'd the flaming brand,
And roll'd the thunder in his ſpacious hand;
Preparing to diſcharge on ſeas and land:
But ſtopt, for fear, thus violently driven,
The ſparks ſhould catch his axle-tree of heaven.
Remembering, in the Fates, a time, when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aſpire,
And all his blazing worlds above ſhould burn,
And all th' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus diſmiſs'd, he bent
His thoughts to ſome ſecurer puniſhment:
Concludes to pour a watery deluge down;
And, what he durſt not burn, reſolves to drown.
The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds;
With all the race of cloud-diſpelling winds:
The South he loos'd, who night and horror brings;
And fogs are ſhaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two ſtreams he pours;
His head and rheumy eyes diſtil in ſhowers.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow:
And lazy miſts are lowering on his brow,
Still as he ſwept along, with his clench'd fiſt,
He ſqueez'd the clouds; th' impriſon'd clouds reſiſt:
The ſkies, from pole to pole, with peals reſound;
And ſhowers inlarg'd come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colours of a various die,
Junonian Iris breeds a new ſupply,

To feed the clouds impetuous rain deſcends;
The bearded corn beneath the burthen bends:
Defrauded clowns deplore their periſh'd grain;
And the long labours of the year are vain.
Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down;
Aid from his brother of the ſeas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watery tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from moſſy caves, their moiſt abodes;
And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom in brief he thus imparts his will:
Small exhortation needs; your powers employ:
And this bad world (ſo Jove requires) deſtroy.
Let looſe the reins to all your watery ſtore:
Bear down the dams, and open every door.
The floods, by nature enemies to land,
And proudly ſwelling with their new command,
Remove the living ſtones that ſtopp'd their way,
And, guſhing from their ſource, augment the ſea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch ſtruck the ground:
With inward trembling earth receiv'd the wound;
And riſing ſtreams a ready paſſage found.
Th' expanded waters gather on the plain,
They float the fields, and overtop the grain:
Then, ruſhing onwards, with a ſweepy ſway,
Bear flocks, and folds, and labouring hinds away.
Nor ſafe their dwellings were; for, ſap'd by floods,
Their houſes fell upon their houſhold Gods.

The

The ſolid piles, too ſtrongly built to fall,
High o'er their heads behold a watery wall.
Now ſeas and earth were in confuſion loſt;
A world of waters, and without a coaſt.
One climbs a cliff; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he ſow'd his corn.
Others o'er chimney tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below:
Or, downward driven, they bruiſe the tender vine;
Or, toſs'd aloft, are knock'd againſt a pine.
And where of late the kids had cropp'd the graſs,
The monſters of the deep now take their place.
Inſulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o'er the palace glide.
On leaves, and maſts of mighty oaks, they brouze;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frighted wolf now ſwims among the ſheep;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep:
His rapid force no longer helps the boar:
The ſtag ſwims faſter than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Deſpair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more diſtinction know,
And level'd nature lies oppreſs'd below.
The moſt of mortals periſh in the flood,
The ſmall remainder dies for want of food.
A mountain of ſtupendous height there ſtands
Betwixt th' Athenian and Bæotian lands.
The bound of fruitful fields, while fields they were,
But then a field of waters did appear:

Parnaſſus is its name; whoſe forky riſe
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty ſkies.
High on the ſummit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting moor'd his little ſkiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of periſh'd man; they two were human-kind.
The mountain-nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The moſt upright of mortal men was he;
The moſt ſincere and holy woman, ſhe.
When Jupiter, ſurveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That, where ſo many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the beſt of either ſex, ſurviv'd,
He loos'd the northern wind; fierce Boreas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the ſkies:
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driven
Diſcover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.
The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough ſea, and ſmooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves: a Tyrian robe he wears;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears.
The ſovereign bids him peaceful ſounds inſpire,
And give the waves the ſignal to retire.
His writhen ſhell he takes, whoſe narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent;
Then gives it breath; the blaſt, with doubling ſound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.

The

The ſun firſt heard it, in his early Eaſt,
And met the rattling echos in the Weſt.
The waters, liſtening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the ſummons, and forſake the ſhore.
A thin circumference of land appears;
And earth, but not at once, her viſage rears,
And peeps upon the ſeas from upper grounds:
The ſtreams, but juſt contain'd within their bounds,
By ſlow degrees into their channels crawl;
And earth increaſes as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their diſhonour'd branches bear.
At length the world was all reſtor'd to view,
But deſolate, and of a ſickly hue:
Nature beheld herſelf, and ſtood aghaſt,
A diſmal deſert, and a ſilent waſte.
Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look,
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha ſpoke:
Oh wife, oh ſiſter, oh of all thy kind
The beſt and only creature left behind,
By kindred, love, and now by dangers, join'd;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain; a ſpecies in a pair:
The reſt the ſeas have ſwallow'd; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are ſtill above; and, while I ſpeak,
A ſecond deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be ſnatch'd from hence, and thou remain,
Without relief, or partner of thy pain,
How could'ſt thou ſuch a wretched life ſuſtain?

Should

Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea,
That bury'd her I lov'd, should bury me.
Oh could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But Heaven is pleas'd, nor ought we to complain,
That we, th' examples of mankind, remain.
He said: the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the Gods with pious prayers.
Thus in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief:
And to Cephisus' brook their way pursue:
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew.
With living waters in the fountain bred,
They sprinkle first their garments and their head,
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual prostrate they ador'd,
The pavement kiss'd; and thus the saint implor'd.
O righteous Themis, if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity, and to love;
If human miseries can move their mind;
If yet they can forgive, and yet be kind;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.
Then thus the gracious Goddess, nodding, said;
Depart, and with your vestments veil your head:

And

And ſtooping lowly down, with looſen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.
Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder, ſtand,
Till Pyrrha firſt refus'd the dire command.
Forbid it heaven, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould tear
Thoſe holy relics from the ſepulchre.
They ponder'd the myſterious words again,
For ſome new ſenſe; and long they ſought in vain.
At length Deucalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And ſaid, The dark ænigma will allow
A meaning; which if well I underſtand,
From ſacrilege will free the God's command;
This earth our mighty mother is, the ſtones
In her capacious body are her bones:
Theſe we muſt caſt behind. With hope, and fear,
The woman did the new ſolution hear:
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the Gods; yet both reſolve to try.
Deſcending from the mount, they firſt unbind
Their veſts, and veil'd they caſt the ſtones behind;
The ſtones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it paſs for true)
Did firſt the rigour of their kind expel,
And ſuppled into ſoftneſs as they fell:
Then ſwell'd, and ſwelling by degrees grew warm;
And took the rudiments of human form;
Imperfect ſhapes, in marble ſuch are ſeen,
When the rude chizzel does the man begin;
While yet the roughneſs of the ſtone remains,
Without the *riſing muſcles* and the veins.

The

The ſappy parts, and next reſembling juice,
Were turn'd to moiſture, for the body's uſe:
Supplying humours, blood, and nouriſhment:
The reſt, too ſolid to receive a bent,
Converts to bones; and what was once a vein,
Its former name and nature did retain.
By help of power divine, in little ſpace,
What the man threw aſſum'd a manly face;
And what the wife, renew'd the female race.
Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The reſt of animals, from teeming earth
Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth.
The native moiſture, in its cloſe retreat,
Digeſted by the ſun's ætherial heat,
As in a kindly womb, began to breed:
Then ſwell'd, and quicken'd by the vital ſeed.
And ſome in leſs, and ſome in longer ſpace,
Were ripen'd into form, and took a ſeveral face.
Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
And ſeeks with ebbing tides his ancient bed,
The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd;
And cruſted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd:
Theſe, when they turn the glebe, the peaſants find:
Some rude, and yet unfiniſh'd in their kind:
Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth;
One half alive, and one of lifeleſs earth.

For heat and moiſture when in bodies join'd,
The temper that reſults from either kind

Conception

Conception makes; and fighting, till they mix,
Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
With friendly diſcord, and with fruitful wars.
From hence the ſurface of the ground with mud
And ſlime beſmear'd (the fæces of the flood)
Receiv'd the rays of heaven; and, ſucking in
The ſeeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
Some were of ſeveral ſorts produc'd before;
But of new monſters earth created more.
Unwillingly, but yet ſhe brought to light
Thee, Python too, the wondering world to fright,
And the new nations, with ſo dire a ſight.
So monſtrous was his bulk, ſo large a ſpace
Did his vaſt body and long train embrace:
Whom Phœbus baſking on a bank eſpy'd,
Ere now the God his arrows had not try'd,
But on the trembling deer, or mountain-goat;
At this new quarry he prepares to ſhoot.
Though every ſhaft took place, he ſpent the ſtore
Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
Th' expiring ſerpent wallow'd in his gore.
Then, to preſerve the fame of ſuch a deed,
For Python ſlain, he Pythian games decreed,
Where noble youths for maſterſhip ſhould ſtrive,
To quoit, to run, and ſteeds and chariots drive.
The prize was fame, in witneſs of renown,
An oaken garland did the victor crown.
The laurel was not yet for triumphs born;
But every green alike by Phœbus worn
Did, with promiſcuous grace, his flowing locks adorn.

[illegible] DAPHNE

[illegible]

[illegible] was the
[illegible] the dire decree
[illegible]
[illegible] was her fire.'
[illegible] Lucceis attends.
[illegible] bringing, [illegible] now he bends.
[illegible] Thou [illegible] boy,
[illegible] to employ
[illegible] achievements [illegible] my proper claim;
[illegible] and [illegible] him
[illegible] and Python late,
[illegible] found [illegible] fate.
[illegible] and [illegible] weapons by;
[illegible]
[illegible] his [illegible]
[illegible] on [illegible] beside;
[illegible] Phœbus: mine the fame shall be
[illegible] when I conquer thee.
[illegible] and [illegible] swiftly wing'd his flight;
[illegible] on Parnassus' airy height.
[illegible] shafts he from his quiver draws;
[illegible] fire, and one to cause.
[illegible] with refulgent gold,
[illegible] and make the lover bold:
[illegible] with lead, whose base allay
[illegible] and drives desire away.

Th

The blunted bolt againſt the nymph he dreſt:
But with the ſharp transfix'd Apollo's breaſt.
Th' enamour'd Deity purſues the chace;
The ſcornful damſel ſhuns his loath'd embrace:
In hunting beaſts of prey her youth employs;
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck ſhe goes, and ſhoulders bare,
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many ſuitors ſought, ſhe mocks their pains,
And ſtill her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She ſhuns, and hates the joys ſhe never try'd.
On wilds and wood ſhe fixes her deſire:
Nor knows what youth and kindly love inſpire.
Her father chides her oft: Thou ow'ſt, ſays he,
A huſband to thyſelf, a ſon to me.
She, like a crime, abhors the nuptial bed:
She glows with bluſhes, and ſhe hangs her head.
Then, caſting round his neck her tender arms,
Soothes him with blandiſhments and filial charms:
Give me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, to live, and die,
A ſpotleſs maid, without the marriage-tie.
'Tis but a ſmall requeſt; I beg no more
Than what Diana's father gave before.
The good old ſire was ſoften'd to conſent;
But ſaid, her wiſh would prove her puniſhment:
For ſo much youth, and ſo much beauty join'd,
Oppos'd the ſtate, which her deſires deſign'd.
The God of light, aſpiring to her bed,
Hopes what he ſeeks, with flattering fancies fed;
And is by his own oracles miſled.

And

And [illegible] empty fields the [illegible] burns,
Or [illegible] travellers, when day returns,
Their [illegible] torches on dry hedges throw,
That catch the flames, and kindle all the row;
So burns the God, consuming in desire,
And feeding in his breast the fruitless fire:
Her well-turn'd neck he view'd (her neck was bare)
And on her shoulders her dishevel'd hair:
Oh, were it comb'd, said he, with what a grace
Would every waving curl become her face!
He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone!
He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone,
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast;
He praises all he sees, and for the rest
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay:
Stay, nymph, he cry'd, I follow, not a foe:
Thus from the Lion trips the trembling Doe;
Thus from the Wolf the frighten'd Lamb removes,
And from pursuing Falcons fearful Doves;
Thou shunn'st a God, and shunn'st a God, that loves.
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou should'st fall in flying my pursuit!
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.

Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos obey;
Theſe hands the Patareian ſceptre ſway.
The king of Gods begot me: what ſhall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I ſee.
Mine is th' invention of the charming lyre;
Sweet notes and heavenly numbers I inſpire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But ah! more deadly his, who pierc'd my heart.
Medicine is mine, what herbs and ſimples grow
In fields and foreſts, all their powers I know;
And am the great phyſician call'd below.
Alas, that fields and foreſts can afford
No remedies to heal their love-ſick lord!
To cure the pains of love, no plant avails;
And his own phyſic the phyſician fails.

She heard not half, ſo furiouſly ſhe flies,
And on her ear th' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings; and as ſhe fled, the wind
Increaſing ſpread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view;
Which made the God more eager to purſue.
The God was young, and was too hotly bent
To loſe his time in empty compliment:
But, led by love, and fir'd by ſuch a ſight,
Impetuouſly purſued his near delight.

As when th' impatient greyhound, ſlipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe, to courſe the fearful hare,
She in her ſpeed does all her ſafety lay;
And he with double ſpeed purſues the prey;

O'er-runs her at the ſitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She ſcapes, and for the neighbouring covert ſtrives,
And, gaining ſhelter, doubts if yet ſhe lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the God, and ſuch the flying fair:
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did ſwiftly move;
But he more ſwiftly, who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chace:
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace;
And juſt is faſtening on the wiſh'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of ſo long a flight;
And now deſpairing caſt a mournful look,
Upon the ſtreams of her paternal brook:
Oh, help, ſhe cry'd, in this extremeſt need,
If Water-Gods are Deities indeed:
Gape, earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb:
Or change my form whence all my ſorrows come.
Scarce had ſhe finiſh'd, when her feet ſhe found
Benumb'd with cold, and faſten'd to the ground:
A filmy rind about her body grows,
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:
The nymph is all into a laurel gone,
The ſmoothneſs of her ſkin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her ſtill, and, caſting round
Her bole, his arms, ſome little warmth he found.
The tree ſtill panted in th' unfiniſh'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.

He

He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind;
It ſwerv'd aſide, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the God: Becauſe thou canſt not be
My miſtreſs, I eſpouſe thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathleſs poet, and the poem, crown.
Thou ſhalt the Roman feſtivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou ſhalt returning Cæſar's triumph grace;
When pomps ſhall in a long proceſſion paſs:
Wreath'd on the poſt before his palace wait;
And be the ſacred guardian of the gate:
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above:
And as the locks of Phœbus are unſhorn,
So ſhall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he ſaid,
And ſhook the ſhady honours of her head.

The TRANSFORMATION of IO into an HEIFER.

An ancient foreſt in Theſſalia grows;
Which Tempe's pleaſant valley does incloſe;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his courſe;
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force:
Miſts from the river's mighty fall ariſe;
And deadly damps incloſe the cloudy ſkies:
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood;
And ſounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood,

Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode:
A mansion proper for a mourning God.
Here he gives audience; issuing out decrees
To rivers, his dependent Deities.
On this occasion hither they resort,
To pay their homage, and to make their court.
All doubtful, whether to congratulate
His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears;
Then old Apidanus came crown'd with years:
Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame;
And Æas last with lagging waters came.
Then of his kindred brooks a numerous throng
Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
Nor one was wanting of the watery train,
That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
But Inachus, who, in his cave alone,
Wept not another's losses, but his own;
For his dear Io, whether stray'd or dead,
To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
He sought her through the world, but sought in vain;
And, no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.
Her just returning from her father's brook,
Jove had beheld with a desiring look;
And, oh, fair daughter of the flood, he said,
Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
Happy whoever shall those charms possess!
The king of Gods (nor is thy lover less)
Invites thee to yon cooler shades, to shun
The scorching rays of the meridian sun.

Nor

Nor ſhalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
Alone without a guide; thy guide is Jove.
No puny power, but he, whoſe high command
Is unconfin'd, who rules the ſeas and land,
And tempers thunder in his awful hand.
Oh, fly not (for ſhe fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's paſtures): he purſued the chace
Along the ſhades of the Lyrcæan plain;
At length the God who never aſks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth; and then ſuppreſs'd her flight,
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full delight.
Mean-time the jealous Juno, from on high
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady;
And wonder'd that the miſt ſhould over-run
The face of day-light, and obſcure the ſun.
No natural cauſe ſhe found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marſhy lowlands to produce the fogs:
Then round the ſkies ſhe ſought for Jupiter,
Her faithleſs huſband; but no Jove was there.
Suſpecting now the worſt, Or I, ſhe ſaid,
Am much miſtaken, or am much betray'd.
With fury ſhe precipitates her flight;
Diſpels the ſhadows of diſſembled night,
And to the day reſtores his native light.
Th' almighty leacher, careful to prevent
The conſequence, foreſeeing her deſcent,
Transforms his miſtreſs in a trice: and now
In Io's place appears a lovely cow.

So ſleek her ſkin, ſo faultleſs was her make,
Ev'n Juno ey'd unwilling pleaſure take
To ſee ſo fair a rival of her love;
And what ſhe was, and whence, enquir'd of Jove:
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree?
The God half-caught was forc'd upon a lie;
And ſaid, ſhe ſprung from earth. She took the word,
And begg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What ſhould he do? 'twas equal ſhame to Jove,
Or to relinquiſh, or betray his love:
Yet to refuſe ſo ſlight a gift, would be
But more t' increaſe his conſort's jealouſy:
Thus fear, and love, by turns his heart aſſail'd;
And ſtronger love had ſure at length prevail'd;
But ſome faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the miſtreſs through the heifer ſeen.
The cautious Goddeſs of her gift poſſeſt,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breaſt;
As ſhe who knew the falſehood of her Jove,
And juſtly fear'd ſome new relapſe of love.
Which to prevent, and to ſecure her care,
To truſty Argus ſhe commits the fair.
The head of Argus (as with ſtars the ſkies)
Was compaſs'd round, and wore an hundred eyes.
But two by turns their lids in ſlumber ſteep;
The reſt on duty ſtill their ſtation keep;
Nor could the total conſtellation ſleep.
Thus, ever preſent, to his eyes and mind,
His charge was ſtill before him, though behind,

In

In fields he ſuffer'd her to feed by day;
But, when the ſetting ſun to night gave way,
The captive cow he ſummon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and ty'd her to the ſtall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs ſhe fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed;
So hardly lodg'd: and to digeſt her food,
She drank from troubled ſtreams defil'd with mud.
Her woful ſtory fain ſhe would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She ſtrove to ſpeak; ſhe ſpoke not, but ſhe low'd.
Affrighted with the noiſe, ſhe look'd around,
And ſeem'd t' inquire the author of the ſound.
Once on the banks where often ſhe had play'd
(Her father's banks) ſhe came, and there ſurvey'd
Her alter'd viſage, and her branching head;
And ſtarting from herſelf ſhe would have fled.
Her fellow-nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this diſguiſe.
Ev'n Inachus himſelf was ignorant;
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as ſhe
Were ſtill a partner of the company:
They ſtroke her neck; the gentle heifer ſtands,
And her neck offers to their ſtroking hands:
Her father gave her graſs; the graſs ſhe took;
And lick'd his palms, and caſt a piteous look;
And in the language of her eyes ſhe ſpoke.

her name, and aik'd relief,
[illegible], in tears ſhe tells her grief.
[illegible] foot ſhe makes him underſtand;
[illegible] name of Io in the ſand,
[illegible] her mournful father cry'd;
[illegible]gh to *wretched* me reply'd:
[illegible] milk-white neck his arms he threw;
[illegible], and then theſe tender words enſue:
[illegible] thou ſhe, whom I have ſought around
[illegible]rld, and have at length ſo ſadly found?
[illegible]und, is worſe than loſt: with mutual words
[illegible] anſwer'ſt not, no voice thy tongue affords:
Sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breaſt;
And ſpeech deny'd by lowing is expreſs'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd thy bridal bed;
With empty hopes of happy iſſue fed.
But now the huſband of a herd muſt be
Thy mate, and bellowing ſons thy progeny.
Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief!
But now my God-head but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I ſee,
And makes me curſe my immortality.
More had he ſaid, but, fearful of her ſtay,
The ſtarry guardian drove his charge away
To ſome freſh paſture; on a hilly height
He ſate himſelf, and kept her ſtill in ſight.

The

The EYES of ARGUS transformed into a PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her ſufferings bear:
But call'd in haſte his airy meſſenger,
The ſon of Maïa, with ſevere decree
To kill the keeper, and to ſet her free.
With all his harneſs ſoon the God was ſped;
His flying hat was faſten'd on his head;
Wings on his heels were hung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the ſnaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, ſhoot him on the ground.
Before he came in ſight, the crafty God
His wings diſmiſs'd, but ſtill retain'd his rod:
That ſleep-procuring wand wiſe Hermes took,
But made it ſeem to ſight a ſhepherd's hook.
With this he did a herd of goats control;
Which by the way he met, and ſlily ſtole.
Clad like a country ſwain, he pip'd, and ſung;
And playing drove his jolly troop along.
With pleaſure Argus the muſician heeds;
But wonders much at thoſe new vocal reeds.
And whoſo'er thou art, my friend, ſaid he,
Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
This hill has brouze for them, and ſhade for thee.
The God, who was with eaſe induc'd to climb,
Began diſcourſe to paſs away the time;
And ſtill betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies:
And watch'd his hour, to cloſe the keeper's eyes.

With much ado, he partly kept awake;
Not ſuffering all his eyes repoſe to take:
And aſk'd the ſtranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began ſo rare an inſtrument.

The TRANSFORMATION of SYRINX into REEDS.

Then Hermes thus; a nymph of late there was,
Whoſe heavenly form her fellows did ſurpaſs.
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains;
Belov'd by Deities, ador'd by ſwains:
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft purſued,
As oft ſhe did the luſtful Gods delude:
The rural and the wood-land powers diſdain'd;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rites maintain'd;
Like Phœbe clad, ev'n Phœbe's ſelf ſhe ſeems,
So tall, ſo ſtraight, ſuch well-proportion'd limbs:
The niceſt eye did no diſtinction know,
But that the Goddeſs bore a golden bow:
Diſtinguiſh'd thus, the ſight ſhe cheated too.
Deſcending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchleſs nymph, and burns with new deſires.
A crown of pine upon his head he wore;
And thus began her pity to implore.
But, ere he thus began, ſhe took her flight
So ſwift, ſhe was already out of ſight.
Nor ſtay'd to hear the courtſhip of the God;
But bent her courſe to Ladon's gentle flood:
There by the river ſtopt, and tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

Now while the luſtful God, with ſpeedy pace,
Juſt thought to ſtrain her in a ſtrict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new riſing on the place.
And while he ſighs his ill ſucceſs to find,
The tender canes were ſhaken by the wind;
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before;
That, much ſurprizing Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new muſic, Thou, he ſaid,
Who canſt not be the partner of my bed,
At leaſt ſhalt be the conſort of my mind;
And often, often, to my lips be join'd.
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are:
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They ſtill retain the name of his ungrateful fair.

While Hermes pip'd, and ſung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowſy ſlumber on the lids to creep;
Till all the watchman was at length aſleep.
Then ſoon the God his voice and ſong ſuppreſt;
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his reſt:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal ſtroke the keeper ſlew.
Down from the rock fell the diſſever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death, and falling bled;
And mark'd the paſſage with a crimſon trail:
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd at once, in one perpetual night.
Theſe Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And ſpreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head;
With furies frights her from her native home,
And drives her gadding round the world to roam:
Nor ceas'd her madneſs and her flight, before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian ſhore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down: and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cauſe of all her miſeries:
And caſt her languiſhing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept, ſhe low'd; 'twas all ſhe could;
And with unkindneſs ſeem'd to tax the God.
Laſt, with an humble prayer, ſhe begg'd repoſe,
Or death at leaſt to finiſh all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and, with a flattering look,
In her behalf to jealous Juno ſpoke.
He caſt his arms about her neck, and ſaid:
Dame, reſt ſecure; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph ſhall violate; by Styx I ſwear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.
The Goddeſs was appeas'd: and at the word
Was Io to her former ſhape reſtor'd.
The rugged hair began to fall away;
The ſweetneſs of her eyes did only ſtay,
Though not ſo large; her crooked horns decreaſe;
The wideneſs of her jaws and noſtrils ceaſe:
Her hoofs to hands return, in little ſpace;
The five long taper fingers take their place;

An

And nothing of the heifer now is ſeen,
Beſide the native whiteneſs of her ſkin.
Erected on her feet ſhe walks again,
And two the duty of the four ſuſtain.
She tries her tongue, her ſilence ſoftly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when ſhe ſpeaks:
A Goddeſs now through all th' Egyptian ſtate;
And ſerv'd by prieſts, who in white linen wait.
Her ſon was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The ſon of Jove, and as a God receiv'd.
With ſacrifice ador'd, and public prayers,
He common temples with his mother ſhares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton,
Like honour claims, and boaſts his fire the ſun.
His haughty looks, and his aſſuming air,
The ſon of Iſis could no longer bear:
Thou tak'ſt thy mother's word too far, ſaid he,
And haſt uſurp'd thy boaſted pedigree.
Go, baſe pretender to a borrow'd name!
Thus tax'd, he bluſh'd with anger, and with ſhame;
But ſhame repreſs'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon ſeeks his mother, and enquires the truth:
Mother, ſaid he, this infamy was thrown
By Epaphus on you, and me your ſon.
He ſpoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durſt I vindicate the dire diſgrace:
Ev'n I, the bold, the ſenſible of wrong,
Reſtrain'd by ſhame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open ſlander, is a curſe:
But not to find an anſwer, is a worſe.

If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known,
To right my honour, and redeem your own.
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and begg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymené were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd, to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.
She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies;
Now by those beams, said she, whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee: if I lye,
Let him his chearful influence deny:
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.
With joy th' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day:
From Meroë's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force;
His travel urging, till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

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John Dickinson
1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY R. HETT;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

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Albert Greene
1-15-1935

THE POEMS OF DRYDEN.

VOLUME IV.

MELEAGER and ATALANTA.

Out of the EIGHTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

CONNECTION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theſeus had freed Athens from the tribute of children, which was impoſed on them by Minos king of Creta, by killing the Minotaur, here makes a digreſſion to the ſtory of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the moſt inartificial connections in all the Metamorphoſes: for he only ſays, that Theſeus obtained ſuch honour from that combat, that all Greece had recourſe to him in their neceſſities; and, amongſt others, Calydon; though the hero of that country, prince Meleager, was then living.

FROM him, the Caledonians ſought relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their chief.
The cauſe, a boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's wrath, th' avenging miniſter.
For Oeneus, with autumnal plenty bleſs'd,
In gifts to heaven his gratitude expreſs'd:
Cull'd ſheaves, to Ceres; to Lyæus, wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd ſheep and kine;
And fat of olives, to Minerva's ſhrine.

Beginning from the road Gods, his hand
Was liberal to the powers of high command:
Each Deity in every kind was bless'd,
Till at Diana's fane th' insidious honour cess'd.
Wrath touches ev'n the Gods; the queen of night,
Fir'd with disdain, and jealous of her right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious act shall be.
Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Ægyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows bread:
His eye-balls glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thickset thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.
Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
The tender corn, and shrivels-up the blades:
Or, suffering not their yellow beards to rear,
He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.
In vain the barns expect their promis'd load,
Nor barns at home, nor reeks are heap'd abroad;
In vain the hinds the threshing-floor prepare,
And exercise their flails in empty air.
With olives ever green the ground is strow'd,
[illegible]d grapes ungather'd shed their generous blood.

Amid

Amid the fold he rages, nor the sheep
Their shepherds, nor the grooms their bulls can keep.
From fields to walls the frighted rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the town:
Till Meleagrus, and his chosen crew,
Contemn the danger, and the praise pursue.
Fair Leda's twins, (in time to stars decreed)
One fought on foot, one curb'd the fiery steed;
Then issued forth fam'd Jason after these,
Who mann'd the foremost ship that sail'd the seas;
Then Theseus join'd with bold Pirithous came:
A single concord in a double name:
The Thestian sons, Idas who swiftly ran,
And Caeneus, once a woman, now a man.
Lynceus, with eagle's eyes and lion's heart;
Leucippus, with his never-erring dart;
Acastus, Phileus, Phœnix, Telamon,
Echion, Lelex, and Eurytion,
Achilles' father, and great Phocus' son;
Dryas the fierce, and Hippasus the strong;
With twice old Iolas, and Nestor then but young.
Laertes active, and Ancæus bold;
Mopsus the sage, who future things foretold;
And t' other seer yet by his wife unsold.
A thousand others of immortal fame;
Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
Grace of the woods; a diamond buckle bound
Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
And shew'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
But for her native ornament of hair;

Which in a ſimple knot was ty'd above,
Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
Her ſounding quiver on her ſhoulder ty'd,
One hand a dart, and one a bow ſupply'd.
Such was her face, as in a nymph diſplay'd
A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
The bluſhing beauties of a modeſt maid.
The Caledonian chief at once the dame
Beheld, at once his heart receiv'd the flame,
With heavens averſe. O happy youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy fates reſerve ſo fair a bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay:
His honour call'd his eyes another way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected prey.
There ſtood a foreſt on the mountain's brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded plains below,
No ſounding ax preſum'd thoſe trees to bite;
Coeval with the world, a venerable ſight.
The heroes there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The toils, ſome ſearch the footſteps on the ground,
Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
Of action eager, and intent on thought,
The chiefs their honourable danger ſought:
A valley ſtood below; the common drain
Of waters from above, and falling rain:
The bottom was a moiſt and marſhy ground,
Whoſe edges were with bending oſiers crown'd;
The knotty bulruſh next in order ſtood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From

From hence the boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain,
Like lightning ſudden on the warrior-train;
Beats down the trees before him, ſhakes the ground,
The foreſt echoes to the crackling ſound:
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All ſtood with their protended ſpears prepar'd,
With broad ſteel heads the brandiſh'd weapons glar'd.
The beaſt impetuous with his tuſks aſide
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All ſpend their mouth aloft, but none abide.
Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his mark,
And ſtuck his boar-ſpear on a maple's bark,
Then Jaſon; and his javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with over-force, and whizz'd above his back.
Mopſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
To Phœbus thus: O patron, help thy prieſt.
If I adore, and ever have ador'd
Thy power divine, thy preſent aid afford;
That I may reach the beaſt. The God allow'd
His prayer, and, ſmiling, gave him what he could:
He reach'd the ſavage, but no blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the boar, his noſtrils flames expire,
And his red eye-balls roll with living fire.
Whirl'd from a ſling, or from an engine thrown,
Amidſt the foes, ſo flies a mighty ſtone,
As flew the beaſt; the left wing put to flight,
The chiefs o'erborn, he ruſhes on the right.
Empalamos and Pelagon he laid
In duſt, and next to death, but for their fellows aid.

Oneſimus far'd worſe, prepar'd to fly;
The fatal fang drove deep within his thigh,
And cut the nerves; the nerves no more ſuſtain
The bulk; the bulk unprop'd falls headleng on the plain.
Neſtor had fail'd the fall of Troy to ſee,
But, leaning on his lance, he vaulted on a tree;
Then, gathering up his feet, look'd down with fear,
And thought his monſtrous foe was ſtill too near.
Againſt a ſtump his tuſk the monſter grinds,
And in the ſharpen'd edge new vigour finds;
Then, truſting to his arms, young Othrys found,
And ranch'd his hips with one continued wound.
Now Leda's twins, the future ſtars, appear:
White were their habits, white their horſes were;
Conſpicuous both, and both in act to throw,
Their trembling lances brandiſh'd at the foe:
Nor had they miſs'd; but he to thickets fled,
Conceal'd from aiming ſpears, not pervious to the ſteed.
But Telamon ruſh'd in, and happ'd to meet
A riſing root, that held his faſten'd feet;
So down he fell, whom, ſprawling on the ground,
His brother from the wooden gyves unbound.
Mean time the virgin-huntreſs was not ſlow
T' expel the ſhaft from her contracted bow:
Beneath his ear the faſten'd arrow ſtood,
And from the wound appear'd the trickling blood.
She bluſh'd for joy: But Meleagrus rais'd
His voice with loud applauſe, and the fair archer prais'd.

He was the firſt to ſee, and firſt to ſhow
His friends the marks of the ſucceſsful blow.
Nor ſhall thy valour want the praiſes due,
He ſaid; a virtuous envy ſeiz'd the crew.
They ſhout; the ſhouting animates their hearts,
And all at once employ their thronging darts;
But, out of order thrown, in air they join;
And multitude makes fruſtrate the deſign.
With both his hands the proud Ancæus takes,
And flouriſhes his double-biting ax:
Then, forward to his fate, he took a ſtride
Before the reſt, and to his fellows cry'd,
Give place, and mark the difference, if you can,
Between a woman-warrior and a man;
The boar is doom'd; nor, though Diana lend
Her aid, Diana can her beaſt defend.
Thus boaſted he; then ſtretch'd, on tiptoe ſtood,
Secure to make his empty promiſe good.
But the more wary beaſt prevents the blow,
And upward rips the groin of his audacious foe.
Ancæus falls; his bowels from the wound
Ruſh out, and clotted blood diſtains the ground.
Pirithous, no ſmall portion of the war,
Preſs'd on, and ſhook his lance: to whom from far,
Thus Theſeus cry'd: O ſtay, my better part,
My more than miſtreſs; of my heart, the heart.
The ſtrong may fight aloof: Ancæus try'd
His force too near, and by preſuming dy'd:
He ſaid, and while he ſpake, his javelin threw;
Hiſſing in air th' unerring weapon flew;

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

At this preſents her with the tuſky head
And chine, with riſing briſtles roughly ſpread.
Glad, ſhe receiv'd the gift; and ſeem'd to take
With double pleaſure, for the giver's ſake.
The reſt were ſeiz'd with ſullen diſcontent,
And a deaf murmur through the ſquadron went:
All envy'd; but the Theſtyan brethren ſhow'd
The leaſt reſpect, and thus they vent their ſpleen aloud:
Lay down thoſe honour'd ſpoils, nor think to ſhare,
Weak woman as thou art, the prize of war:
Ours is the title, thine a foreign claim,
Since Meleagrus from our lineage came.
Truſt not thy beauty; but reſtore the prize,
Which he, beſotted on that face and eyes,
Would rend from us. At this, inflam'd with ſpite,
From her they ſnatch'd the gift, from him the giver's right.

But ſoon th' impatient prince his fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye robbers of another's due,
Now learn the difference, at your proper coſt,
Betwixt true valour, and an empty boaſt.
At this advanc'd, and ſudden as the word,
In proud Plexippus' boſom plung'd the ſword:
Toxeus amaz'd, and with amazement ſlow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming blow,
Stood doubting; and, while doubting thus he ſtood,
Receiv'd the ſteel bath'd in his brother's blood.

Pleas'd with the firſt, unknown the ſecond news,
Althæa to the temples pays their dues

For

[illegible] at length appear
[illegible] upon the bier:
[illegible] chang'd her cheer,
[illegible]; but hearing tell
[illegible] and by whom they fell,
[illegible] more, of grief and rage were one
[illegible] it fall 'twas rage alone;
[illegible] in succession dries
[illegible] in her eyes.
[illegible] on the earth:
When [illegible] in the throes of birth;
For th' [illegible] chief the fatal sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and toss'd it on the flame:
Then on the rock a scanty measure place
Of vital flax, and turn'd the wheel apace;
And turning [illegible], To this red brand and thee,
O [illegible] an equal destiny:
[illegible] view. The frighted dame
Spring [illegible] her bed, and quench'd the flame:
[illegible] rock'd, the kept with care,
[illegible] preserv'd, preserv'd her heir.
[illegible]; and first the strows
[illegible] of chips, and after blows;
[illegible] her hand, and, heav'd, the thrice
[illegible]
[illegible] long contest,
[illegible] in one tender breast;
And now [illegible] with [illegible] glow,
[illegible] her eyes with pity flow;

Now

Now lowering looks preſage approaching ſtorms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Reſolv'd, ſhe doubts again; the tears, ſhe dry'd
With bluſhing rage, are by new tears ſupply'd:
And as a ſhip, which winds and waves aſſail,
Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
Both oppoſite, and neither long prevail.
She feels a double force, by turns obeys
Th' imperious tempeſt, and th' impetuous ſeas:
So fares Althæa's mind; firſt ſhe relents
With pity, of that pity then repents:
Siſter and mother long the ſcales divide,
But the beam nodded on the ſiſter's ſide.
Sometimes ſhe ſoftly ſigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
But ſighs were ſtifled in the cries of blood.
The pious impious wretch at length decreed,
To pleaſe her brother's ghoſts, her ſon ſhould bleed;
And when the funeral flames began to riſe,
Receive, ſhe ſaid, a ſiſter's ſacrifice:
A mother's bowels burn: high in her hand,
Thus while ſhe ſpoke, ſhe held the fatal brand;
Then thrice before the kindled pile ſhe bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging ſiſters, come and view
A ſiſter paying a dead brother's due:
A crime I puniſh, and a crime commit;
But blood for blood, and death for death, is fit:
Great crimes muſt be with greater crimes repaid,
And ſecond funerals on the former laid.

Let

Let the whole houſhold in one ruin fall,
And may Diana's curſe o'ertake us all!
Shall fate to happy Oeneus ſtill allow
One ſon, while Theſtius ſtands depriv'd of two?
Better three loſt, than one unpuniſh'd go.
Take then, dear ghoſts, (while yet admitted new
In hell you wait my duty) take your due:
A coſtly offering on your tomb is laid,
When with my blood the price of yours is paid.
Ah! whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye ſhades, and let your ſiſter's iſſue live:
A mother cannot give him death; though he
Deſerves it, he deſerves it not from me.
Then ſhall th' unpuniſh'd wretch inſult the ſlain,
Triumphant live, not only live, but reign?
While you thin ſhades, the ſport of winds, are toſt
O'er dreary plains, or tread the burning coaſt.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis paſt, 'tis done;
Periſh this impious, this deteſted ſon;
Periſh his ſire, and periſh I withal;
And let the houſe's heir, and the hop'd kingdom fall.
Where is the mother fled, her pious love,
And where the pains which with ten months I ſtrove!
Ah! hadſt thou dy'd, my ſon, in infant years,
Thy little herſe had been bedew'd with tears.
Thou liv'ſt by me; to me thy breath reſign;
Mine is the merit, the demerit thine.
Thy life by double title I require;
Once given at birth, and once preſerv'd from fire:

One murder pay, or add one murder more,
And me to them who fell by thee reſtore.
I would, but cannot: my ſon's image ſtands
Before my ſight; and now their angry hands
My brothers hold, and vengeance theſe exact,
This pleads compaſſion, and repents the fact.
He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his doom:
My brothers, though unjuſtly, ſhall o'ercome.
But, having pay'd their injur'd ghoſts their due,
My ſon requires my death, and mine ſhall his purſue.
At this for the laſt time ſhe lifts her hand,
Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
Or drew, or ſeem'd to draw, a dying groan;
The fires themſelves but faintly lick'd their prey,
Then loath'd their impious food, and would have ſhrunk away.
Juſt then the hero caſt a doleful cry,
And in thoſe abſent flames began to fry:
The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
But he with manly patience bore his pains:
He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
Without an honeſt wound, and by a death ſo dry.
Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cry'd,
With what becoming fate in arms he dy'd!
Then call'd his brothers, ſiſters, ſire, around,
And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
Perhaps his mother; a long ſigh he drew,
And, his voice failing, took his laſt adieu:

For

TRANSLATIONS

[illegible] and as they [illegible]
[illegible] that can guilt to decay.
[illegible] by this at last they lose
[illegible] defend no more;
[illegible] delight, impair.
[illegible] with locks out the loud in air.
[illegible]
[illegible] force the cross;
[illegible] sounds with murmurs, groans,

[illegible] beat their breasts, and tear
[illegible] root up the [illegible].
[illegible] father, father, [illegible],
[illegible] sink, lies [illegible] face,
[illegible] hoary locks [illegible].
[illegible] pain,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

And when thoſe funeral flames no longer burn
(The duſt compos'd within a pious urn),
Ev'n in that urn their brother they confeſs,
And hug it in their arms, and to their boſoms preſs.
His tomb is rais'd; then, ſtretch'd along the ground,
Thoſe living monuments his tomb ſurround:
Ev'n to his name, inſcrib'd, their tears they pay,
Till tears and kiſſes wear his name away.
But Cynthia now had all her fury ſpent,
Not with leſs ruin, than a race, content:
Excepting Gorgé, periſh'd all the ſeed,
And her whom heaven for Hercules decreed.
Satiate at laſt, no longer ſhe purſued
The weeping ſiſters; but, with wings endued,
And horny beaks, and ſent to flit in air;
Who yearly round the tomb in feather'd flocks repair.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Out of the EIGHTH BOOK of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The author, pursuing the deeds of Theseus, relates how he, with his friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a relation of his own love to Perimele, who was changed into an island by Neptune, at his request. Pirithous, being an atheist, derides the legend, and denies the power of the Gods to work that miracle. Lelex, another companion of Theseus, to confirm the story of Achelous, recites another metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon into trees: of which he was partly an eye-witness.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none;
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
Think they give us forms, and take away.

The

The reſt, of better minds, their ſenſe declar'd
Againſt this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelex roſe, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with ſober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and ſea,
The manufacture maſs, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighbouring trees, with walls encompaſs'd round,
Stand on a moderate riſe, with wonder ſhown,
One a hard oak, a ſofter linden one:
I ſaw the place and them, by Pittheus ſent
To Phrygian realms, my grandſire's government.
Not far from thence is ſeen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fiſhing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in diſguiſe
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aſide his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilſome ſteps together trod;
For harbour at a thouſand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thouſand but was lock'd.
At laſt an hoſpitable houſe they found,
A homely ſhed; the roof, not far from gound,
Was thatch'd with reeds and ſtraw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their ſtore,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For maſter or for ſervant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.

This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the fleſh, and drain the ſalt away.
The time between, before the fire they ſat,
And ſhorten'd the delay by pleaſing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they ſet
Before their gueſts; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their ſweat:
This done, the hoſt produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the ſted,
Which with no coſtly coverlet they ſpread;
But coarſe old garments, yet ſuch robes as theſe
They laid alone, at feaſts, on holydays.
The good old houſewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables ſet; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſt, beneath the limping leg, a ſherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholeſome herb, that breath'd a grateful ſcent.
Pallas began the feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order ſerv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A garden-ſallad was the third ſupply,
Of endive, radiſhes, and ſuccory:

Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthen-ware were serv'd to board;
And next in place, an earthen pitcher shar'd
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery store,
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were set
In canisters, t'inlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country-banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.

Mean time the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill,
Fill'd without hands, and of their own accord
A without feet, and danc'd about the board.

Devotion ſeiz'd the pair, to ſee the feaſt
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excuſing, as they could, their country fare.
One gooſe they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful centry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for ſacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they purſued:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her maſter's compliment;
But perſecuted, to the powers ſhe flies,
And cloſe between the legs of Jove ſhe lies.
He with a gracious ear the ſuppliant heard,
And ſav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighbourhood, ſaid he,
Shall juſtly periſh for impiety:
You ſtand alone exempted; but obey
With ſpeed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave theſe accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Aſcend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haſte; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The truſty ſtaff (their better leg) ſupply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there ſecure, but ſpent with travel, ſtop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Loſt in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery deſert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone, as in an iſle, remains:

Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbours fate, and country, now no more,
Their little ſhed ſcarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increas'd, in height and bulk to grow.
A ſtately temple ſhoots within the ſkies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns riſe:
The pavement poliſh'd marble they behold,
The gates with ſculpture grac'd, the ſpires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the ſire of Gods, with looks ſerene,
Speak thy deſire, thou only juſt of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with ſuch a man in marriage bound.
A while they whiſper; then, to Jove addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint requeſt.
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred ſhrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And ſince not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domeſtic ſtrife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither ſhe
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathleſs Baucis to the ſepulchre.
The Godheads ſign their ſuit. They run their race
In the ſame tenor all th' appointed ſpace;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
Theſe paſt adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon ſeen
Sprouting with ſudden leaves of ſprightly green:

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd arms a ſprouting wood:
New roots their faſten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies ſtiffen in a riſing rind:
Then, ere the bark above their ſhoulders grew,
They give and take at once their laſt adieu;
At once, farewel, O faithful ſpouſe, they ſaid;
At once th' incroaching rinds their cloſing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan ſhows
A ſpreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I ſaw myſelf the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering freſher up, with pious prayer,
The good, ſaid I, are God's peculiar care,
And ſuch as honour heaven, ſhall heavenly honour ſhare.

The FABLE of
IPHIS AND IANTHE,
From the Ninth Book of
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this [illegible], through Crete had flown:
But Crete for[illegible] her own,
To Iphis cha[illegible] meſſian bounds,
(As loud re[illegible]nds)
At Phæſtus d[illegible]t blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood;
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.

He

He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.
Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbering, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the labouring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;

Devoutly

Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.
The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.
Iphis his grandſire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis could compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
[illegible] together in one ſchool they grew.

Thus,

Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the lingering days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
Ev'n her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that 's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:
Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Would I were nothing, or not what I am!

Crete,

Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet ev'n then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes, ſhe took a different ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Should all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dœdalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought.
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.
All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;

But

But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why com'ſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But, having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevel'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.
Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;

Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy power defend.
Her tears purſued her words; and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.

The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.
The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear:
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION and the STATUE.

From the TENTH BOOK of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cypras, deteſted all women for their ſake, and reſolved never to marry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter inceſtuouſly loves her own father; for which ſhe is changed into a tree which bears her name. Theſe two ſtories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYgmalion, loathing their laſcivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but moſt a wife:
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a conſort of his bed:
Yet, fearing idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
In ſculpture exercis'd his happy ſkill;
And carv'd in ivory ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but, in her own defence,
Muſt take her pattern here, and copy hence.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One would have thought ſhe could have ſtirr'd; but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;
He knows 'tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flattery now he ſeek her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the powerful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;

Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And ſinging-birds in ſilver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,
And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.

The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine;
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he would have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my ivory maid.

The

The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in chearful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm'd before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint.
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at every touch it grew:
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.
He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein,
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe,
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the favour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurprize.
The Goddeſs, preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,

That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
vn their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
me, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
os, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Out of the TENTH BOOK of OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers, from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhould not hear, or not believe, my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature could behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.

Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?
Not all her odorous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy ſire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend.
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!

The

The father-bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſure bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And, ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bear to ſires.
Then, had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That he 's not mine, becauſe he 's mine too much:

Our kindred blood debars a better tie;
might be nearer, were he not ſo nigh.
s and their objects never muſt unite,
ne diſtance is requir'd to help the ſight:
vain would I travel to ſome foreign ſhore,
Never to ſee my native country more,
So might I to myſelf myſelf reſtore;
So might my mind theſe impious thoughts remove,
And, ceaſing to behold, n aſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, t th'd fight,
To talk, to ki ore I might:
More, impiou e canſt thou deſign,
To n thy line,
And nd divine?
Canſt thou be call tive thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' infernal bands,
Their heads with ſnakes, with torches arm'd their hands,
Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And ſhake the ſerpents from their hiſſing hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing ill control,
Nor firſt debauch the body by the ſoul;
Secure the ſacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the ſanctions nature has deſign'd.
Suppoſe I ſhould attempt, th' attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his ſinleſs ſoul profane:
Obſervant of the right; and O, that he
Could cure my madneſs, or be mad like me!

Thus

Thus ſhe; but Cinyras, who daily ſees,
A crowd of noble ſuitors at his knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chooſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But, having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
The bluſhing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurprize,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
Round tears to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
The tender ſire, who ſaw her bluſh and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to maiden-modeſty;
And dry'd the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
He ſtrok'd her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
She felt a ſecret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleaſure than a daughter ſhould;
And, aſk'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
The word of Pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
Of ſecret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when ſlumbers cloſe
Our eyes, and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
But no repoſe could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her mind:
Mad with deſire, ſhe ruminates her ſin,
And wiſhes all her wiſhes o'er again:
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Would not, and would again, ſhe knows not why;

Stops,

Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow:
Fain would begin, but underſtands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the laſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
At laſt, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that ſad thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
She riſes, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewel, ſhe ſoftly cries;
For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cauſe;
This ſaid, about her neck the nooſe ſhe draws;
The nurſe, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And ſighs and hollow ſounds: ſurpriz'd with fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
Unlocks the door, and entering out of breath,
The dying ſaw, and inſtruments of death;
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for ſhe now had leiſure for her tears)
She weeping aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
What unforeſeen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loathe her life, and languiſh in deſpair!

The maid, with down-caſt eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfiniſh'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood ſullen to her ſuit: the beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breaſt,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food ſhe drew
From thoſe dry founts, her ſecret ill to ſhew.
Sad Myrrha ſigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aſide:
The nurſe ſtill urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd ſecrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, ſhe ſaid, my want of ſtrength ſupplies,
And diligence ſhall give what age denies:
If ſtrong deſires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and medicines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have caſt,
More powerful verſe ſhall free thee from the blaſt:
If heaven offended ſends thee this diſeaſe,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appeaſe.
What then remains, that can theſe cares procure?
Thy houſe is flouriſhing, thy fortune ſure:
Thy careful mother yet in health ſurvives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin ſtarted at her father's name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the ſhame:
Nor yet the nurſe her impious love divin'd:
But yet ſurmis'd, that love diſturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſued her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus, I gueſs your grief:
You love, my child; your love ſhall find relief.

My

My long-experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:
There ſilent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but ſhe receiv'd not the command;
Remaining ſtill importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or aſk no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or ſtaying ſpare my ſhame;
What thou wouldſt hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And, trembling both with age and terror, ſtands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandiſhments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or diſcloſe
What part of it ſhe knew, if ſhe no farther knows:
And laſt, if conſcious to her counſel made,
Confirms anew the promiſe of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but ſoon, oppreſs'd
With ſhame, reclin'd it on her nurſe's breaſt;
Bath'd it with tears, and ſtrove to have confeſs'd:
Twice ſhe began, and ſtop'd; again ſhe try'd;
The faltering tongue its office ſtill deny'd:
At laſt her veil before her face ſhe ſpread,
And drew a long preluding ſigh, and ſaid,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!

Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman ſhook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghaſtly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror ſtood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than ſhe would:
Much ſhe reproach'd, and many things ſhe ſaid,
To cure the madneſs of th' unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha ſtood convict of ill;
Her reaſon vanquiſh'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverſe of mind, unable to reply,
She ſtood reſolv'd or to poſſeſs, or die.
At length the fondneſs of a nurſe prevail'd
Againſt her better ſenſe, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, ſince ſuch is thy deſire,
Thy love, ſhe ſaid; ſhe durſt not ſay, thy ſire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſecond oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Offering firſt-fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd:
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took: the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.

Her

Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſued her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driven
His lazy wain half round the northern heaven,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,
Slides down the belt, and from her ſtation flies,
And night with ſable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the funeral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n baſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:

The

Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind.
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now, ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain:
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole ſends out a hollow ſound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtruggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to ſpeed the throes,
And ſpoke the powerful ſpells that babes to birth diſcloſe.

And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to ſight:
Grief, rage, amazement, could no ſpeech afford,
But from the ſheath he drew th' avenging ſword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd firſt the ſin, ſecur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the ſpacious fields, ſhe bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then paſs'd the region [illegible] Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the pal[illegible]s behind.
Nine times the moon ha[illegible]'d her horns; at length
With travel [illegible] with ſtrength,
And [illegible]mb oppreſs'd;
Sa[illegible]ul reſt:
Th[illegible] of death afraid,
In anguiſh of [illegible] ſhe pray'd:

Ye powers, if any ſo propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my prayer;
Your judgments, I confeſs, are juſtly ſent:
Great ſins deſerve as great a puniſhment:
Yet ſince my life the living will profane,
And ſince my death the happy dead will ſtain,
A middle ſtate your mercy may beſtow,
Betwixt the realms above, and thoſe below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At leaſt, ſhe did her laſt requeſt obtain;
For, while ſhe ſpoke, the ground began to riſe,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:

Her

Her toes in roots deſcend, and, ſpreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her ſolid bones convert to ſolid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to ſap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind.
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
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And ſpoke the powerful ſpells that babes to birth diſcloſe.

Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her accents hung,
And faltering dy'd unfiniſh'd on her tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into ſighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.
Tell me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, what fault unknown
Thy once-belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindneſs gone!
Can Ceyx then ſuſtain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forſake the ſweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'ſt thou abſence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goeſt by land, though grief poſſeſs
My ſoul ev'n then, my fears will be the leſs.
But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watery way,
The face is frightful of the ſtormy ſea.
For late I ſaw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let falſe hopes to truſt betray thy mind,
Becauſe my fire in caves conſtrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clamorous rage appeaſe,
They fear his whiſtle, and forſake the ſeas;
Not ſo, for once, indulg'd, they ſweep the main
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on miſchief bear the waves before,
And, not content with ſeas, inſult the ſhore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted foreſts fly before their rage:

At once the claſhing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run acroſs the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft propheric of th' event.
But, if not fears or reaſons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd the obſtinate to ſail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal ſhare,
And preſent ſuffer what I only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows ſhall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
Theſe reaſons mov'd her ſtarlike huſband's heart,
But ſtill he held his purpoſe to depart:
For, as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the ſeas expoſe his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But ſought by arguments to ſooth her pain;
Nor theſe avail'd; at length he ights on one,
With which ſo difficult a cauſe he won:
My love, ſo ſhort an abſence ceaſe to fear,
For, by my father's holy flame, I ſwear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heaven allow me life, I will return.
This promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay prevails;
He ſoon equips the ſhip, ſupplies the ſails,

And gives the word to lanch; ſhe trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Laſt, with a kiſs, ſhe took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a ſad preſage, and ſwooning fell;
While Ceyx ſeeks delays, the luſty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breaſts, the ſhip with fury flew.

The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her huſband on [illegible] eſpies
Shaking his hand at diſta[illegible] the main;
She took the ſi[illegible] hand again.
as [illegible] cts her view
[illegible] longer knew
T[illegible] ort loſt ſupplies
V[illegible] and [illegible] reeds her eyes;
The galley borne from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And ſought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.

And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;

Both

Both ſhores were loſt to ſight, when, at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watery war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet, of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides,
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labour, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars; the ſuffering ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:

When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden ſhow:
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether ſky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light:
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as battering-rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears againſt his prey;
Sidelong to ſeize: or, unapall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds with added power
Aſſault the ſides, and o'er the hatches tower.

The planks, their pitchy coverings waſh'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters with a hoſtile tide
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends,
And ocean ſwell'd with waters upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one; the heavens and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhowers, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.

No

No ſtar appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night.
But flaſhing fires diſcloſe the deep by turns,
And, while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their ſcatter'd force unite,
And as a ſoldier, foremoſt in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the town;
So while th' invading billows come a-breaſt,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous ſway,
And from the walls deſcends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conquering ſhout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to ſhare
The city, thus become the ſeat of war.
An univerſal cry reſounds aloud,
The ſailors run in heaps, a helpleſs crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no ſuccour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, ſtupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud ſhrieks laments his loſt eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the ſkies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts beſtows,
His careful father, and his faithful ſpouſe.

The

The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her abſence joys:
His wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt looks he ſeeks his native ſhore,
Which fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;
He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous night
He knew not whither to direct his ſight.
So whirl the ſeas, ſuch darkneſs blinds the ſky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ſhip ran round; the tempeſt tore
Her maſt, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and, with a ſcornful brow,
Proud of her conqueſt gain'd, inſults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toſs'd on ſeas: preſs'd with the ponderous blow
Down ſinks the ſhip within th' abyſs below:
Down with the veſſel ſink into the main
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd planks with fruitleſs care
Lay hold, and ſwim, but, while they ſwim, deſpair.
Ev'n he who late a ſceptre did command
Now graſps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his conſort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidſt his prayer,

Names

Names as a charm againſt the waves, and wind;
Moſt in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of ſafety paſt,
From prayers to wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead body, wafted to the ſands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the ſeas, he names the fair,
And, ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyone below the waves:
At laſt a falling billow ſtops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himſelf appears
That night, his heavenly form obſcur'd with tears;
And ſince he was forbid to leave the ſkies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.

Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd time provides with care,
And haſtens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herſelf employs another loom,
New dreſs'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the ſacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Powers implor'd, but far above the reſt
To Juno ſhe her pious vows addreſs'd,

Her

Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er ſeas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his heart,
And no pretending rival ſhare a part;
This laſt petition heard of all her prayer,
The reſt diſpers'd by winds were loſt in air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which incenſe offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus beſpoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'
Haſte to the houſe of ſleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by viſions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the ſtorm:
This form before Alcyone preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad event.
Indued with robes of various hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an arch (a ſegment of the ſkies
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the ſteep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent houſe of ſleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowſy God;
Whoſe gloomy manſion nor the riſing ſun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful ſky;
No crowing cock does there his wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:

Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath...
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted:
Black was the covering too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.
The virgin entering bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The God, disturb'd with his new glare of light,
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin:

At

At length ſhook off himſelf; and aſk'd the dame,
(And aſking yawn'd) for what intent ſhe came?
To whom the Goddeſs thus: O ſacred Reſt,
Sweet pleaſing ſleep, of all the powers the beſt!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whoſe balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft approach, and ſullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expreſſing human form,
The ſhape of him who ſuffer'd in the ſtorm,
And ſend it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale ſpectre ſtand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She ſaid, and ſcarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to ſupport the fumes of ſleep:
But fled returning by the way ſhe went,
And ſwerv'd along her bow with ſwift aſcent.
The God, uneaſy till he ſlept again,
Reſolv'd at once to rid himſelf of pain;
And, though againſt his cuſtom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the ſleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train expreſs'd
The ſhape of man, and imitated beſt;
The walk, the words, the geſture, could ſupply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beaſts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monſter ſhapes:

ion, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:
Phantaſus, whoſe actions roll
r thoughts, and things devoid of ſoul;
its, and flowers, he repreſents in dreams,
rocks unmov'd, and running ſtreams:
e to kings and chiefs their ſcenes diſplay,
efore th' ignoble commons play:
he choſen Morpheus is diſpatch'd:
ne, the lazy monarch overwatch'd
n his propping elbow drops his head,
n ſleep, and ſhrinks within his bed.
g the dæmon glides for flight prepar'd,
it ſcarce his fanning wings are heard.
in, ſwift as thought, the flitting ſhade
air his momentary journey made:
aſide the ſteerage of his wings,
is proper form, aſſumes the king's;
is death, deſpoil'd of his array,
ueen's apartment takes his way,
s before the bed at dawn of day:
his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
ing vain, but ſeeming real tears;
water dropping from his hairs;
g on her, with a ghaſtly look
w voice, he thus the Queen beſpoke:
ou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
features periſh'd with my life?
again, and for thy huſband loſt,
's left of him, thy huſband's ghoſt!

Thy

Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The ſtormy ſouth o'ertook us in the main;
And never ſhalt thou ſee thy living lord again.
Bear witneſs, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow ſtopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I preſent, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Riſe, wretched widow, riſe, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghoſt to paſs the Stygian ford:
But riſe, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy periſh'd lord.

Thus ſaid the phantom god; and, adding art,
Of voice and geſture, ſo perform'd his part,
She thought (ſo like her love the ſhade appears)
That Ceyx ſpoke the words, and Ceyx ſhed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward ſoul with grief oppreſt,
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept; and ſleeping beat her breaſt:
Then ſtretch'd her arms t' embrace his body bare,
Her claſping arms incloſe but empty air:
At this not yet awake ſhe cry'd, Oh ſtay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, ſo loud ſhe ſpoke,
That, ſtarting ſudden up, the ſlumber broke;
Then caſt her eyes around in hope to view
Her vaniſh'd lord, and find the viſion true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the ſearch, not finding what ſhe ſeeks,
With cruel blows ſhe pounds her blubber'd cheeks;

Then from her beaten breaſt the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurſe demands the cauſe; with louder cries
She proſecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
No more Alcyone, ſhe ſuffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx loſt his breath:
No flattery, no falſe comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in view,
His voice, his figure, and his geſtures knew:
His luſtre loſt, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear ſo fair:
I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
But through my arms he ſlipt, and vaniſh'd from the place:
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood; and as ſhe ſpoke,
Where laſt the ſpectre was, ſhe caſt her look:
Fain would ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd and ſaid; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear preſag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours aſſign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death diſjoin'd!

So had my Ceyx ſtill been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent, in the vaſt profound;
And me without myſelf the ſeas have drown'd.
The ſtorms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive;
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched thee
In death forſake, but keep thee company.
If not one common ſepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our laſt remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone ſhall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For ſighs come ruſhing in betwixt her words,
And ſtopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints ſupply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the margin of the ſea:
That place, that very ſpot of ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her deſtiny was brought,
Where laſt he ſtood: and while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiſs; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus ſpeaking, while her thoughts paſt actions trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmoſt ken ſhe caſt her eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries;
It ſeem'd a corpſe adrift, to diſtant ſight,
But at a diſtance who could judge aright?

It

It wafted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corpſe it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the caſe her own:
Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began:
Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide:
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe 's herſelf the leſs:
Now driven aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees:
Her huſband's corpſe: at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her veſt, and, ſtooping to the ſands,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands.
And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wife!
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring mole ſhe ſtrode
Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the flood);
Headlong from hence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
ut ſhoots along ſupported on her wings;
bird new-made about the banks ſhe plies,
t far from ſhore, and ſhort excurſions tries;
r ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
ıtent to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas;
bill, though ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
l imitates a lamentable voice:

Her haply on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſued by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.
As faſt he follow'd in the hot career:
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot:
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haſte:
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceſsleſs tries:
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.

Hic,

ÆSACUS transformed into a CORMORANT.

From the ELEVENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THESE ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd cormorant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy),
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoë, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtic clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead purſued:

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æſacus, the ſon of Priam, loving a country life, forſakes the court: living obſcurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a ſerpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himſelf; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æſacus, believes him to be dead, and raiſes a tomb to preſerve his memory. By this tranſition, which is one of the fineſt in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the ſtory of the Trojan war, which is ſummed up, in the preſent book, but ſo very briefly, in many places, that Ovid ſeems more ſhort than Virgil, contrary to his uſual ſtyle. Yet the Houſe of Fame, which is here deſcribed, is one of the moſt beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoſes. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield

ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
ager'd his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
l near the ſounding deep he lives; his name
m frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.

Æsacus, the son of Priam, loving a country life, forsakes the court: living obscurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who, flying from him, was killed by a serpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himself; but, by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æsacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a tomb to preserve his memory. By this transition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the story of the Trojan war, which is summed up, in the present book, but so very briefly, in many places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs,

yield

Full in the midſt of this created ſpace,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and ſkies, there ſtands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating ſound.
The palace of loud fame; her ſeat of power;
Plac'd on the ſummit of a lofty tower;
A thouſand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of freſh reports a flowing tide.
A thouſand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the buſy trade.
'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the news;
Where echo's in repeated echo's play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs,
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or iſſuing forth, or entering in:
A thoroughfare of news: where ſome deviſe
Things never heard; ſome mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty ſounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:

Suſpicion,

Suſpicion, with ſedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and pani
fear.
Fame ſits aloft; and ſees the ſubject ground,
And ſeas about, and ſkies above; enquiring all arou
The Goddeſs gives th' alarm; and ſoon is known
The Grecian fleet, deſcending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not ſlow
To guard their ſhore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the ſtrand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won:
And prov'd the ſtrength unknown of Priam's ſon.
And to their coſt the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From theſe firſt onſets, the Sigæan ſhore
Was ſtrew'd with carcaſes, and ſtain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had ſlain;
Achilles in his car had ſcour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he ſought;
Cygnus he found; on him his force eſſay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned ſteeds, that bow'd beneath the yok
He chear'd to courage, with a gentle ſtroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And riſing ſhook his lance, in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' ſpear.
The lance purſued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miſs the way,

But pierc'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent;
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
At this the ſeed of Neptune; Goddeſs-born,
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Thy ſire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I ſhould contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impaſſable depart:
He ſaid, and threw: the trembling weapon paſs'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad ſhield, and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and ſent again
The hoſtile gift: the hoſtile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough well-choſen ſpear;
Th' inviolable body ſtood ſincere,
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull, encompaſs'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By ſight of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſued.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance.

Doubts

Doubts if he wielded not a wooden ſpear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he ſaid,
By which ſo many thouſand foes are dead.
O whither is their uſual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrneſſian wall,
And Tenedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
Thy ſtreams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
He ſaid, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To ſome new trial of his force proceeds.
He choſe Menætes from among the reſt;
At him he lanc'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
Then thus the hero; Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this foe;
And wiſh but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
So ſpoke the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left ſhoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
Harmleſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with falſe joy the flatter'd hero chear'd.

But pierc'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent;
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
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Doubt

A truce ſucceeds the labours of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-eyed maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
Heaven had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt,
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around:
And, hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd.
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;
Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms; and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could ev'n that ſteel rebate:

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.
Then Neſtor, thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in ſtrength, excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd:
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Though ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.
A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſtening audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſuit;
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?
Neleides then; Though tardy age, and time,
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my ſtore,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.
Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than aught beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond century, I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid:

Cænis the bright was born to high command,
A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy ſire, perhaps had fought her bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the ſandy margin of the ſea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Aſk what thou wilt, no prayer ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: ſhe ſaid; and while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
A man ſhe was: and as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without requeſt:
No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and ſongs for equal foes.

Now

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt:
In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'er-ſhade.
They ſate: and, ſummon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with thoſe, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy reſound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace),
Came glittering like a ſtar, and took her place:
Her heavenly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all employ.

For one, moſt brutal of the brutal blood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and faſtening on her hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his beſtial kind
His crime purſued; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance preſented, took: the feaſt
An image of a taken town expreſs'd.

The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks; we riſe,
Mad with revenge, to make a ſwift repriſe:
And Theſeus firſt; What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,

To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?
To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monſter nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain:
But anſwers with his hand; and forward preſs'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the riſing gold;
The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul raviſher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing, through the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at firſt, ſupply the fight,
Once inſtruments of feaſts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a ſconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,

His

His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground:
His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound.
This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent;
Whom ſputtering bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.
Grineus was near; and caſt a furious look
On the ſide-altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,
And bright with flaming fires. The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus ſlew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her ſphere to draw the labouring moon.
Exadius cry'd, Unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp antlers ſtuck in either eye:
Breathleſs and blind he fell; with blood beſmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; till, from his hand

The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone.
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd, or like seerwood;
Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound,
And hiss'd, like red-hot ir'n within the smithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone; but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said,
So by their fellows may our foes be sped!
Then with redoubled strokes he plies his head:
The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.

Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued:
First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardless prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At

At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the ſame ſucceſs advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a ſharpen'd ſtake ſtrong Dryas found;
And in the ſhoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon ſtruck: which roaring out with pain
He drew: nor longer durſt the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread poſſeſs'd;
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breaſt,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering flew:
And Augur Aſtylos, whoſe art in vain
From fight diſſuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Neſſus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, Be ſafely ſlow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Meantime ſtrong Dryas urg'd his chance ſo well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more diſgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he boſe
Betwixt his noſe and front, the blow before.
Amid the noiſe and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide ſecurely ſlept.

Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian waters mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting victor cry'd;
Surpriz'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his ſoul,
Repaſs'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I ſaw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a ſapling in his hands,
And ſtill obey'd the bent: while thus he ſtood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the reſt
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating ſpear.
This Dictys ſaw; and, ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an aſh beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd tree receives his fall, and ſtrikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the ſharpen'd ſpikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty ſtone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theſeus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the ſtroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before).

Preſs'd with his knees his ſides; the double man,
His ſpeed with ſpurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero faſten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated ſtrokes.
The club hung round his ears and batter'd brows;
He falls; and, laſhing up his heels, his rider throws.
The ſame Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippaſus, whoſe beard his breaſt invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland ſhades;
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-beaſts to ſtrive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beaſts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful ſight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to diſengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root ſtuck faſt: the broken trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his intent,
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To ſhun (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo).
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was caſt;
Which Crantor's body ſunder'd at the waiſt:
Thy father's ſquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his preſent ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus ſent.
Thy ſire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, ſhalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His aſhen-ſpear, which quiver'd as it flew,

With

With all his force and all his ſoul apply'd;
The ſharp point enter'd in the Centaur's ſide:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the ſteel behind.
Stuck in his lungs it ſtood: inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his ſhield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle thruſt.
Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his ſword had ſlain in cloſer war.
To theſe was added Dorylas: who ſpread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy horns are ſharper, or my ſpear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he cruſh'd;
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, ruſh'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate (if form to monſters men allow);

Juſt

bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew.
htly thy look: thy ſhapes in every part
ean, as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art,
ir as man extended: where began
beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
ſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
as his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
ſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
egs and flowing tail were white alone.
r'd by many maidens of his kind,
fair Hyleonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
nome, for features, and for face,
lling all the nymphs of double race:
eſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
ace both loving, and confeſſing love.
him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
omb'd, and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
ſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
orm'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
ters of the Pegaſean fount,
in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
vaſh'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
s of no common beaſt: with equal flame
lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame:

All

All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
  Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtaggering ſteps, and ſeeks the ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wandering ſpirits to recal:
And, while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers ſhe cloſ'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and, falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
  Ev'n ſtill, methinks, I ſee Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs.
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;
And where man ended, the continued veſt
Spread on his back the houſs and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw
(It ſeems a fable, though the fact I ſaw);

He

He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me (behold the ſcar).
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.

Latreus,

Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,
In years retaining ſtill his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interſpers'd with white,
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beaſt and upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtruck; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt;
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no power to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted point return'd again.
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are vain,

I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the ſtroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt; and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
And ruſhing on, in crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till Monychus began,
O ſhame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
Nor goddeſs-born, nor of Ixion's ſeed,
We ſeem (a lover built for Juno's bed);
Maſter'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the ſoul within, though not to force it out.
Heap weights, inſtead of wounds: he chanc'd to ſee
Where ſouthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;

This

This, rais'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
Th' example ſhewn, his fellow brutes purſue.
With foreſt-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
And ſpreading groves were naked mountains made.
Preſs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
A length it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
Yet ſtill he heaves: and ſtruggling with deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulp of air:
A ſhort relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd
To moſt; but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd.
Who ſaid, he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
I ſaw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Whom Mopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once firſt of men below, now firſt of birds above.
Its author to the ſtory gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle man, purſued
With odds, to ſink beneath a multitude:

We

We puſh'd the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful flight;
Part fell; and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus, the ſeed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the fray;
And more than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have loſt; but you renew the wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The cauſe I have your mighty ſire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
(Which, oh, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny)!
We praiſe not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, level'd to the ground
Meſſenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neighbouring ſtate,
And this my own: both guiltleſs of their fate.
To paſs the reſt, twelve, wanting one, he ſlew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew.
All youths of early promiſe, had they liv'd;
By him they periſh'd: I alone ſurviv'd.
The reſt were eaſy conqueſt: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.

To him our common grandſire of the main
Had given to change his form, and, chang'd, reſum
again.
Vary'd at pleaſure, every ſhape he try'd;
And in all beaſts Alcides ſtill defy'd:
Vanquiſh'd on earth, at length he ſoar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new-diſſembled eagle, now endued
With peak and pounces, Hercules purſued;
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, ſafe retir'd, and tour'd in empty ſpace.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe
But, bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, ſuſpended as he ſtood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the ſinew hung
The point; and his diſabled wing unſtrung.
He wheel'd in air, and ſtretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight ſuſtain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unſupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other ſide.
He fell: the ſhaft, that ſlightly was impreſs'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aſſant; he ſpurns the ground,
And the ſoul iſſues through the weazon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian ſeas,
What praiſe is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my ſlain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke;
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.
The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his son, in battle slain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before):
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the God that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine, to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall;
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, dragg'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague, than all the wasteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost!
O, could I meet him! But I wish too late;
To prove my trident, is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that 's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the superior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.

Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus addreſs'd:
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy ſhafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.
He ſaid; and ſhew'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd ſhaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the Grecian name;
And he, the baſe adulterer, boaſts the fame.
A ſpectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain.
If by a female hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his wiſh had rather been
The lance and double ax of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and ſhield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt.
Of all the mighty man, the ſmall remains
A little urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.

Yet great in Homer, ſtill Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cauſe of ſtrife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthieſt, after him, his ſword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or ſuſtain his ſhield.
Ev'n Diomede ſat mute, with down-caſt eyes;
Conſcious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus preſum'd theſe arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only roſe: Laertes' ſon,
And the vaſt bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cheriſh'd each with equal love,
And from himſelf all envy would remove,
Left both to be determined by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cauſe.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

From the THIRTEENTH BOOK of OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field;
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies haul'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.

In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſlift deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for thoſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.
Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent ſtars, and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone),
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs, Achilles, it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.

Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
(Ill for himſelf) and dragg'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honours, gain the beſt;
And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſel'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſufferings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;
And wiſhes (ſo may heaven his wiſh fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing, muſt employ
Againſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.

Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
Becauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:
Poor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
Rather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Who ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight:
Nor, daring otherwiſe to vent his hate,
Accus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
And then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
Himſelf had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
By exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
Thus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
Ev'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
Forſook his friend ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor ſhame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyſſean lye,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuſe, much leſs
He call'd him back alone
And ſure enough he

The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembling as he lay below);
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heaven forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confeſs his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate:
And yet, when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heavens, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:

Each

reek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
roach, and ev'n the ſound, of Hector I
eſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt
and over-turn'd him to the ground.
after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
lleng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
s were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
ows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
eturn'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
ove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
enac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
black hour, that ſav'd you from the ſword?
my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
ıſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
opes of your return! and can you yield,
av'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
with them an equal honour ſhare;
honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
e compare my courage with his ſlight?
ll he may compare the day with night.
is indeed the province of his reign:
l his dark exploits no more contain
a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain;
ſt made priſoner, Pallas made a prey:
one of all theſe actions done by day:
ught of theſe was done, and Diomede away.

If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that motion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance;
Ponderous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why asks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,
Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;

Then

Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.
He ſaid: a murmur from the multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifled ſhout, enſued:
Till from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention ſpoke:
Soft was his tone, and ſober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heaven, my lords, had heard our common prayer,
Theſe arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bleſs'd.
But ſince hard fate, and heaven's ſevere decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome drops of kindly dew);
Who better can ſucceed Achilles loſt,
Than he who gave Achilles to your hoſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither he
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid thing, nor I may loſe the prize,
By having ſenſe, which heaven to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cauſe employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt myſelf, and deem'd a fault.

Make

Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:

And

And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell:
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatening influence were paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;
She, not diſcover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while, on female toys her fellows look,
Graſp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin ſhook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus beſpoke:
O Goddeſs-born! reſiſt not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reſerv'd for thee;
Then ſeiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent bluſhing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my ſpear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Leſbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla; not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrneſus and ſtrong Chryſa fell:

And

And ſince I ſent the man who Hector ſlew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Thoſe arms I put into his living hand,
Thoſe arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverſe blaſts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad ſigns were ſeen, and oracles ſevere
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we muſt appeaſe
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the ſeas.
Affection, intereſt, fame, his heart aſſail'd;
But ſoon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himſelf he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No ſubject could ſuſtain their ſovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durſt th' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his ſoul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ranſom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:

Reaſons

Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glittering with ſteel, and crouded with reſort:
There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtrife,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,

Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe purſued.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the power ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then, ſpeeding through the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand,
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crouded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.

From

From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.
As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt;
Unforc'd by lots, I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongued, and us'd to lye;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treacherous Troy deſign'd:
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But, not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhœſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw, and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,

Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhow'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his ſhield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaſter ſtrove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To ſave the fleet: this I confeſs is true
(Nor will I take from any man his due):
But thus aſſuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your ſhare will fall,
He did the beſt indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he ſeem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preſerv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.
But Ajax boaſts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat ſought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;

He

He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boaſt th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.
Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That ſnatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I ſaw Pelides ſink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave ſoul was fled: full of my friend,
I ruſh'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Thoſe arms, which on theſe ſhoulders then I bore,
'Tis juſt you to theſe ſhoulders ſhould reſtore.
You ſee I want not nerves, who could ſuſtain
The ponderous ruins of ſo great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.
Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare, with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's watery field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?

Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me, my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.

Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree;
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact 's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.

He

He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſel'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt:
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heaven's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night;
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wandering ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſevenfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend,
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.

Thy

Thy boiſterous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight, but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip of ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering towers,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;

If

And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhew'
Heaven, air, and ocean rung, with loud applauſe
And by the general vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The DEATH of AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply.

The fruitful blood produc'd a flower, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE

THE

Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATE.

From the THIRTEENTH BOOK of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was higher,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immenſe thy power, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,

Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me, with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſmagres, and rowls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.

The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of every bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.

A promontory, ſharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:

On

On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing-ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;
On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd:
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows and riſing lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height:
More wanton than a kid; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade:
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch, than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte:
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Through garden plots, but ah! more ſwift than they.

Yet,

Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke:
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak:
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious; like their fountains, cold:
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy diſdain:
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood:
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud:
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a troden ſnake:
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.
Yet if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.

Red

Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor cheſnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle; truſt not me,
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree:
Behold their ſwelling dugs; the ſweepy weight
Of ewes, that ſink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly ſerv'd
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.
All ſorts of veniſon; and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt;
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left them on the naked ground;

So

So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glaſs,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant ſun,
Is Nature's eye; and ſhe 's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.

I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:
Jove, with his faded thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, though that 's the thing I moſt abhor;
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain
Augments at once my paſſion and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.

Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.

Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd:
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.

From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he c
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd m
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he c
Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep
The Cyclops follow'd; but he
A rib, which from the living rock he
Though but an angle reach'd him of th
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſued from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.

Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF

OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

From the FIFTEENTH BOOK of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occaſion, Ovid, following the opinion of ſome authors, makes Numa the ſcholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philoſopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digreſſion to the moral and natural philoſophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the moſt learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoſes.

A King is ſought, to guide the growing ſtate,
One able to ſupport the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had ſate.
Renown, which oft beſpeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his ſtudy bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cauſe:
Urg'd by this care, his country he forſook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.

Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony: and whence he came.
Then thus a ſenior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)
'Tis ſaid, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows;
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with reſt.
The hero, thence departing, bleſs'd the place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
A riſing town ſhall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myſcelos, the juſteſt man on earth,
Alemon's ſon, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy native ſoil, and make abode
Where Æſaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He ſaid; and ſleep forſook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhould he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatening o'er his head;
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.

Twice

Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd:
O Power, who haſt deſerv'd in heaven a throne
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.
A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt:
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the ſable ſigns of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſperous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:

Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.

The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;
While he diſcours'd of heaven's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.

He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.

O mor-

O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholſome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are loſt,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the froſt;
While kine to pails diſtended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of ſpring;
While earth not only can your needs ſupply,
But, laviſh of her ſtore, provides for luxury;
A guiltleſs feaſt adminiſters with eaſe,
And without blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild beaſts their maws with their ſlain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for ſome refuſe to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler ſteed,
On browz, and corn, the flowery meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heaven endued with principles of blood,
He wiſely ſunder'd from the reſt, to yell
In foreſts, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where ſtronger beaſts oppreſs the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feaſts delight.
O impious uſe! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother earth provides
The ſtores of all ſhe ſhows, and all ſhe hides,

If men with fleſhly morſels muſt be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What elſe is this but to devour our gueſts,
And barbarouſly renew Cyclopean feaſts!
We, by deſtroying life, our life ſuſtain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obſcene.
Not ſo the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durſt with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy ſpace might ſafely move,
And timorous hares on heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed fiſh the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace ſincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd firſt our food's ſimplicity;
Th' eſſay of bloody feaſts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man.
Had he the ſharpen'd ſteel alone employ'd
On beaſts of prey that other beaſts deſtroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been juſtify'd by Nature's laws,
And ſelf-defence: but who did feaſts begin
Of fleſh, he ſtretch'd neceſſity to ſin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful power;
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unſeen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to ſeas.
The ſow, with her broad ſnout for rooting up
Th' intruſted ſeed, was judg'd to ſpoil the crop,
And intercept the ſweating farmer's hope:

The

The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody prieſt reſign'd:
Her hunger was no plea; for that ſhe dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had loſt his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at leaſt, ſome ſhadow of offence:
The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.

How did the toiling ox his death deſerve,
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy labouring ſteer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began!
Nor this alone! but heaven itſelf to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompenſe with death their creature's toil,
Then call the bleſs'd above to ſhare the ſpoil:

The

...airest victim must the powers appease:
...atal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
...le fillet his broad brows adorns,
...owery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He nears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast
(The fruit and product of his labours past);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive ... of his life;
Then broken up a... s ... tils sees
Torn out, fo... he Gods decrees.
From whe... , this gust of blood
Have you de... ed food?
Be taught by ... gnt to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And, when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!
Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,

And wanting wiſdom, fearful for the ſtate
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Thoſe I would teach; and by right reaſon bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkneſs, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems paſs,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the ſoul expires,
By time corrupted, or conſum'd by fires?
Nor dies the ſpirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes ſeats.
Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former ſhield.
Then death, ſo call'd, is but old matter dreſs'd
In ſome new figure, and a vary'd veſt:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt;
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.
And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation; but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;
And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown.

Darkneſs

Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heaven itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the gray
Of morn preludes the ſplendor of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.

Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning horns.
For every day ſhe wanes, her face is leſs,
But, gathering into globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.

Per ceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year,
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in every ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, though freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flowerets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around,
But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.

Proceeding

Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt repleat
With kindly moiſture, and prolific heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Laſt, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His ſcalp if not diſhonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful drops, the promiſe of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to ſhape the ſoft, coagulated maſs;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathleſs embryo with a ſpirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled breath, and draw the living air;
Caſt on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpleſs babe, but by inſtinct he cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four feet imitates his brother beaſt;

By

By ſlow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horſeman now become,
He rides a ſtick, and travels round the room:
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his firſt merry ſtage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his ſtrength, and ſpares his age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now ſapleſs on the verge of death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his ſlacken'd ſinews ſees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the trees.

So Helen wept, when her too faithful glaſs
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her raviſhers could ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morſels eat.

Nor thoſe, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is ſaid of old
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven aſcend,
And other two down to the centre tend:

Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;
Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;
Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew, condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.

That

That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn, retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land, what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground;
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands;
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Eraſinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.

Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaur in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe their taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now increaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd-in the conquering ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhow,
To wondering paſſengers, the walls below.
Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:

Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few;
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endued at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſiſter flood,
That ſlide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)

Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate uſe,
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholſome beverage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When faſt Ortygia floated on the ſea;
Such were Cyanean iſles, when Typhis ſteer'd
Betwixt their ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting ſulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for ſulphur will expire
(The veins exhauſted of the liquid ſtore);
Time was ſhe caſt no flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether earth 's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;

When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtil spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur, till the fuel spent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd, the fire
Famish'd for want of fuel must expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till, nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked sides they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiply'd, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.

Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The reſt in earth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
And ſhoot his ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father loſt.
And worms, that ſtretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n ſlime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.
The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks them into ſhape, and gives
As much of form, as ſhe herſelf receives.
The grubs from their ſexangular abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leiſure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove:
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from ſight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white aroſe?
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;

When

When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.
All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
Firſt catches, then conſumes, the coſtly frame;
Conſumes him too, as on the pile he lies:
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former ſprings,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent duſt, his method he purſues,
And the ſame leaſe of life on the ſame terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with ſtiff pinions can his flight ſuſtain,

he

He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal ſepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the ſun's city, and his ſacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna ſhews it, of a double kind,
Varying the ſexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conquering God
For planted vines the ſharp-ey'd lynx beſtow'd,
Whoſe urine, ſhed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, ſoft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing ſpecies ſhould my ſong recite;
Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flouriſh and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time ſoftens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a ſoft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withſtood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:
Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.

Mycene,

Mycene, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs-born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free through fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iulus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in other mold

My

My ſoul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
My country's walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to control,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change; and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our ſires, or grandſires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel.
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life?
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?

Let

Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſpringes, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave them twinkling up in air.
Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:
But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.
Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence transferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S EPISTLES.

PREFACE,

CONCERNING

OVID'S EPISTLES.

THE life of Ovid being already written in our language before the tranſlation of his Metamorphoſes, will not preſume ſo far upon myſelf, to think I can dd any thing to Mr. Sandys' undertaking. The Engiſh reader may there be ſatisfied, that he flouriſhed in he reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; that he was extracted rom an ancient family of Roman Knights; that he ras born to the inheritance of a ſplendid fortune; that e was deſigned to the ſtudy of the law, and had made onſiderable progreſs in it, before he quitted that proeſſion, for this of Poetry, to which he was more naurally formed. The cauſe of his baniſhment is unnown; becauſe he was himſelf unwilling further to rovoke the emperor, by aſcribing it to any other reaon than what was pretended by Auguſtus, which was, he laſciviouſneſs of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. t is true, they are not to be excuſed in the ſeverity of nanners, as being able to corrupt a larger empire, if here were any, than that of Rome: yet this may be aid in behalf of Ovid, that no man has ever treated he paſſion of love with ſo much delicacy of thought nd of expreſſion, or ſearched into the nature of it more

philoſophically than he. And the emperor, who condemned him, had as little reaſon as another man to puniſh that fault with ſo much ſeverity, if at leaſt he were the author of a certain Epigram, which is aſcribed to him, relating to the firſt civil war betwixt himſelf and Marc Anthony the triumvir, which is more fulſome than any paſſage I have met with in our Poet. To paſs by the naked familiarity of his expreſſions to Horace, which are cited in that author's life, I need only mention one notorious act of his, in taking Livia to his bed, when ſhe was not only married, but with child by her huſband then living. But deeds, it ſeems, may be juſtified by arbitrary power, when words are queſtioned in a Poet. There is another gueſs of the grammarians, as far from truth as the firſt from reaſon: they will have him baniſhed for ſome favours, which, they ſay, he received from Julia the daughter of Auguſtus, whom they think he celebrates under the name of Corinna in his Elegies: but he who will obſerve the verſes, which are made to that miſtreſs, may gather from the whole contexture of them, that Corinna was not a woman of the higheſt quality. If Julia were then married to Agrippa, why ſhould our Poet make his petition to Iſis, for her ſafe delivery, and afterwards condole her miſcarriage; which, for aught he knew, might be by her own huſband? Or, indeed, how durſt he be ſo bold to make the leaſt diſcovery of ſuch a crime, which was no leſs than capital, eſpecially committed againſt a perſon of Agrippa's rank? Or, if it were before her marriage, he would ſure have been more diſcreet, than to

have published an accident which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this opinion, is, that Ovid himself complains, that the true person of Corinna was found out by the fame of his verses to her; which, if it had been Julia, he durst not have owned; and, besides, an immediate punishment must have followed. He seems himself more truly to have touched at the cause of his exile in those obscure verses;

"Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci?" &c.

Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to somewhat, which had procured him his disgrace. But neither am I satisfied, that this was the incest of the emperor with his own daughter: for Augustus was of a nature too vindictive, to have contented himself with so small a revenge, or so unsafe to himself, as that of simple banishment; but would certainly have secured his crimes from public notice, by the death of him who was witness to them. Neither have historians given us any sight into such an action of this emperor: nor would he (the greatest politician of his time), in all probability, have managed his crimes with so little secrecy, as not to shun the observation of any man. It seems more probable, that Ovid was either the confident of some other passion, or that he had stumbled by some inadvertency upon the privacies of Livia, and seen her in a bath: for the words

"Sine veste Dianam"

agree better with Livia, who had the fame of chaſtity, than with either of the Julia's, who were both noted of incontinency. The firſt verſes, which were made by him in his youth, and recited publicly according to the cuſtom, were, as he himſelf aſſures us, to Corinna: his baniſhment happened not till the age of fifty: from which it may be deduced, with probability enough, that the love of Corinna did not occaſion it: nay, he tells us plainly, that his offence was that of error only, not of wickedneſs; and in the ſame paper of verſes alſo, that the cauſe was notoriouſly known at Rome, though it be left ſo obſcure to after-ages.

But to leave conjectures on a ſubject ſo uncertain, and to write ſomewhat more authentic of this Poet: that he frequented the court of Auguſtus, and was well received in it, is moſt undoubted: all his Poems bear the character of a court, and appear to be written, as the French call it, *Cavalierement*: add to this, that the titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his letters in his baniſhment, are addreſſed to perſons well known to us, even at this diſtance, to have been conſiderable in that court.

Nor was his acquaintance leſs with the famous Poets of his age, than with the noble men and ladies. He tells you himſelf, in a particular account of his own life, that Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, and many others of them, were his familiar friends, and that ſome of them communicated their writings to him; but that he had only ſeen Virgil.

If the imitation of nature be the buſineſs of a Poet, I know no author, who can juſtly be compared with ours, eſpecially in the deſcription of the paſſions. And, to prove this, I ſhall need no other judges than the generality of his readers: for, all paſſions being inborn with us, we are almoſt equally judges, when we are concerned in the repreſentation of them. Now I will appeal to any man, who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural emotion of the ſame paſſion in himſelf, which the Poet deſcribes in his feigned perſons? His thoughts, which are the pictures and reſults of thoſe paſſions, are generally ſuch as natually ariſe from thoſe diſorderly motions of our ſpirits. Yet, not to ſpeak too partially in his behalf, I will confeſs, that the copiouſneſs of his wit was ſuch, that he often writ too pointedly for his ſubject, and made his perſons ſpeak more eloquently than the violence of their paſſion would admit: ſo that he is frequently witty out of ſeaſon; leaving the imitation of nature, and the cooler dictates of his judgment, for the falſe applauſe of fancy. Yet he ſeems to have found out this imperfection in his riper age: for why elſe ſhould he complain, that his Metamorphoſes was left unfiniſhed? Nothing ſure can be added to the wit of that Poem, or of the reſt: but many things ought to have been retrenched; which, I ſuppoſe, would have been the buſineſs of his age, if his misfortunes had not come too faſt upon him. But take him uncorrected, as he is tranſmitted to us, and it muſt be acknowledged, in ſpite of his Dutch friends the commentators, even of Julius Scaliger

himſelf, that Seneca's cenſure will ſtand good againſt him;

"Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere;"

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well; but, continually varying the ſame ſenſe an hundred ways, and taking up in another place what he had more than enough inculcated before, he ſometimes cloys his readers inſtead of ſatisfying them; and gives occaſion to his tranſlators, who dare not cover him, to bluſh at the nakedneſs of their father. This then is the allay of Ovid's writings, which is ſufficiently recompenſed by his other excellencies: nay, this very fault is not without its beauties; for the moſt ſevere cenſor cannot but be pleaſed with the prodigality of his wit, though at the ſame time he could have wiſhed that the maſter of it had been a better manager. Every thing, which he does, becomes him; and, if ſometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a ſecret gracefulneſs of youth, which accompanies his writings, though the ſtaidneſs and ſobriety of age be wanting. In the moſt material part, which is the conduct, it is certain that he ſeldom has miſcarried: for if his Elegies be compared with thoſe of Tibullus and Propertius, his contemporaries, it will be found, that thoſe poets ſeldom deſigned before they writ: and though the language of Tibullus be more poliſhed, and the learning of Propertius, eſpecially in his fourth book, more ſet out to oſtentation; yet their common practice was to look no further before them than the next line; whence it will inevitably follow,

follow, that they can drive to no certain point; but ramble from one ſubject to another, and conclude with ſomewhat which is not of a piece with their beginning:

" Pupureus latè qui ſplendeat unus & alter
" Aſſuitur pannus,"

as Horace ſays: though the verſes are golden, they are but patched into the garment. But our Poet has always the goal in his eye, which directs him in his race; ſome beautiful deſign, which he firſt eſtabliſhes, and then contrives the means which will naturally conduct him to his end. This will be evident to judicious readers in his Epiſtles, of which ſomewhat, at leaſt in general, will be expected.

The title of them in our late editions is Epiſtolæ Heroidum, The letters of the Heroines. But Heinſius has judged more truly, that the inſcription of our author was barely, Epiſtles; which he concludes from his cited verſes, where Ovid aſſerts this work as his own invention, and not borrowed from the Greeks, whom (as the maſters of their learning) the Romans uſually did imitate. But it appears not from their writings, that any of the Grecians ever touched upon this way, which our Poet therefore juſtly has vindicated to himſelf. I quarrel not at the word Heroidum, becauſe it is uſed by Ovid in his Art of Love:

" Jupiter ad veteres ſupplex Heroidas ibat.

But, ſure, he could not be guilty of ſuch an overſight, to call his work by the name of Heroines, when there are divers men, or heroes, as, namely, Paris, Leander,

and Acontius, joined in it. Except Sabinus, who writ ſome anſwers to Ovid's Letters,

" (Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus)"

I remember not any of the Romans, who have treated on this ſubject; ſave only Propertius, and that but once, in his Epiſtle of Arethuſa to Lycotas, which is written ſo near the ſtyle of Ovid, that it ſeems to be but an imitation; and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the glory of his invention.

Concerning the Epiſtles, I ſhall content myſelf to obſerve theſe few particulars; firſt, that they are generally granted to be the moſt perfect pieces of Ovid, and that the ſtyle of them is tenderly paſſionate and courtly; two properties well agreeing with the perſons, which were heroines and lovers. Yet, where the characters were lower, as in OEnone and Hero, he has kept cloſe to nature, in drawing his images after a country life; though perhaps he has Romanized his Grecian dames too much, and made them ſpeak, ſometimes, as if they had been born in the city of Rome, and under the empire of Auguſtus. There ſeems to be no great variety in the particular ſubjects which he has choſen; moſt of the Epiſtles being written from ladies who were forſaken by their lovers: which is the reaſon that many of the ſame thoughts come back upon us in divers letters: but of the general character of women, which is modeſty, he has taken a moſt becoming care; for his amorous expreſſions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by matrons without a bluſh.

Thus

Thus much concerning the Poet: it remains that I ſhould ſay ſomewhat of poetical tranſlations in general, and give my opinion (with ſubmiſſion to better judgments) which way of verſion ſeems to be the moſt proper.

All tranſlation, I ſuppoſe, may be reduced to theſe three heads.

Firſt, that of Metaphraſe, or turning an author word by word, and line by line, from one language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was Horace's Art of Poetry tranſlated by Ben Jonſon. The ſecond way is that of Paraphraſe, or tranſlation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the tranſlator, ſo as never to be loſt, but his words are not ſo ſtrictly followed as his ſenſe; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered. Such is Mr. Waller's tranſlation of Virgil's Fourth Æneid. The third way is that of imitation, where the tranſlator (if now he has not loſt that name) aſſumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and ſenſe, but to forſake them both as he ſees occaſion; and, taking only ſome general hints from the original, to run diviſion on the ground-work, as he pleaſes. Such is Mr. Cowley's practice in turning two Odes of Pindar, and one of Horace, into Engliſh.

Concerning the firſt of theſe methods, our maſter Horace has given us this caution:

"Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
"Interpres"——

Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,

as the Earl of Roſcommon has excellently rendered it. Too faithfully is, indeed, pedantically: it is a faith like that which proceeds from ſuperſtition, blind and zealous. Take it in the expreſſion of Sir John Denham to Sir Richard Fanſhaw, on his verſion of the Paſtor Fido:

That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue,
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too:
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.

It is almoſt impoſſible to tranſlate verbally, and well, at the ſame time: for the Latin (a moſt ſevere and compendious language) often expreſſes that in one word, which the barbarity, or the narrowneſs, of modern tongues cannot ſupply in more. It is frequent alſo that the conceit is couched in ſome expreſſion, which will be loſt in Engliſh.

"Atque iidem venti vela fidemque ferent."

What Poet of our nation is ſo happy as to expreſs this thought literally in Engliſh, and to ſtrike wit, or almoſt ſenſe, out of it?

In ſhort, the verbal copier is incumbered with ſo many difficulties at once, that he can never diſintangle himſelf from all. He is to conſider, at the ſame time, the thought of his author and his words, and to find out the counterpart to each in another language: and, beſides this, he is to confine himſelf to the com-

paſs

paſs of numbers, and the ſlavery of rhyme. It is much like dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man can ſhun a fall, by uſing caution; but the gracefulneſs of motion is not to be expected: and when we have ſaid the beſt of it, it is but a fooliſh taſk; for no ſober man would put himſelf into a danger for the applauſe of eſcaping without breaking his neck. We ſee Ben Jonſon could not avoid obſcurity in his literal tranſlation of Horace, attempted in the ſame compaſs of lines; nay Horace himſelf could ſcarce have done it to a Greek Poet;

"Brevis eſſe laboro, obſcurus fio."

either perſpicuity or gracefulneſs will frequently be wanting. Horace has, indeed, avoided both theſe rocks in his tranſlation of the three firſt lines of Homer's Odyſſey, which he has contracted into two,

"Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes."

Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw.

ROSCOMMON.

But then the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, which are a conſiderable part of that ſentence, are omitted:

[Ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη.]

The conſideration of theſe difficulties, in a ſervile, literal, tranſlation, not long ſince made two of our famous wits, Sir John Denham and Mr Cowley, to contrive another way of turning authors into our tongue, called, by the latter of them, Imitation. As they were friends,

friends, I ſuppoſe they communicated their thoughts on this ſubject to each other; and, therefore, their reaſons for it are little different: though the practice of one is much more moderate. I take imitation of an author, in their ſenſe, to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the ſame ſubject: that is, not to tranſlate his words, or to be confined to his ſenſe; but only to ſet him as a pattern, and to write, as he ſuppoſes that author would have done, had he lived in our age, and in our country. Yet I dare not ſay that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering authors (as Mr Cowley calls it) ſo far as my definition reaches. For in the Pindaric Odes, the cuſtoms and ceremonies of ancient Greece are ſtill preſerved. But I know not what miſchief may ariſe hereafter from the example of ſuch an innovation, when writers of unequal parts to him ſhall imitate ſo bold an undertaking. To add and to diminiſh what we pleaſe, which is the way avowed by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his tranſlation of Pindar; becauſe he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refuſed his author's thoughts. Pindar is generally known to be a dark writer, to want connexion (I mean as to our underſtanding), to ſoar out of ſight, and leave his reader at a gaze. So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be tranſlated literally; his genius is too ſtrong to bear a chain, and Samſon-like he ſhakes it off. A genius ſo elevated and unconfined as Mr. Cowley's was but neceſſary to make

make Pindar ſpeak Engliſh, and that was to be performed by no other way than imitation. But if Virgil, or Ovid, or any regular intelligible authors, be thus uſed, it is no longer to be called their work, when neither the thoughts nor words are drawn from the original: but inſtead of them there is ſomething new produced, which is almoſt the creation of another hand. By this way, it is true, ſomewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the firſt deſign; though Virgil muſt be ſtill excepted, when that *perhaps* takes place. Yet he who is inquiſitive to know an author's thoughts, will be diſappointed in his expectation. And it is not always that a man will be contented to have a preſent made him, when he expects the payment of a debt. To ſtate it fairly: imitation of an author is the moſt advantageous way for a tranſlator to ſhew himſelf, but the greateſt wrong which can be done to the memory and reputation of the dead. Sir John Denham (who adviſed more liberty than he took himſelf) gives his reaſon for his innovation, in his admirable preface before the tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid. "Poetry is of ſo ſubtle a ſpirit, that, in pour-"ing out of one language into another, it will all eva-"porate; and, if a new ſpirit be not added in the trans-"fuſion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mor-"tuum." I confeſs this argument holds good againſt a literal tranſlation: but who defends it? Imitation and verbal verſion are in my opinion the two extremes, which ought to be avoided: and therefore, when I have propoſed the mean betwixt them, it will be ſeen how far his argument will reach.

No

No man is capable of tranſlating Poetry, who, beſides a genius to that art, is not a maſter both of his author's language and of his own: nor muſt we underſtand the language only of the Poet, but his particular turn of thoughts and expreſſion, which are the characters that diſtinguiſh, and as it were individuate, him from all other writers. When we are come thus far, it is time to look into ourſelves, to conform our genius to his, to give his thought either the ſame turn, if our tongue will bear it, or, if not, to vary but the dreſs, not to alter or deſtroy the ſubſtance. The like care muſt be taken of the more outward ornaments, the words. When they appear (which is but ſeldom) literally graceful, it were an injury to the author that they ſhould be changed: but ſince every language is ſo full of its own proprieties, that what is beautiful in one, is often barbarous, nay ſometimes nonſenſe in another, it would be unreaſonable to limit a tranſlator to the narrow compaſs of his author's words. It is enough if he chooſe out ſome expreſſion which does not vitiate the ſenſe. I ſuppoſe he may ſtretch his chain to ſuch a latitude; but, by innovation of thoughts, methinks, he breaks it. By this means the ſpirit of an author may be transfuſed, and yet not loſt: and thus it is plain, that the reaſon alledged by Sir John Denham has no farther force than to expreſſion: for thought, if it be tranſlated truly, cannot be loſt in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehenſion (which are the image and ornament of that thought) may be ſo ill choſen, as to make it appear in an unhandſome dreſs,

and

and rob it of its native luſtre. There is, therefore, a liberty to be allowed for the expreſſion; neither is it neceſſary that words and lines ſhould be confined to the meaſure of their original. The ſenſe of an author, generally ſpeaking, is to be ſacred and inviolable. If the fancy of Ovid be luxuriant, it is his character to be ſo; and if I retrench it, he is no longer Ovid. It will be replied, that he receives advantage by this lopping of his ſuperfluous branches: but I rejoin, that a tranſlator has no ſuch right. When a painter copies from the life, I ſuppoſe he has no privilege to alter features and lineaments, under pretence that his picture will look better: perhaps the face, which he has drawn, would be more exact, if the eyes or noſe were altered; but it is his buſineſs to make it reſemble the original. In two caſes only there may a ſeeming difficulty ariſe; that is, if the thought be notoriouſly trivial or diſhoneſt: but the ſame anſwer will ſerve for both, that then they ought not to be tranſlated:

"——— Et quæ
"Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas."

Thus I have ventured to give my opinion on this ſubject againſt the authority of two great men, but I hope without offence to either of their memories; for I both loved them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But, if, after what I have urged, it be thought by better judges, that the praiſe of a tranſlation conſiſts in adding new beauties to the piece, thereby to recompenſe the loſs which it ſuſtains by change of language, I ſhall be willing to be taught better, and to re-

ca-

for ſo conſiderable a part of learning.

CANACE TO MACAREUS.

EPIST. XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Macareus and Canace, ſon and daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, loved each other inceſtuouſly: Canace was delivered of a ſon, and committed him to her nurſe, to be ſecretly conveyed away. The infant crying out, by that means was diſcovered to Æolus, who, inraged at the wickedneſs of his children, commanded the babe to be expoſed to wild beaſts on the mountains: and withal, ſent a ſword to Canace, with this meſſage, That her crimes would inſtruct her how to uſe it. With this ſword ſhe ſlew herſelf: but before ſhe died, ſhe writ the following letter to her brother Macareus, who had taken ſanctuary in the temple of Apollo.

IF ſtreaming blood my fatal letter ſtain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer ſlain;
One hand the ſword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this poſture thou behold'ſt me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he preſent, that his eyes and hands
Might ſee, and urge, the death which he commands:

Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he,
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would ſee.
Jove juſtly plac'd him on a ſtormy throne,
His people's temper is ſo like his own.
The North and South, and each contending blaſt,
Are underneath his wide dominion caſt:
Thoſe he can rule: but his tempeſtuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.
Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
That in their number I can reckon Jove?
What help will all my heavenly friends afford,
When to my breaſt I lift the pointed ſword?
That hour, which join'd us, came before its time;
In death we had been one without a crime.
Why did thy flames beyond a brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than ſiſter's love?
For I lov'd too; and, knowing not my wound,
A ſecret pleaſure in thy kiſſes found:
My cheeks no longer did their colour boaſt,
My food grew loathſome, and my ſtrength I loſt:
Still ere I ſpoke, a ſigh would ſtop my tongue;
Short were my ſlumbers, and my nights were long.
I knew not from my love theſe griefs did grow,
Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
My wily nurſe by long experience found,
And firſt diſcover'd to my ſoul its wound.
'Tis love, ſaid ſhe; and then my down-caſt eyes,
And guilty dumbneſs, witneſs'd my ſurprize.
Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell:
And, oh, what follow'd we both know too well!

" When, half denying, more than half content,
" Embraces warm'd me to a full conſent.
" Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
" And guilt that made them anxious made them great."
But now my ſwelling womb heav'd up my breaſt,
And riſing weight my ſinking limbs oppreſt.
What herbs, what plants, did not my nurſe produce,
To make abortion, by their powerful juice?
What medicines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
Our firſt crime common; this was mine alone.
But the ſtrong child, ſecure in his dark cell,
With nature's vigour did our arts repel.
And now the pale-fac'd empreſs of the night
Nine times had fill'd her orb with borrow'd light:
Not knowing 'twas my labour, I complain
Of ſudden ſhootings, and of grinding pain:
My throes came thicker, and my cries increas'd,
Which with her hand the conſcious nurſe ſuppreſs'd.
To that unhappy fortune was I come,
Pain urg'd my clamours, but fear kept me dumb.
With inward ſtruggling I reſtrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.
Death was in ſight, Lucina gave no aid;
And ev'n my dying had my guilt betray'd.
Thou cam'ſt, and in thy countenance ſate deſpair;
Rent were thy garments all, and torn thy hair:
Yet, feigning comfort, which thou couldſt not give,
(Preſt in thy arms, and whiſpering me to live):
For both our ſakes, (ſaidſt thou) preſerve thy life;
Live, my dear ſiſter, and my dearer wife.

Rais'd by that name, with my laſt pangs I ſtrove:
Such power have words, when ſpoke by thoſe we love
The babe, as if he heard what thou hadſt ſworn,
With haſty joy ſprung forward to be born.
What helps it to have weather'd out one ſtorm?
Fear of our father does another form.
High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of ſtate,
The king with his tempeſtuous council ſate.
Through this large room our only paſſage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurſe bore him out,
With olive-branches cover'd round about;
And, muttering prayers, as holy rites ſhe meant,
Through the divided croud unqueſtion'd went.
Juſt at the door, th' unhappy infant cry'd:
The grandſire heard him, and the theft he ſpy'd.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurſe he flies,
And deafs his ſtormy ſubjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the ſelf-diſcover'd infant lay.
The noiſe reach'd me, and my preſaging mind
Too ſoon its own approaching woes divin'd.
Not ſhips at ſea with winds are ſhaken more,
Nor ſeas themſelves, when angry tempeſts roar,
Than I, when my loud father's voice I hear:
The bed beneath me trembled with my fear.
He ruſh'd upon me, and divulg'd my ſtain;
Scarce from my murder could his hands refrain.
I only anſwer'd him with ſilent tears;
They flow'd: my tongue was frozen up with fears.

His little grand-child he commands away,
To mountain wolves and every bird of prey.
The babe cry'd out, as if he underſtood,
And begg'd his pardon with what voice he could.
By what expreſſions can my grief be ſhown?
(Yet you may gueſs my anguiſh by your own:)
To ſee my bowels, and, what yet was worſe,
Your bowels too, condemn'd to ſuch a curſe!
Out went the king; my voice its freedom found,
My breaſts I beat, my blubber'd cheeks I wound.
And now appear'd the meſſenger of death;
Sad were his looks, and ſcarce he drew his breath,
To ſay, "Your father ſends you"—(with that word
His trembling hands preſented me a ſword):
"Your father ſends you this; and lets you know,
"That your own crimes the uſe of it will ſhow."
Too well I know the ſenſe thoſe words impart:
His preſent ſhall be treaſur'd in my heart.
Are theſe the nuptial gifts a bride receives?
And this the fatal dower a father gives?
Thou God of Marriage, ſhun thy own diſgrace,
And take thy torch from this deteſted place:
Inſtead of that, let furies light their brands,
And fire my pile with their infernal hands.
With happier fortune may my ſiſters wed;
Warn'd by the dire example of the dead.
For thee, poor babe, what crime could they pretend?
How could thy infant innocence offend?
A guilt there was; but, oh, that guilt was mine!
Thou ſuffer'ſt *for a ſin* that was not thine.

Thy mother's grief and crime! but juſt enjoy'd,
Shewn to my ſight, and born to be deſtroy'd!
Unhappy offspring of my teeming womb!
Dragg'd headlong from thy cradle to thy tomb!
Thy un-offending life I could not ſave,
Nor weeping could I follow to thy grave:
Nor on thy tomb could offer my ſhorn hair:
Nor ſhew the grief which tender mothers bear.
Yet long thou ſhalt not from my arms be loſt;
For ſoon I will o'ertake thy infant ghoſt.
But thou, my love, and now my love's deſpair,
Perform his funerals with paternal care.
His ſcatter'd limbs with my dead body burn;
And once more join us in the pious urn.
If on my wounded breaſt thou dropp'ſt a tear,
Think for whoſe ſake my breaſt that wound did bear;
And faithfully my laſt deſires fulfil,
As I perform my cruel father's will.

HELEN

HELEN TO PARIS.

EPIST. XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received an epiſtle from Paris, returns the following anſwer: wherein ſhe ſeems at firſt to chide him for his preſumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low opinion of her virtue; then owns herſelf to be ſenſible of the paſſion, which he had expreſſed for her, though ſhe much ſuſpected his conſtancy; and at laſt diſcovers her inclination to be favourable to him: the whole letter ſhewing the extreme artifice of womankind.

WHEN looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents, who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights prophane?
Was it for this, your fleet did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas, and every faithleſs wind?
(For though a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous for my juſt diſdain.

Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Though in my face there 's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won, I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame.
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear.
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain;
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed.
Did he repent, that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 'tis ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I 'll not complain; for who 's diſpleas'd with love,
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear; not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas, too willing to believe.

Yet others yield; and love o'ercomes the beſt:
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready form'd for me.
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.
If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her powerful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Though you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that comes herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then, and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race;
Which I would ſhew I valued, if I durſt;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confeſs;
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field,
As would move Goddeſſes themſelves to yield.
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I 'll to death maintain,
Or follow you, without mean thonghts of gain.
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize.

But

But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (though I diſſe mbled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do.
Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
In which (wild man) your wanton thoughts would ſhine
Sometimes you'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardor preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs:
When oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſate for things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He'll for my ſake
Do any thing; I hope 'twas no miſtake.
Oft have I read within this pleaſing grove,
Under my name, thoſe charming words, *I love*.
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame;
But now, alas, am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this.
For oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms?
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſt maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
O learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind:
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind.
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.

C

Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin-love when thouſand rivals ſought,
You had I ſeen, you ſhould have had my voice;
Nor could my huſband juſtly blame my choice,
For both our hopes, alas! you come too late;
Another now is maſter of my fate.
More to my wiſh I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my preſent lot can undergo.
Ceaſe to ſolicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to ſo much ill.
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unſpotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, ſince naked to your eyes
Three Goddeſſes diſputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but ſhe
Obtain'd her cauſe, who ſmiling promis'd me.
But firſt I am not of belief ſo light,
To think ſuch nymphs would ſhew you ſuch a ſight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe ſo mean your ſentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I ſhould myſelf regard:
To think that Venus made me her reward:
I humbly am content with human praiſe;
A Goddeſs's applauſe would envy raiſe.
But be it as you ſay; for, 'tis confeſt,
The men, who flatter higheſt, pleaſe us beſt.
That I ſuſpect it, ought not to diſpleaſe;
For miracles are not believ'd with eaſe.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater *yet, that* you confirm'd her choice;

That

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd ſovereignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock, but muſt by this be won?
And yet bear witneſs, O you Powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men:
This is th' eſſay of my unpractis'd pen.
Happy thoſe nymphs, whom uſe has perfect made!
I think all crime, and tremble at a ſhade.
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conſcious eyes
Look often back, miſdoubting a ſurprize.
For now the rumour ſpreads among the croud,
t court in whiſpers, but in town aloud:
Diſſemble you, whate'er you hear them ſay:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet if you will diſſemble it, you may.
Love ſecretly: the abſence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his ſtay;
Call'd by affairs of conſequence away.
To go, or not, when unreſolv'd he ſtood,
I bid him make what ſwift return he could:
Then, kiſſing me, he ſaid, I recommend
All to thy care, but moſt my Trojan friend.
I ſmil'd at what he innocently ſaid,
And only anſwer'd, You ſhall be obey'd.
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this ſecure your confidence.

Abſent he is, yet abſent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden; for the more I 'm prais'd,
A juſter ground of jealouſy is rais'd.
Were I leſs fair, I might have been more bleſt:
Great beauty through great danger is poſſeſt.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Becauſe he thought my virtue was my guard.
He fear'd my face, but truſted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me uſe th' occaſion while I can,
Put in our hands by the good eaſy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my huſband 's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone.
One houſe contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too preſſing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conſpires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you ſhould force employ:
A rape is requiſite to ſhame-fac'd joy.
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our ſex can ſuffer what we dare not give.
What have I ſaid? for both of us 'twere beſt,
Our kindling fire if each of us ſuppreſt.
The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wandering paſſions range.
Hypſipile, and the fond Minonian maid,
Were both by truſting of their gueſts betray'd.

How

How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail; while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight:
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court:
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear.
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh, let me firſt be laid!
You boaſt the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promiſe all ſhall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I deſpiſe;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.

Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian ſhore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jaſon's flattery won:
I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
Plain honeſt hearts, like mine, ſuſpect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ſhips, about whoſe ſides loud tempeſts roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the ſhore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, conſum'd the Trojan land.
To ſecond this, old prophecies conſpire,
That Ilium ſhall be burnt with Grecian fire.
Both give me fear; nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who loſt their cauſe, revenge will take;
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt, but, ſhould I follow you,
The ſword would ſoon our fatal crime purſue.
A wrong ſo great my huſband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cauſe eſpouſe.
You boaſt your ſtrength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive ſmall credit from your face.
Let heroes in the duſty field delight,
Thoſe limbs were faſhion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector ſally from the walls of Troy;
A ſweeter quarrel ſhould your arms employ.
Yet fears like theſe ſhould not my mind perplex,
Were I as wiſe as many of my ſex.
But time and you may bolder thoughts inſpire;
And I perhaps may yield to your deſire.

You

You laſt demand a private conference;
Theſe are your words, but I can gueſs your ſenſe.
Your unripe hopes their harveſt muſt attend:
Be rul'd by me, and time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you underſtand;
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand:
My woman knows the ſecret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

EPIST. VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, the ſon of Venus and Anchiſes, having, at the deſtruction of Troy, ſaved his Gods, his father, and ſon Aſcanius, from the fire, put to ſea with twenty ſail of ſhips; and, having been long toſt with tempeſts, was at laſt caſt upon the ſhore of Libya, where queen Dido (flying from the cruelty of Pygmalion her brother, who had killed her huſband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his fleet with great civility, fell paſſionately in love with him, and in the end denied him not the laſt favours. But Mercury admoniſhing Æneas to go in ſearch of Italy, (a kingdom promiſed him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido ſoon perceived it, and having in vain tried all other means to engage him to ſtay, at laſt in deſpair writes to him as follows.

SO, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful ſwan ſings her own elegy.
Not that I hope (for, oh, that hope were vain!)
By words your loſt affection to regain:
But, having loſt whate'er was worth my care,
Why ſhould I fear to loſe a dying prayer?

'Tis then reſolv'd poor Dido muſt be left,
Of life, of honour, and of love bereft!
While you, with looſen'd ſails and vows, prepare
To ſeek a land that flies the ſearcher's care.
Nor can my riſing towers your flight reſtrain,
Nor my new empire, offer'd you in vain.
Built walls you ſhun, unbuilt you ſeek; that land
Is yet to conquer; but you this command.
Suppoſe you landed where your wiſh deſign'd,
Think what reception foreigners would find.
What people is ſo void of common ſenſe,
To vote ſucceſſion from a native prince?
Yet there new ſceptres and new loves you ſeek;
New vows to plight, and plighted vows to break.
When will your towers the height of Carthage know?
Or when your eyes diſcern ſuch crowds below?
If ſuch a town and ſubjects you could ſee,
Still would you want a wife who lov'd like me.
For, oh, I burn, like fires with incenſe bright:
Not holy tapers flame with purer light:
Æneas is my thoughts' perpetual theme;
Their daily longing, and their nightly dream.
Yet he 's ungrateful and obdurate ſtill:
Fool that I am to place my heart ſo ill!
Myſelf I cannot to myſelf reſtore;
Still I complain, and ſtill I love him more.
Have pity, Cupid, on my bleeding heart,
And pierce thy brother's with an equal dart.
I rave: nor canſt thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a ſon like thee.

From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At leaſt thou art from ſome fierce tigreſs come;
Or on rough ſeas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempeſt born:
Like that which now thy trembling ſailors fear;
Like that whoſe rage ſhould ſtill detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juſter ſide.
To winter weather and a ſtormy ſea
I 'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deſerv'ſt from heaven's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cauſe.
To ſhun my love, if thou wilt ſeek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchaſe, and a coſtly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempeſt ceaſe,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.
May all thy rage, like theirs, unconſtant prove!
And ſo it will, if there be power in love.
Know'ſt thou not yet what dangers ſhips ſuſtain?
So often wreck'd, how dar'ſt thou tempt the main?
Which were it ſmooth, were every wave aſleep,
Ten thouſand forms of death are in the deep.
In that abyſs the Gods their vengeance ſtore,
For broken vows of thoſe who falſely ſwore.
There winged ſtorms on ſea-born Venus wait,
To vindicate the juſtice of her ſtate.
Thus I to thee the means of ſafety ſhow;
And, loſt myſelf, would ſtill preſerve my foe.
Falſe as thou art, I not thy death deſign:
O rather live, to be the cauſe of mine!

Should ſome avenging ſtorm thy veſſel tear,
(But heaven forbid my words ſhould omen bear)
Then in thy face thy perjur'd vows would fly;
And my wrong'd ghoſt be preſent to thy eye.
With threatening looks think thou behold'ſt me ſtare,
Gaſping my mouth, and clotted all my hair.
Then, ſhould fork'd lightning and red thunder fall,
What could'ſt thou ſay, but, I deſerv'd 'em all?
Leſt this ſhould happen, make not haſte away;
To ſhun the danger will be worth thy ſtay.
Have pity on thy ſon, if not on me:
My death alone is guilt enough for thee.
What has his youth, what have thy Gods deſerv'd,
To ſink in ſeas, who were from fires preſerv'd?
But neither Gods nor parent didſt thou bear;
Smooth ſtories all to pleaſe a woman's ear,
Falſe as the tale of thy romantic life.
Nor yet am I thy firſt-deluded wife:
Left to purſuing foes Creüſa ſtay'd,
By thee, baſe man, forſaken and betray'd.
This, when thou told'ſt me, ſtruck my tender heart,
That ſuch requital follow'd ſuch deſert.
Nor doubt I but the Gods, for crimes like theſe,
Seven winters kept thee wandering on the ſeas.
Thy ſtarv'd companions, caſt aſhore, I fed,
Thyſelf admitted to my crown and bed.
To harbour ſtrangers, ſuccour the diſtreſt,
Was kind enough; but, oh, too kind the reſt!
Curſt be the cave which firſt my ruin brought,
Where, from the ſtorm, we common ſhelter ſought!

A dreadful howling echo'd round the place:
The mountain nymphs, thought I, my nuptials grace.
I thought ſo then, but now too late I know.
The furies yell'd my funerals from below.
O chaſtity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead huſband's name!
By death redeem my reputation loſt,
And to his arms reſtore my guilty ghoſt.
Cloſe by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his ſtatue ſtands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Laſt night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cry'd, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful ſummons hears;
But comes more ſlowly, clogg'd with conſcious fears.
Forgive the wrong I offer'd to thy bed;
Strong were his charms, who my weak faith miſled.
His Goddeſs mother, and his aged ſire
Born on his back, did to my fall conſpire.
Oh! ſuch he was, and is, that, were he true,
Without a bluſh I might his love purſue.
But cruel ſtars my birth-day did attend;
And as my fortune open'd, it muſt end.
My plighted lord was at the altar ſlain,
Whoſe wealth was made my bloody brother's gain.
Friendleſs, and follow'd by the murderer's hate,
To foreign countries I remov'd my fate;
And here, a ſuppliant, from the natives hands
I bought the ground on which my city ſtands.

With all the coaſt that ſtretches to the ſea;
Ev'n to the friendly port that ſhelter'd thee:
Then rais'd theſe walls, which mount into the air,
At once my neighbours wonder, and their fear.
For now they arm; and round me leagues are made,
My ſcarce-eſtabliſh'd empire to invade.
To man my new-built walls I muſt prepare,
An helpleſs woman, and unſkill'd in war.
Yet thouſand rivals to my love pretend;
And for my perſon would my crown defend:
Whoſe jarring votes in one complaint agree,
That each unjuſtly is diſdain'd for thee.
To proud Hyarbas give me up a prey;
(For that muſt follow, if thou goeſt away.)
Or to my huſband's murderer leave my life,
That to the huſband he may add the wife.
Go then, ſince no complaints can move thy mind:
Go, perjur'd man, but leave thy Gods behind.
Touch not thoſe Gods, by whom thou art forſworn,
Who will in impious hands no more be borne:
Thy ſacrilegious worſhip they diſdain,
And rather would the Grecian fires ſuſtain.
Perhaps my greateſt ſhame is ſtill to come,
And part of thee lies hid within my womb.
The babe unborn muſt periſh by thy hate,
And periſh guiltleſs in his mother's fate.
Some God, thou ſay'ſt, thy voyage does command;
Would the ſame God had barr'd thee from my land!
The ſame, I doubt not, thy departure ſteers,
Who kept thee out at ſea ſo many years;

While

While thy long labours were a price ſo great,
As thou to purchaſe Troy would'ſt not repeat.
But Tyber now thou ſeek'ſt, to be at reſt,
When there arriv'd, a poor precarious gueſt.
Yet it deludes thy ſearch: perhaps it will
To thy old age lie undiſcover'd ſtill.
A ready crown and wealth in dower I bring,
And, without conquering, here thou art a king.
Here thou to Carthage may'ſt transfer thy Troy:
Here young Aſcanius may his arms employ;
And, while we live ſecure in ſoft repoſe,
Bring many laurels home from conquer'd foes,
By Cupid's arrows, I adjure thee, ſtay;
By all the Gods, companions of thy way.
So may thy Trojans, who are yet alive,
Live ſtill, and with no future fortune ſtrive;
So may thy youthful ſon old age attain,
And thy dead father's bones in peace remain:
As thou haſt pity on unhappy me,
Who knew no crime, but too much love of thee.
I am not born from fierce Achilles' line,
Nor did my parents againſt Troy combine.
To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
By ſome inferior name admit my love.
To be ſecur'd of ſtill poſſeſſing thee,
What would I do, and what would I not be!
Our Libyan coaſts their certain ſeaſons know,
When free from tempeſts paſſengers may go:
But now with northern blaſts the billows roar,
And drive the floating ſea-weed to the ſhore.

Leave to my care the time to ſail away;
When ſafe, I will not ſuffer thee to ſtay.
Thy weary men would be with eaſe content;
Their ſails are tatter'd, and their maſts are ſpent.
If by no merit I thy mind can move,
What thou deny'ſt my merit, give my love.
Stay, till I learn my loſs to undergo;
And give me time to ſtruggle with my woe.
If not, know this, I will not ſuffer long;
My life 's too loathſome, and my love too ſtrong.
Death holds my pen and dictates what I ſay,
While croſs my lap the Trojan ſword I lay.
My tears flow down; the ſharp edge cuts their flood,
And drinks my ſorrows that muſt drink my blood.
How well thy gift does with my fate agree!
My funeral pomp is cheaply made by thee.
To no new wounds my boſom I diſplay:
The ſword but enters where love made the way.
But thou, dear ſiſter, and yet dearer friend,
Shalt my cold aſhes to their urn attend.
Sichæus' wife let not the marble boaſt,
I loſt that title, when my fame I loſt.
This ſhort inſcription only let it bear:
" Unhappy Dido lies in quiet here.
" The cauſe of death, and ſword by which ſhe dy'd,
" Æneas gave: the reſt her arm ſupply'd."

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

IN Cupid's ſchool whoe'er would take degree,
Muſt learn his rudiments, by reading me.
Seamen with ſailing arts their veſſels move;
Art guides the chariot: art inſtructs to love.
Of ſhips and chariots others know the rule;
But I am maſter in Love's mighty ſchool.
Cupid indeed is obſtinate and wild,
A ſtubborn God; but yet the God 's a child:
Eaſy to govern in his tender age,
Like fierce Achilles in his pupillage:
That hero, born for conqueſt, trembling ſtood
Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the rod.
As Chiron mollify'd his cruel mind
With art, and taught his warlike hands to wind
The ſilver ſtrings of his melodious lyre:
So Love's fair Goddeſs does my ſoul inſpire,
To teach her ſofter arts; to ſooth the mind,
And ſmooth the rugged breaſts of human-kind.
Yet Cupid and Achilles each with ſcorn
And rage were fill'd; and both were goddeſs-born.

The

The bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the burden draws:
The horſe receives the bit within his jaws;
And ſtubborn Love ſhall bend beneath my ſway,
Though ſtruggling oft he ſtrives to diſobey.
He ſhakes his torch, he wounds me with his darts;
But vain his force, and vainer are his arts.
The more he burns my ſoul, or wounds my ſight,
The more he teaches to revenge the ſpite.
I boaſt no aid the Delphian God affords,
Nor auſpice from the flight of chattering birds;
Nor Clio nor her ſiſters have I ſeen:
As Heſiod ſaw them on the ſhady green:
Experience makes my work; a truth ſo try'd
You may believe; and Venus be my guide.
Far hence, ye veſtals, be, who bind your hair;
And wives, who gowns below your ancles wear.
I ſing the brothels looſe and unconfin'd,
Th' unpuniſhable pleaſures of the kind;
Which all alike, for love, or money, find.
You, who in Cupid's rolls inſcribe your name,
Firſt ſeek an object worthy of your flame;
Then ſtrive, with art, your lady's mind to gain:
And laſt, provide your love may long remain.
On theſe three precepts all my work ſhall move:
Theſe are the rules and principles of love.
Before your youth with marriage is oppreſt,
Make choice of one who ſuits your humour beſt:
And ſuch a damſel drops not from the ſky;
She muſt be ſought for with a curious eye.

The

The wary angler, in the winding brook,
Knows what the fiſh, and where to bait his hook.
The fowler and the huntſman know by name
The certain haunts and harbour of their game.
So muſt the lover beat the likelieſt grounds;
Th' aſſembly where his quarry moſt abounds.
Nor ſhall my novice wander far aſtray;
Theſe rules ſhall put him in the ready way.
Thou ſhalt not ſail around the continent,
As far as Perſeus or as Paris went:
For Rome alone affords thee ſuch a ſtore,
As all the world can hardly ſhew thee more.
The face of heaven with fewer ſtars is crown'd,
Than beauties in the Roman ſphere are found.
Whether thy love is bent on blooming youth,
On dawning ſweetneſs in unartful truth;
Or courts the juicy joys of riper growth;
Here mayſt thou find thy full deſires in both.
Or if autumnal beauties pleaſe thy ſight
(An age that knows to give, and take delight);
Millions of matrons of the graver ſort,
In common prudence, will not balk the ſport.
In ſummer heats thou need'ſt but only go
To Pompey's cool and ſhady portico;
Or Concord's fane; or that proud edifice,
Whoſe turrets near the baudy ſuburb riſe;
Or to that other portico, where ſtands
The cruel father urging his commands,
And fifty daughters wait the time of reſt,
To plunge their poniards in the bridegrooms breaſt.

Or

Or Venus' temple; where, on annual nights,
They mourn Adonis with Aſſyrian rites.
Nor ſhun the Jewiſh walk, where the foul drove,
On ſabbaths, reſt from every thing but love:
Nor Iſis' temple; for that ſacred whore
Makes others, what to Jove ſhe was before.
And if the hall itſelf be not bely'd,
Ev'n there the cauſe of love is often try'd;
Near it at leaſt, or in the palace-yard,
From whence the noiſy combatants are heard.
The crafty counſellors, in formal gown,
There gain another's cauſe, but loſe their own.
There eloquence is nonpluſt in the ſuit;
And lawyers, who had words at will, are mute.
Venus, from her adjoining temple, ſmiles,
To ſee them caught in their litigious wiles.
Grave ſenators lead home the youthful dame,
Returning clients, when they patrons came.
But, above all, the play-houſe is the place;
There 's choice of quarry in that narrow chace.
There take thy ſtand, and ſharply looking out,
Soon may'ſt thou find a miſtreſs in the rout,
For length of time, or for a ſingle bout.
The theatres are berries for the fair:
Like ants on mole-hills thither they repair;
Like bees to hives, ſo numerouſly they throng;
It may be ſaid, they to that place belong.
Thither they ſwarm, who have the public voice:
There chooſe, if plenty not diſtracts thy choice.

To

To ſee, and to be ſeen, in heaps they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.
From Romulus the riſe of plays began,
To his new ſubjects a commodious man;
Who, his unmarried ſoldiers to ſupply,
Took care the commonwealth ſhould multiply:
Providing Sabine women for his braves,
Like a true king, to get a race of ſlaves.
His play-houſe not of Parian marble made,
Nor was it ſpread with purple ſails for ſhade.
The ſtage with ruſhes or with leaves they ſtrew'd;
No ſcenes in proſpect, no machining God.
On rows of homely turf they ſat to ſee,
Crown'd with the wreaths of every common tree.
There, while they ſat in ruſtic majeſty,
Each lover had his miſtreſs in his eye;
And whom he ſaw moſt ſuiting to his mind,
For joys of matrimonial rape deſign'd.
Scarce could they wait the plaudit in their haſte;
But, ere the dances and the ſong were paſt,
The monarch gave the ſignal from his throne;
And, riſing, bade his merry men fall on.
The martial crew, like ſoldiers ready preſt,
Juſt at the word (the word too was, The Beſt)
With joyful cries each other animate;
Some chooſe, and ſome at hazard ſeize their mate.
As doves from eagles, or from wolves the lambs,
So from their lawleſs lovers fly the dames.
Their fear was one, but not one face of fear;
Some rend the lovely treſſes of their hair;
Some ſhriek, and ſome are ſtruck with dumb deſpair.

Her

Her abſent mother one invokes in vain;
One ſtands amaz'd, not daring to complain;
The nimbler truſt their feet, the ſlow remain.
But nought availing, all are captives led,
Trembling and bluſhing, to the genial bed.
She who too long reſiſted, or deny'd,
The luſty lover made by force a bride;
And, with ſuperior ſtrength, compell'd her to his ſide.
Then ſooth'd her thus:—My ſoul's far better part,
Ceaſe weeping, nor afflict thy tender heart:
For what thy father to thy mother was,
That faith to thee, that ſolemn vow I paſs.
Thus Romulus became ſo popular;
This was the way to thrive in peace and war;
To pay his army, and freſh whores to bring:
Who would not fight for ſuch a gracious king?
Thus love in theatres did firſt improve;
And theatres are ſtill the ſcenes of love:
Nor ſhun the chariot's and the courſer's race;
The Circus is no inconvenient place.
No need is there of talking on the hand;
Nor nods, nor ſigns, which lovers underſtand.
But boldly next the fair your ſeat provide;
Cloſe as you can to hers, and ſide by ſide.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crouding ſit:
For ſo the laws of public ſhows permit.
Then find occaſion to begin diſcourſe;
Enquire, whoſe chariot this, and whoſe that horſe?
To whatſoever ſide ſhe is inclin'd,
Suit all your inclinations to her mind;

Like

Like what ſhe likes; from thence your court begin;
And whom ſhe favours, with that he may win.
But when the ſtatues of the Deities,
In chariots roll'd, appear before the prize;
When Venus comes, with deep devotion riſe.
If duſt be on her lap, or grains of ſand,
Bruſh both away with your officious hand.
If none be there, yet bruſh that nothing thence;
And ſtill to touch her lap make ſome pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her train
Sweep on the ground, let it not ſweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean;
And while you wipe it, with obſerving eyes,
Who knows but you may ſee her naked thighs!
Obſerve, who ſits behind her; and beware,
Leſt his incroaching knee ſhould preſs the fair.
Light ſervice takes light minds: for ſome can tell
Of favours won, by laying cuſhions well:
By fanning faces ſome their fortune meet;
And ſome by laying footſtools for their feet.
Theſe overtures of love the Circus gives;
Nor at the ſword-play leſs the lover thrives:
For there the ſon of Venus fights his prize;
And deepeſt wounds are oft receiv'd from eyes.
One, while the crowd their acclamations make,
Or while he bets, and puts his ring to ſtake,
Is ſtruck from far, and feels the flying dart;
And of the ſpectacle is made a part.
Cæſar would repreſent a naval fight,
For his own *honour*, and for Rome's delight.

From either ſea the youths and maidens come;
And all the world was then contain'd in Rome.
In this vaſt concourſe, in this choice of game,
What Roman heart but felt a foreign flame?
Once more our prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining Eaſt to Rome will add.
Rejoice, ye Roman ſoldiers, in your arms;
Your enſigns from the Parthians ſhall return;
And the ſlain Craſſi ſhall no longer mourn.
A youth is ſent thoſe trophies to demand;
And bears his father's thunder in his hand:
Doubt not th' imperial boy in wars unſeen;
In childhood all of Cæſar's race are men.
Celeſtial ſeeds ſhoot out before their day,
Prevent their years, and brook no dull delay.
Thus infant Hercules the ſnakes did preſs,
And in his cradle did his ſire confeſs.
Bacchus, a boy, yet like a hero fought,
And early ſpoils from conquer'd India brought.
Thus you your father's troops ſhall lead to fight,
And thus ſhall vanquiſh in your father's right.
Theſe rudiments you to your lineage owe;
Born to increaſe your titles, as you grow,
Brethren you had, revenge your brethren ſlain;
You have a father, and his rights maintain.
Arm'd by your country's parent and your own,
Redeem your country, and reſtore his throne.
Your enemies aſſert an impious cauſe;
You fight both for divine and human laws.

Already in their cauſe they are o'ercome:
Subject them too, by force of arms, to Rome.
Great father Mars with greater Cæſar join,
To give a proſperous omen to your line:
One of you is, and one ſhall be divine.
I propheſy you ſhall, you ſhall o'ercome:
My verſe ſhall bring you back in triumph home.
Speak in my verſe, exhort to loud alarms:
O were my numbers equal to your arms!
Then would I ſing the Parthians overthrow;
Their ſhot averſe ſent from a flying bow:
The Parthians, who already flying fight,
Already give an omen of their flight.
O when will come the day, by heaven deſign'd,
When thou, the beſt and faireſt of mankind,
Drawn by white horſes ſhalt in triumph ride,
With conquer'd ſlaves attending on thy ſide;
Slaves, that no longer can be ſafe in flight;
O glorious object, O ſurprizing ſight,
O day of public joy; too good to end in night!
On ſuch a day, if thou, and, next to thee,
Some beauty ſits, the ſpectacle to ſee:
If ſhe enquire the names of conquer'd kings,
Of mountains, rivers, and their hidden ſprings,
Anſwer to all thou know'ſt; and, if need be,
Of things unknown ſeem to ſpeak knowingly:
This is Euphrates, crown'd with reeds; and there
Flows the ſwift Tigris with his ſea-green hair.
Invent new names of things unknown before;
Call this *Armenia*, that the Caſpian ſhore;

Call this a Mede, and that a Parthian youth;
Talk probably; no matter for the truth.
In feaſts, as at our ſhows, new means abound;
More pleaſure there, than that of wine, is found.
The Paphian Goddeſs there her ambuſh lays;
And Love betwixt the horns of Bacchus plays;
Deſires increaſe at every ſwelling draught;
Briſk vapours add new vigour to the thought.
There Cupid's purple wings no flight afford;
But, wet with wine, he flutters on the board.
He ſhakes his pinions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a maudlin Love.
Wine warms the blood, and makes the ſpirits flow;
Care flies, and wrinkles from the forehead go:
Exalts the poor, invigorates the weak;
Gives mirth and laughter, and a roſy cheek.
Bold truths it ſpeaks; and ſpoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old ſimplicity again.
Love ſparkles in the cup, and fills it higher:
Wine feeds the flames, and fuel adds to fire.
But chooſe no miſtreſs in thy drunken fit;
Wine gilds too much their beauties and their wit.
Nor truſt thy judgment when the tapers dance;
But ſober, and by day, thy ſuit advance.
By day-light Paris judg'd the beauteous three;
And for the faireſt did the prize decree.
Night is a cheat, and all deformities
Are hid or leſſen'd in her dark diſguiſe.
The ſun's fair light each error will confeſs,
In face, in ſhape, in jewels, and in dreſs.

Why name I every place where youths abound?
'Tis loſs of time, and a too fruitful ground.
The Baian baths, where ſhips at anchor ride,
And wholſome ſtreams from ſulphur fountains glide;
Where wounded youths are by experience taught,
The waters are leſs healthful than they thought.
Or Dian's fane, which near the ſuburb lies,
Where prieſts, for their promotion, fight a prize.
That maiden Goddeſs is Love's mortal foe,
And much from her his ſubjects undergo.
Thus far the ſportful Muſe, with myrtle bound,
Has ſung where lovely laſſes may be found.
Now let me ſing, how ſhe who wounds your mind,
With art, may be to cure your wounds inclin'd.
Young nobles, to my laws attention lend:
And all you vulgar of my ſchool attend.
Firſt then believe, all women may be won;
Attempt with confidence, the work is done.
The graſshopper ſhall firſt forbear to ſing
In ſummer ſeaſon, or the birds in ſpring;
Than women can reſiſt your flattering ſkill:
Ev'n ſhe will yield, who ſwears ſhe never will.
To ſecret pleaſure both the ſexes move;
But women moſt, who moſt diſſemble love.
'Twere beſt for us, if they would firſt declare,
Avow their paſſion, and ſubmit to prayer.
The cow, by lowing, tells the bull her flame:
The neighing mare invites her ſtallion to the game.
Man is more temperate in his luſt than they,
And, more than women, can his paſſion ſway.

Biblis, we know, did firſt her love declare,
And had recourſe to death in her deſpair.
Her brother ſhe, her father Myrrha ſought,
And lov'd, but lov'd not as a daughter ought.
Now from a tree ſhe ſtills her odorous tears,
Which yet the name of her who ſhed them bears.
In Ida's ſhady vale a bull appear'd,
White as the ſnow, the faireſt of the herd;
A beauty-ſpot of black there only roſe,
Betwixt his equal horns and ample brows:
The love and wiſh of all the Cretan cows.
The queen beheld him as his head he rear'd;
And envy'd every leap he gave the herd.
A ſecret fire ſhe nouriſh'd in her breaſt,
And hated every heifer he careſs'd.
A ſtory known, and known for true, I tell;
Nor Crete, though lying, can the truth conceal.
She cut him graſs (ſo much can Love command);
She ſtrok'd, ſhe fed him with her royal hand:
Was pleas'd in paſtures with the herd to roam;
And Minos by the bull was overcome.
Ceaſe, queen, with gems t' adorn thy beauteous brows;
The monarch of thy heart no jewel knows.
Nor in thy glaſs compoſe thy looks and eyes:
Secure from all thy charms thy lover lies:
Yet truſt thy mirror, when it tells thee true;
Thou art no heifer to allure his view.
Soon wouldſt thou quit thy royal diadem
To thy fair rivals, to be horn'd like them.

If Minos pleaſe, no lover ſeek to find;
If not, at leaſt ſeek one of human kind.
The wretched queen the Cretan court forſakes;
In woods and wilds her habitation makes:
She curſes every beauteous cow ſhe ſees;
Ah, why doſt thou my lord and maſter pleaſe!
And think'ſt, ungrateful creature as thou art,
With friſking aukwardly, to gain his heart!
She ſaid, and ſtraight commands, with frowning look,
To put her, undeſerving, to the yoke;
Or feigns ſome holy rites of ſacrifice,
And ſees her rival's death with joyful eyes:
Then, when the bloody prieſt has done his part,
Pleas'd in her hand ſhe holds the beating heart;
Nor from a ſcornful taunt can ſcarce refrain;
Go, fool, and ſtrive to pleaſe my love again.
Now ſhe would be Europa, Io now
(One bore a bull, and one was made a cow).
Yet ſhe at laſt her brutal bliſs obtain'd,
And in a wooden cow the bull ſuſtain'd;
Fill'd with his ſeed, accompliſh'd her deſire;
Till by his form the ſon betray'd the ſire.
If Atreus' wife to inceſt had not run,
(But, ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
His courſers Phœbus had not driven away,
To ſhun that ſight, and interrupt the day.
Thy daughter, Niſus, pull'd thy purple hair,
And barking ſea-dogs yet her bowels tear.
At ſea and land Atrides ſav'd his life,
Yet fell a prey to his adulterous wife.

Who knows not what revenge Medea fought,
When the ſlain offspring bore the father's fault?
Thus Phœnix did a woman's love bewail;
And thus Hippolytus by Phædra fell.
Theſe crimes revengeful matrons did commit:
Hotter their luſt, and ſharper is their wit.
Doubt not from them an eaſy victory:
Scarce of a thouſand dames will one deny.
All women are content that men ſhould woo:
She who complains, and ſhe who will not do.
Reſt then ſecure, whate'er thy luck may prove,
Not to be hated for declaring love.
And yet how canſt thou miſs, ſince womankind
Is frail and vain, and ſtill to change inclin'd?
Old huſbands and ſtale galants they deſpiſe;
And more another's, than their own, they prize.
A larger crop adorns our neighbour's field;
More milk his kine from ſwelling udders yield.
  Firſt gain the maid: by her thou ſhalt be ſure
A free acceſs and eaſy to procure:
Who knows what to her office does belong,
Is in the ſecret, and can hold her tongue.
Bribe her with gifts, with promiſes, and prayers:
For her good word goes far in love-affairs.
The time and fit occaſion leave to her,
When ſhe moſt aptly can thy ſuit prefer.
The time for maids to fire their lady's-blood,
Is, when they find her in a merry mood;
When all things at her wiſh and pleaſure move:
Her heart is open then, and free to love.

Then

Then mirth and wantonneſs to luſt betray,
And ſmooth the paſſage to the lover's way.
Troy ſtood the ſiege, when fill'd with anxious care:
One merry fit concluded all the war.
If ſome fair rival vex her jealous mind,
Offer thy ſervice to revenge in kind.
Inſtruct the damſel while ſhe combs her hair,
To raiſe the choler of that injur'd fair;
And, ſighing, make her miſtreſs underſtand,
She has the means of vengeance in her hand:
Then, naming thee, thy humble ſuit prefer;
And ſwear thou languiſheſt and dy'ſt for her.
Then let her loſe no time, but puſh at all:
For women ſoon are raiſ'd, and ſoon they fall.
Give their firſt fury leiſure to relent,
They melt like ice, and ſuddenly repent.
T' enjoy the maid, will that thy ſuit advance!
'Tis a hard queſtion, and a doubtful chance.
One maid, corrupted, bauds the better for't;
Another for herſelf would keep the ſport.
Thy buſineſs may be further'd or delay'd:
But by my counſel, let alone the maid:
Ev'n though ſhe ſhould conſent to do the feat;
The profit 's little, and the danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged road;
But where the way lies open, ſafe, and broad.
Yet, if thou find'ſt her very much thy friend,
And her good face her diligence commend:
Let the fair miſtreſs have thy firſt embrace,
And let the maid come after in her place.

But

But this I will adviſe, and mark my words;
For 'tis the beſt advice my ſkill affords:
If needs thou with the damſel wilt begin,
Before th' attempt is made, make ſure to win:
For then the ſecret better will be kept;
And ſhe can tell no tales when once ſhe 's dipt.
'Tis for the fowler's intereſt to beware,
The bird intangled ſhould not 'ſcape the ſnare.
The fiſh, once prick'd, avoids the bearded hook,
And ſpoils the ſport of all the neighbouring brook.
But, if the wench be thine, ſhe makes thy way,
And, for thy ſake, her miſtreſs will betray;
Tell all ſhe knows, and all ſhe hears her ſay.
Keep well the counſel of thy faithful ſpy:
So ſhalt thou learn whene'er ſhe treads awry.
All things the ſtations of their ſeaſons keep;
And certain times there are to ſow and reap.
Ploughmen and ſailors for the ſeaſon ſtay,
One to plough land, and one to plough the ſea:
So ſhould the lover wait the lucky day.
Then ſtop thy ſuit, it hurts not thy deſign:
But think, another hour ſhe may be thine.
And when ſhe celebrates her birth at home,
Or when ſhe views the public ſhows of Rome,
Know, all thy viſits then are troubleſome.
Defer thy work, and put not then to ſea,
For that 's a boding and a ſtormy day.
Elſe take thy time, and, when thou canſt, begin:
To break a Jewiſh ſabbath, think no ſin:

Nor ev'n on ſuperſtitious days abſtain;
Not when the Romans were at Allia ſlain.
Ill omens in her frowns are underſtood;
When ſhe 's in humour, every day is good.
But than her birth-day ſeldom comes a worſe;
When bribes and preſents muſt be ſent of courſe;
And that 's a bloody day, that coſts thy purſe.
Be ſtanch; yet parſimony will be vain:
The craving ſex will ſtill the lover drain.
No ſkill can ſhift them off, nor art remove;
They will be begging, when they know we love.
The merchant comes upon th' appointed day,
Who ſhall before thy face his wares diſplay.
To chooſe for her ſhe craves thy kind advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the price:
But when ſhe has her purchaſe in her eye,
She hugs thee cloſe, and kiſſes thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a pen'orth too;
In many years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready coin;
No matter, 'tis but writing of a line,
A little bill, not to be paid at ſight;
Now curſe the time when thou wert taught to write.
She keeps her birth-day; you muſt ſend the chear;
And ſhe 'll be born a hundred times a year.
With daily lies ſhe dribs thee into coſt;
That ear-ring dropt a ſtone, that ring is loſt.
They often borrow what they never pay;
Whate'er you lend her, think it thrown away.

Had

Had I ten mouths and tongues to tell each art,
All would be wearied ere I told a part.
By letters, not by words, thy love begin;
And ford the dangerous paſſage with thy pen.
If to her heart thou aim'ſt to find the way,
Extremely flatter, and extremely pray.
Priam by prayers did Hector's body gain;
Nor is an angry God invok'd in vain.
With promis'd gifts her eaſy mind bewitch;
For ev'n the poor in promiſe may be rich.
Vain hopes awhile her appetite will ſtay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is mad; but make her ſtill believe
'Twill come, and that 's the cheapeſt way to give.
Ev'n barren lands fair promiſes afford;
But the lean harveſt cheats the ſtarving lord.
Buy not thy firſt enjoyment, leſt it prove
Of bad example to thy future love:
But get it gratis; and ſhe 'll give thee more,
For fear of loſing what ſhe gave before.
The loſing gameſter ſhakes the box in vain,
And bleeds, and loſes on, in hopes to gain.
Write then, and in thy letter, as I ſaid,
Let her with mighty promiſes be fed.
Cydippe by a letter was betray'd,
Writ on an apple to th' unwary maid.
She read herſelf into a marriage-vow
(And every cheat in love the Gods allow).
Learn eloquence, ye noble youth of Rome;
It will not only at the bar o'ercome:

Some

Sweet words the people and the ſenate move;
But the chief end of eloquence is love.
But in thy letter hide thy moving arts;
Affect not to be thought a man of parts.
None but vain fools to ſimple women preach:
A learned letter oft has made a breach.
In a familiar ſtile your thoughts convey,
And write ſuch things as preſent you would ſay;
Such words as from the heart may ſeem to move:
'Tis wit enough, to make her think you love.
If ſeal'd ſhe ſends it back, and will not read,
Yet hope, in time, the buſineſs may ſucceed.
In time the ſteer will to the yoke ſubmit;
In time the reſtiff horſe will bear the bit.
Ev'n the hard plough-ſhare uſe will wear away;
And ſtubborn ſteel in length of time decay.
Water is ſoft, and marble hard; and yet
We ſee ſoft water through hard marble eat.
Though late, yet Troy at length in flames expir'd;
And ten years more Penelope had tir'd.
Perhaps thy lines unanſwer'd ſhe retain'd;
No matter; there 's a point already gain'd:
For ſhe, who reads, in time will anſwer too;
Things muſt be left by juſt degrees to grow.
Perhaps ſhe writes, but anſwers with diſdain,
And ſharply bids you not to write again:
What ſhe requires, ſhe fears you ſhould accord;
The jilt would not be taken at her word.
Meantime, if ſhe be carried in her chair,
Approach, but do not ſeem to know ſhe 's there.

Speak

Speak ſoftly to delude the ſtanders-by;
Or, if aloud, then ſpeak ambiguouſly.
If fauntering in the portico ſhe walk,
Move ſlowly too; for that 's a time for talk:
And ſometimes follow, ſometimes be her guide:
But, when the crowd permits, go ſide by ſide.
Nor in the play-houſe let her ſit alone:
For ſhe 's the play-houſe and the play in one.
There thou mayſt ogle, or by ſigns advance
Thy ſuit, and ſeem to touch her hand by chance.
Admire the dancer who her liking gains,
And pity in the play the lover's pains;
For her ſweet ſake the loſs of time deſpiſe;
Sit while ſhe ſits, and when ſhe riſes riſe.
But dreſs not like a fop, nor curl your hair,
Nor with a pumice make your body bare.
Leave thoſe effeminate and uſeleſs toys
To eunuchs, who can give no ſolid joys.
Neglect becomes a man: this Theſeus found:
Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the nymph his wiſhes crown'd.
The rough Hippolytus was Phædra's care:
And Venus thought the rude Adonis fair.
Be not too finical; but yet be clean:
And wear well-faſhion'd cloaths, like other men.
Let not your teeth be yellow, or be foul;
Nor in wide ſhoes your feet too looſely roll.
Of a black muzzle, and long beard, beware;
And let a ſkilful barber cut your hair.
Your nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
Nor let your naſty noſtrils bud with beard.

C

Cure your unſavory breath, gargle your throat;
And free your armpits from the ram and goat.
Dreſs not, in ſhort, too little or too much;
And be not wholly French, nor wholly Dutch.
Now Bacchus calls me to his jolly rites:
Who would not follow, when a God invites?
He helps the poet, and his pen inſpires,
Kind and indulgent to his former fires.
Fair Ariadne wander'd on the ſhore,
Forſaken now; and Theſeus lov'd no more:
Looſe was her gown, diſhevel'd was her hair;
Her boſom naked, and her feet were bare:
Exclaiming, on the water's brink ſhe ſtood;
Her briny tears augment the briny flood.
She ſhriek'd, and wept, and both became her face:
No poſture could that heavenly form diſgrace.
She beat her breaſt: The traitor 's gone, ſaid ſhe;
What ſhall become of poor forſaken me?
What ſhall become—ſhe had not time for more,
The ſounding cymbals rattled on the ſhore.
She ſwoons for fear, ſhe falls upon the ground;
No vital heat was in her body found.
The Mimallonian dames about her ſtood;
And ſcudding Satyrs ran before their God.
Silenus on his aſs did next appear,
And held upon the mane (the God was clear);
The drunken ſire purſues, the dames retire;
Sometimes the drunken dames purſue the drunken ſire.
At laſt he topples over on the plain;
The Satyrs laugh, and bid him riſe again.

And

And now the God of Wine came driving on,
High on his chariot by ſwift tigers drawn.
Her colour, voice, and ſenſe, forſook the fair;
Thrice did her trembling feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She ſhook, like leaves of corn when tempeſts blow,
Or ſlender reeds that in the marſhes grow.
To whom the God: Compoſe thy fearful mind;
In me a truer huſband thou ſhalt find.
With heaven I will endow thee, and thy ſtar
Shall with propitious light be ſeen afar,
And guide on ſeas the doubtful mariner.
He ſaid, and, from his chariot leaping light,
Left the grim tigers ſhould the nymph affright,
His brawny arms around her waiſt he threw
(For Gods, whate'er they will, with eaſe can do):
And ſwiftly bore her thence: th' attending throng
Shout at the ſight, and ſing the nuptial ſong.
Now in full bowls her ſorrow ſhe may ſteep:
The bridegroom's liquor lays the bride aſleep.
But thou, when flowing cups in triumph ride,
And the lov'd nymph is ſeated by thy ſide;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers,
That wine may not defraud thy genial hours.
Then in ambiguous words thy ſuit prefer,
Which ſhe may know were all addreſt to her.
In liquid purple letters write her name,
Which ſhe may read, and reading find the flame.
Then may your eyes confeſs your mutual fires
(For eyes have tongues, and glances tell deſires).

Whene'er

Whene'er ſhe drinks, be firſt to take the cup;
And, where ſhe laid her lips, the bleſſing ſup.
When ſhe to carving does her hand advance,
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy ſervice ev'n her huſband muſt attend
(A huſband is a moſt convenient friend).
Seat the fool cuckold in the higheſt place:
And with thy garland his dull temples grace.
Whether below or equal in degree,
Let him be lord of all the company,
And what he ſays, be ſeconded by thee.
'Tis common to deceive through friendſhip's name:
But, common though it be, 'tis ſtill to blame:
Thus factors frequently their truſt betray,
And to themſelves their maſters' gains convey.
Drink to a certain pitch, and then give o'er;
Thy tongue and feet may ſtumble, drinking more.
Of drunken quarrels in her ſight beware;
Pot-valour only ſerves to fright the fair.
Eurytion juſtly fell, by wine oppreſt,
For his rude riot at a wedding-feaſt.
Sing, if you have a voice; and ſhew your parts
In dancing, if indued with dancing arts.
Do any thing within your power to pleaſe;
Nay, ev'n affect a ſeeming drunkenneſs;
Clip every word; and if by chance you ſpeak
Too home, or if too broad a jeſt you break,
In your excuſe the company will join,
And lay the fault upon the force of wine.

True drunkenneſs is ſubject to offend;
But when 'tis feign'd 'tis oft a lover's friend.
Then ſafely may you praiſe her beauteous face,
And call him happy, who is in her grace.
Her huſband thinks himſelf the man deſign'd;
But curſe the cuckold in your ſecret mind.
When all are riſen, and prepare to go,
Mix with the croud, and tread upon her toe.
This is the proper time to make thy court;
For now ſhe 's in the vein, and fit for ſport.
Lay baſhfulneſs, that ruſtic virtue, by;
To manly confidence thy thoughts apply.
On fortune's foretop timely fix thy hold;
Now ſpeak and ſpeed, for Venus loves the bold.
No rules of rhetoric here I need afford:
Only begin, and truſt the following word;
It will be witty of its own accord.

Act well the lover; let thy ſpeech abound
In dying words, that repreſent thy wound:
Diſtruſt not her belief; ſhe will be mov'd;
All women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a man begins to love in jeſt,
And, after, feels the torment he profeſt.
For your own ſakes be pitiful, ye fair;
For a feign'd paſſion may a true prepare.
By flatteries we prevail on womankind;
As hollow banks by ſtreams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her face is fair, her eyes are ſweet:
Her taper fingers praiſe, and little feet.

Such praiſes ev'n the chaſte are pleas'd to hear;
Both maids and matrons hold their beauty dear.
Once naked Pallas with Jove's queen appear'd;
And ſtill they grieve that Venus was preferr'd.
Praiſe the proud peacock, and he ſpreads his train:
Be ſilent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the courſer in his rapid race;
Applaud his running, and he mends his pace.
But largely promiſe, and devoutly ſwear;
And, if need be, call every God to hear.
Jove ſits above, forgiving with a ſmile
The perjuries that eaſy maids beguile.
He ſwore to Juno by the Stygian lake:
Forſworn, he dares not an example make,
Or puniſh falſehood, for his own dear ſake.
'Tis for our intereſt that the Gods ſhould be;
Let us believe them: I believe, they ſee,
And both reward and puniſh equally.
Not that they live above, like lazy drones,
Or kings below, ſupine upon their thrones.
Lead then your lives as preſent in their ſight;
Be juſt in dealings, and defend the right;
By fraud betray not, nor oppreſs by might.
But 'tis a venial ſin to cheat the fair;
All men have liberty of conſcience there.
On cheating nymphs a cheat is well deſign'd;
'Tis a profane and a deceitful kind.
'Tis ſaid, that Ægypt for nine years was dry,
Nor Nile did floods, nor heaven did rain ſupply.

A foreigner at length inform'd the king,
That ſlaughter'd gueſts would kindly moiſture bring.
The king reply'd: On thee the lot ſhall fall;
Be thou, my gueſt, the ſacrifice for all.
Thus Phalaris Perillus taught to low,
And made him ſeaſon firſt the brazen cow.
A rightful doom, the laws of nature cry,
'Tis, the artificers of death ſhould die.
Thus juſtly women ſuffer by deceit;
Their practice authorizes us to cheat.
Beg her, with tears, thy warm deſires to grant;
For tears will pierce a heart of adamant.
If tears will not be ſqueez'd, then rub your eye,
Or 'noint the lids, and ſeem at leaſt to cry.
Kiſs, if you can: reſiſtance if ſhe make,
And will not give you kiſſes, let her take.
Fy, fy, you naughty man! are words of courſe;
She ſtruggles but to be ſubdued by force.
Kiſs only ſoft, I charge you, and beware,
With your hard briſtles not to bruſh the fair.
He who has gain'd a kiſs, and gains no more,
Deſerves to loſe the bliſs he got before.
If once ſhe kiſs, her meaning is expreſt;
There wants but little puſhing for the reſt:
Which if thou doſt not gain, by ſtrength or art,
The name of clown then ſuits with thy deſert;
'Tis downright dulneſs, and a ſhameful part.
Perhaps, ſhe calls it force; but, if ſhe 'ſcape,
She will not thank you for th' omitted rape.

The

The ſex is cunning to conceal their fires;
They would be forc'd ev'n to their own deſires.
They ſeem t' accuſe you, with a downcaſt ſight;
But in their ſouls confeſs you did them right.
Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
Thank with their tongues, but curſe you with their heart.
Fair Phœbe and her ſiſter did prefer
To their dull mates the noble raviſher.
What Deidamio did, in days of yore,
The tale is old, but worth the reading o'er.
When Venus had the golden apple gain'd,
And the juſt judge fair Helen had obtain'd:
When ſhe with triumph was at Troy receiv'd,
The Trojans joyful, while the Grecians griev'd;
They vow'd revenge of violated laws,
And Greece was arming in the cuckold's cauſe:
Achilles, by his mother warn'd from war,
Diſguis'd his ſex, and lurk'd among the fair.
What! means Æacides to ſpin and ſew?
With ſpear and ſword in field thy valour ſhew;
And, leaving this, the nobler Pallas know.
Why doſt thou in that hand the diſtaff wield,
Which is more worthy to ſuſtain the ſhield?
Or with that other draw the woolly twine,
The ſame the Fates for Hector's thread aſſign?
Brandiſh thy falchion in thy powerful hand,
Which can alone the ponderous lance command.
In the ſame room by chance the royal maid
Was lodg'd, and, by his ſeeming ſex betray'd,
Cloſe to her ſide the youthful hero laid.

I know not how his courtſhip he began;
But, to her coſt, ſhe found it was a man.
'Tis thought ſhe ſtruggled; but withal 'tis thought,
Her wiſh was to be conquer'd, when ſhe fought.
For when, diſclos'd, and haſtening to the field,
He laid his diſtaff down, and took the ſhield,
With tears her humble ſuit ſhe did prefer,
And thought to ſtay the grateful raviſher.
She ſighs, ſhe ſobs, ſhe begs him not to part:
And now 'tis nature, what before was art.
She ſtrives by force her lover to detain,
And wiſhes to be raviſh'd once again.
This is the ſex; they will not firſt begin,
But, when compell'd, are pleas'd to ſuffer ſin.
Is there, who thinks that women firſt ſhould woo?
Lay by thy ſelf-conceit, thou fooliſh beau.
Begin, and ſave their modeſty the ſhame;
'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy flame.
'Tis decent for a man to ſpeak his mind;
They but expect th' occaſion to be kind.
Aſk, that thou may'ſt enjoy; ſhe waits for this;
And on thy firſt advance depends thy bliſs.
Ev'n Jove himſelf was forc'd to ſue for love;
None of the nymphs did firſt ſolicit Jove.
But if you find your prayers increaſe her pride,
Strike ſail awhile, and wait another tide.
They fly when we purſue; but make delay,
And, when they ſee you ſlacken, they will ſtay.
Sometimes it profits to conceal your end;
Name not yourſelf her lover, but her friend.

Her

How many Grecian girls have thus been caught!
He prov'd a lover, who a friend was thought.
Sailors by ſun and wind are ſwarthy made;
A tann'd complexion beſt becomes their trade.
'Tis a diſgrace for ploughmen to be fair;
Bluff cheeks they have, and weather-beaten hair.
Th' ambitious youth, who ſeeks an olive crown,
Is ſun-burnt with his daily toil, and brown.
But if the lover hopes to be in grace,
Wan be his looks, and meagre be his face.
That colour from the fair compaſſion draws:
She thinks you ſick, and thinks herſelf the cauſe.
Orion wander'd in the woods for love:
His paleneſs did the nymphs to pity move;
His ghaſtly viſage argued hidden love.
Nor fail a night-cap, in full health, to wear;
Neglect thy dreſs, and diſcompoſe thy hair.
All things are decent, that in love are ill:
Read long by night, and ſtudy to be pale:
Forſake your food, refuſe your needful reſt;
Be miſerable, that you may be bleſt.
Shall I complain, or ſhall I warn you moſt?
Faith, truth, and friendſhip, in the world are loſt;
A little and an empty name they boaſt.
'Truſt not thy friend, much leſs thy miſtreſs praiſe;
If he believe, thou may'ſt a rival raiſe.
'Tis true, Patroclus, by no luſt miſled,
Sought not to ſtain his dear companion's bed.
Nor Pylades Hermione embrac'd;
Ev'n Phædra to Pirithous ſtill was chaſte.

But hope not thou, in this vile age, to find
Thoſe rare examples of a faithful mind.
The ſea ſhall ſooner with ſweet honey flow;
Or from the furzes pears and apples grow.
We ſin with guſt, we love by fraud to gain;
And find a pleaſure in our fellow's pain.
From rival foes you may the fair defend;
But, would you ward the blow, beware your friend:
Beware your brother, and your next of kin;
But from your boſom-friend your cares begin.
Here I had ended, but experience finds,
That ſundry women are of ſundry minds;
With various crotchets fill'd, and hard to pleaſe:
They therefore muſt be caught by various ways.
All things are not produc'd in any ſoil;
This ground for wine is proper, that for oil.
So 'tis in men, but more in womankind:
Different in face, in manners, and in mind:
But wiſe men ſhift their ſails with every wind:
As changeful Proteus vary'd oft his ſhape,
And did in ſundry forms and figures 'ſcape;
A running ſtream, a ſtanding tree became,
A roaring lion, or a bleating lamb.
Some fiſh with harpoons, ſome with darts are ſtruck,
Some drawn with nets, ſome hang upon the hook:
So turn thyſelf; and, imitating them,
Try ſeveral tricks, and change thy ſtratagem.
One rule will not for different ages hold;
The jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.

Then talk not bawdy to the baſhful maid;
Broad words will make her innocence afraid.
Nor to an ignorant girl of learning ſpeak;
She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek.
And hence 'tis often ſeen, the ſimple ſhun
The learn'd, and into vile embraces run.
Part of my taſk is done, and part to do:
But here 'tis time to reſt myſelf and you.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt craves vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague among the Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon, why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore Chryſeis, with gifts, that he might appeaſe the

wrath

wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same time, to reven
himself on Achilles, sends to seize his slave Brise
Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Th
tis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only
the general, but on all the army, by giving victo
to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became sensi
of his injustice. At the same time, he retires from
camp into his ships, and withdraws his aid from
countrymen. Thetis prefers her son's petition to Ju
ter, who grants her suit. Juno suspects her erra
and quarrels with her husband for his grant;
Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nect
and sends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' son, O Muse, resound;
Whose dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were sent, in early youth, to shades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the sovereign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when strife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like son.

What Power provok'd, and for what cause relate,
Sow'd, in their breasts, the seeds of stern debate:
Jove's and Latona's son his wrath express'd,
In vengeance of his violated priest,
Against the king of men; who, swoln with pride,
Refus'd his presents, and his prayers deny'd.
For this the God a swift contagion spread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.

For venerable Chryſes came to buy,
ith gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
ppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
vful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
re was his hoary head; one holy hand
ld forth his laurel crown, and one his ſceptre of command.
s ſuit was common; but above the reſt,
both the brother-princes thus addreſs'd:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Grecian powers,
may the Gods who dwell in heavenly bowers
ceed your ſiege, accord the vows you make,
d give you Troy's imperial town to take;
by their happy conduct, may you come
ith conqueſt back to your ſweet native home;
you receive the ranſom which I bring
eſpecting Jove, and the far-ſhooting king),
d break my daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
d glad with her return her grieving ſire.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
take the gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
e king of men alone with fury burn'd;
d, haughty, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
nce, holy dotard, and avoid my ſight,
: evil intercept thy tardy flight:
r dare to tread this interdicted ſtrand,
t not that idle ſceptre in thy hand,
r thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withſtand.
nce, on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
hom not for price or prayers I will reſign:

Mine

Mine ſhe ſhall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
And, having firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:
This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native home.
He ſaid: the helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more,
But ſped his ſteps along the hoarſe reſounding ſhore:
Silent he fled; ſecure at length he ſtood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God:
O ſource of ſacred light, attend my prayer,
God with the ſilver bow and golden hair;
Whom Chryſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whoſe broad eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my juſt revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
How much thy power is injur'd in thy prieſt.
He pray'd, and Phœbus, hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters ſent:

The

Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with funeral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heavens awful ſceptre in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,
And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watery plains,
And, wandering homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our ſpoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come foreknew.

Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian powers to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Powers above;
Wouldſt thou the ſeeds deep-ſown of miſchief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs powers of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſovereigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n though th' offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,
Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted power
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without control.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,

ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
ich thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
ıot the king of men that all commands.
this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
:catomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
:eeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
l for vengeance from the bowyer King;
: the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
ıts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
:ps the damſels captive in his chain,
reſents are refus'd, and prayers preferr'd in vain.
is th' avenging Power employs his darts;
mpties all his quiver in our hearts;
will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
ıe fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
anſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
he, perhaps, aton'd by prayer, may ceaſe
ngeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.
ıs having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
:ing from his throne, the king of men,
:aſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the ſire:
of ill, whoſe tongue was never found
ut a prieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
t one bleſs'd event foretold to me
through that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
ow thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
ctice harden'd in thy ſlandering trade.

Obtending heaven, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputtering under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſovereign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my nuptial bower.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private intereſt ought not to be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.

To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in power, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, though largely-ſoul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Which

Which to reſume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be borne but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conquering Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large intereſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Though thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Control'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſovereign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim: and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of prayer.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee:

Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my priſoner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree,
To puniſh thy affronting heaven, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought;
By common ſuffrage given, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.

Though

Though mine are firſt in fight, to force the prey;
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee the much the Grecians give;
Nor murmuring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldſt ingroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the public ſcorn.
The king, whoſe brows with ſhining gold were bound,
Who ſaw his throne with ſcepter'd ſlaves encompaſs'd round,
Thus anſwer'd ſtern: Go, at thy pleaſure, go:
We need not ſuch a friend, nor fear we ſuch a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will aſſiſt, and Jove aſſert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art leaſt at my command, and moſt my foe.
Debates, diſſenſions, uproars, are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to deſtroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boaſt alone;
At leaſt 'tis lent from heaven; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; ſince I muſt reſign
My black-ey'd maid, to pleaſe the Powers divine:
(A well-rigg'd veſſel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)

The ſhip ſhall waft her to her wiſh'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-ſhooting God.
This thus diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy deſpight,
This hand ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
Briſeis ſhall be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What odds of awful power I have on thee:
That others at thy coſt may learn the difference of degree.

At this th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
His heart impetuous in his boſom boil'd.
And, juſtled by two tides of equal ſway,
Stood, for a while, ſuſpended in his way.
Betwixt his reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
One whiſper'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counſel'd to the ſafer ſide;
This to the ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpuniſh'd to ſupport th' affront was hard:
Nor eaſy was th' attempt to force the guard.
But ſoon the thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half ſhone his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.

In that nice moment, Pallas, from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Deſcended ſwift (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both):
Juſt as in act he ſtood, in clouds inſhrin'd,
Her hand ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
To him, and him alone, confeſs'd in view.

Tam'd

Tam'd by ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghaſt at firſt, and ſtupid with ſurprize:
But by her ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus beſpoke:
Com'ſt thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reaſon will reſume her ſovereign ſway,
And, ſent by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal ſhe loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
And ceaſe contention; be thy words ſevere,
Sharp as he merits: but the ſword forbear.
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:
When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.
The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heaven's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their Powers, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.
Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.
At her departure his diſdain return'd
The fire ſhe fann'd, with greater fury burn'd;

Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Daſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preaſe,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary power,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſceptre, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch ſh
bear,
Torn from the tree, and given by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no prayer perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conquering arms, with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſceptre threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
[And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.]

But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reaſoning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;
And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; ſtill in council great.
What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private intereſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold again.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands,
When ſalvage beaſts, and men's more ſalvage bands,
Their virtuous toil ſubdued: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With powerful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.
If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminiſh'd name,
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſovereign ſway
Beyond the bounds free ſubjects can obey:

But

But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor thou, brave champion, with his power contend,
Before whoſe throne, ev'n k ings their lower'd ſcepters bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Power, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their ſource;
Command thyſelf, whom no commands can force.
The ſon of Thetis, rampire of our hoſt,
Is worth our care to keep; nor ſhall my prayers be loſt.
Thus Neſtor ſaid, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His ſilence next; but ponder'd ere he ſpoke.
Wiſe are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial ſway.
Controling kings, and trampling on our ſtate,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have given him ſtrength: but whence the ſtile
Of lawleſs power aſſum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him ſhort; and thus reply'd:
My worth, allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, poſſeſs'd with fear,
Such haughty inſolence can tamely bear?
Command thy ſlaves: my freeborn ſoul diſdains
A tyrant's curb; and reſtiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no diſpute ſhall riſe
(Though mine the woman) for my raviſh'd prize:

But

But ſhe excepted, as unworthy ſtrife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch aught of mine beſide, by lot my due,
But ſtand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, elſe, not hitherto withſtood,
Theſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.
He ſaid; and roſe the firſt: the council broke;
And all their grave conſults diſſolv'd in ſmoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd ſilent to his tent.
Meantime, the king with gifts a veſſel ſtores;
Supplies the banks with twenty choſen oars:
And next, to reconcile the ſhooter God,
Within her hollow ſides the ſacrifice he ſtow'd:
Chryſeis laſt was ſet on board; whoſe hand
Ulyſſes took, intruſted with command:
They plow the liquid ſeas, and leave the leſſening land.
Atrides then, his outward zeal to boaſt,
Bade purify the ſin-polluted hoſt.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whoſe offer'd entrails in the main were caſt.
Black bulls and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of ſavory ſtench involve the ſky.
Theſe pomps the royal hypocrite deſign'd
For ſhew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length diſcover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the juſt,
Heralds of arms, and miniſters of truſt,

He

He call'd, and thus beſpoke: Haſte hence your way;
And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come,
To vindicate his power, and juſtify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſalians lay.
Their ſovereign ſeated on his chair, they find;
His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he ſaw them entering in
Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen.
He ſoon, the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontrol'd,
Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.
But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifeſt: that never more
This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
No, let the Grecian powers, oppreſs'd in fight,
Unpity'd periſh in their tyrant's ſight.

Blind

of the future, and by rage miſled,
ls his crimes upon his people's head.
from the field in trenches to contend,
s inſulted camp from foes defend.
; and ſoon obeying his intent,
us brought Briſeis from her tent;
o th intruſted meſſengers reſign'd:
pt, and often caſt her eyes behind:
from the man ſhe lov'd: they led her thence,
the ſhore, a priſoner to their prince.
on the barren ſands the ſuffering chief
out for anguiſh, and indulg'd his grief.
his kindred ſeas a ſtormy look,
upbraided mother thus beſpoke:
ppy parent of a ſhort-liv'd ſon,
ve in pity by thy prayers was won
e my ſmall remains of breath with fame,
ads he this imbitter'd life with ſhame?
g his king of men to force my ſlave,
well deſerv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
old Ocean's ſide the Goddeſs heard;
om the ſacred deep her head ſhe rear'd:
e a morning-miſt; and thus begun
the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon.
es my Care, and why conceals his ſmart?
afflicted parent ſhare her part.
ſighing from the bottom of his breaſt,
ea-Goddeſs thus the Goddeſs-born addreſs'd:
ow'ſt my pain, which telling but recals
of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The

The ranſack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden ſpoils;
Equal we ſhar'd them; but before the reſt,
The proud Prerogative had ſeiz'd the beſt.
Chryſeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her ſire, Apollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his ſceptre of command.
His ſuit was common, but above the reſt
To both the brother-princes was addreſs'd.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to ſet the priſoner free.
Not ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heavenly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held ſo dear;
In an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
And heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
A ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
The ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,

The

The God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common ſuffrage given; but, thou, be won,
If in thy power, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:
Aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
Thy juſt complains, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
Thy power was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heaven, but mortal men below
By his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
Twice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſate above
Aſſeſſor to the throne of thundering Jove.)
The gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp incloſe;

Ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
And what their king deſerves, with him partake.
That the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
May learn the value of the man he loſt.
To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:
Ah, wretched me! by Fates averſe, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heaven not otherwiſe ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet ſheds his poiſonous rays
And ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heaven I will aſcend,
And at the Thunderer's throne thy ſuit commend.
Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight;
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heaven with Jove
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heaven my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.

Meantime with proſperous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where entering with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire:

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with prayer;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.

He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God:

God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my prayer haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians and their prince preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.

But from th' afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and, conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.
Now when the ſolemn rites of prayer were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd-off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd;
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſe
With ſavory meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.
Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd,
The firſt libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring.
With hymns and pæans to the bowyer king.
At ſun-ſet to their ſhip they make return,
And ſnore ſecure on decks, till roſy morn.
The ſkies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with labouring oars they leave the ſhore:

The Power appeas'd, with winds ſuffic'd the ſail,
The bellying canvas ſtrutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with ſurly pride,
And preſs againſt the ſides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held:
Then hauling on the ſtrand their galley moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked ſhore.
Meantime the Goddeſs-born in ſecret pin'd;
Nor viſited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But, keeping cloſe, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wiſh'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppreſs'd in fight to hear the dying ſounds.
Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place.
Jove at their head aſcending from the ſea,
A ſhoal of puny Powers attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her ſon,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Purſued their track; and waken'd from his reſt,
Before the ſovereign ſtood a morning gueſt.
Him in the circle, but apart, ſhe found:
The reſt at awful diſtance ſtood around.
She bow'd, and ere ſhe durſt her ſuit begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin.
Then thus: If I, celeſtial ſire, in ought
Have ſerv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,

One glimpſe of glory to my iſſue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Diſhonour'd by the king of men he ſtands:
His rightful prize is raviſh'd from his hands.
But thou, O father, in my ſon's defence,
Aſſume thy power, aſſert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the conſidering God was mute:
Till ſhe, reſolv'd to win, renew'd her ſuit:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny:
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face.
That I, of all the Gods, am leaſt in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And, ſighing firſt, this anſwer he return'd:
Know'ſt thou what clamours will diſturb my reign,
What my ſtunn'd ears from Juno muſt ſuſtain?
In council ſhe gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now ſhe will my partial power upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid.
But thou depart, and ſhun her jealous ſight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When, nodding to thy ſuit, he bows the ſky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The ſign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The ſtamp of heaven, and ſeal of fate. He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head.

With terror trembled heaven's ſubſiding hill:
And from his ſhaken curls ambroſial dews diſtil.
The Goddeſs goes exulting from his ſight,
And ſeeks the ſeas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Powers reſort,
Each from his houſe to fill the ſovereign's court.
Nor waiting ſummons, nor expecting ſtood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But ſullen diſcontent ſate lowering on her face.
With jealous eyes, at diſtance ſhe had ſeen,
Whiſpering with Jove, the ſilver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her ſilence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone ſhe ſpoke.
Author of ills, and cloſe contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what proſtitute of love,
Has held thy ear ſo long, and begg'd ſo hard,
For ſome old ſervice done, ſome new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that 's your ſpecial care,
The conſort never muſt the council ſhare.
One gracious word is for a wife too much;
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is ſuch.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddeſſes are women: and no wife
Has power to regulate her huſband's life:
Counſel ſhe may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge firſt, of what is fit to hear.

What I tranſact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor preſs too near the throne.
To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes,
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common ſight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians' coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.
To whom the Thunderer made this ſtern reply;
My houſhold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye!
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.
Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my ſight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worſe for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand againſt Omnipotence.
This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear;
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the Gods, abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſovereign's look.

The

The limping Smith obſerv'd the ſadden'd feaſt,
And hopping here and there, (himſelf a jeſt)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obſequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heaven will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleaſure will for mortals jar?
Such diſcord but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
One grain of bad, embitters all the beſt.
Mother, though wiſe yourſelf, my counſel weigh;
'Tis much unſafe my ſire to diſobey.
Not only you provoke him to your coſt,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is loſt.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has power
To throw you headlong, from his heavenly tower.
But one ſubmiſſive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good-humour with us all.
He ſaid no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus purſued,
This curſed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient ſtill;
Though griev'd, yet ſubject to her huſband's will.
I would not ſee you beaten; yet, afraid
Of Jove's ſuperior force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
When I and all the Gods employ'd our power
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heaven's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell: my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting ſun.

Pitch'd

Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal'd
wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
And ſmiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude ſkinker ſtill reſtor'd.
Loud fits of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
The limping God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
The feaſt continued till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 't
night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muſes ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
Each to his houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thundering God
Ev'n he withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
His ſwimming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his ſide.

The LAST PARTING of HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to visit Helen his sister-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unsuccessfully hand in hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to see his wife Andromache, and his infant son Astyanax. The description of that interview is the subject of this translation.

THUS having said, brave Hector went to see
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for she was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant son,
To climb the steepy tower of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, she might survey
The bloody business of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes she cast around the plain,
And sought the lord of her desires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When she, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and ask'd of every one,
Which way she took, and whither she was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long procession to Minerva's fane?

The

The ſervants anſwer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's ſons and daughters did reſort,
Nor to the temple was ſhe gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;
But, more ſolicitous for him alone,
Than all their ſafety, to the tower was gone,
There to ſurvey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly ſhe paſs'd, with fear and fury wild;
The nurſe went lagging after with the child.
This heard, the noble Hector made no ſtay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He paſs'd through every ſtreet, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.
His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dower Cilicia's crown,
And, in herſelf, a greater dower alone:
Aetion's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with joy and paſſion wild;
The nurſe came lagging after with her child.
The royal babe upon her breaſt was laid;
Who, like the morning ſtar, his beams diſplay'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Aſtyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.
Hector beheld him with a ſilent ſmile:
His tender wife ſtood weeping by the while:

Preſs'd

d in her own, his warlike hand ſhe took,
ſigh'd, and thus prophetically ſpoke:
y dauntleſs heart (which I foreſee too late)
aring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
oft thou pity, with a parent's mind,
ielpleſs orphan, whom thou leav'ſt behind;
ie, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
muſt in triumph by the Greeks be led:
ſeek thy life, and, in unequal fight
nany, will oppreſs thy ſingle might:
it were for miſerable me
:, before the fate which I foreſee.
l what comfort can the world bequeath
:ctor's widow, after Hector's death?
nal ſorrow and perpetual tears
my youth, and will conclude my years:
no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
n Achilles all of life bereft.
when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
al hand my royal father ſlew;
v Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
his hate the funeral rites forgot;
as he was he ſent him whole below,
:verenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
b he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
d with planted elms the holy ground.
ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
th's dark manſions took the mournful way;
y the ſame Achilles, while they keep
llowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.

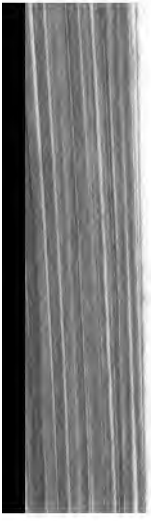
My mother, who the royal ſceptre ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace transfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſty plain;
But in this tower, for our defence, remain.
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.
By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief aſcent,
And thither all their powers are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often ſeen,
And the wrong'd huſband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with theſe
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury or chance,
But by this eaſy riſe they all advance;
Guard well that paſs, ſecure of all beſide.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the reſt are in my daily care;
But ſhould I ſhun the dangers of the war,
With ſcorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their ſweeping trains.

The

The Grecian ſwords and lances I can bear:
But loſs of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forſake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And ſtill have been the foremoſt in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with ſure preſage,
That Troy ſhall periſh by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I muſt fall;
And univerſal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itſelf, though built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whoſe valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not theſe, nor all their fates which I foreſee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I ſee, I ſee thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel power;
Led hence a ſlave to ſome inſulting ſword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;
A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.

This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'er-ſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke
Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Powers above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,
Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,

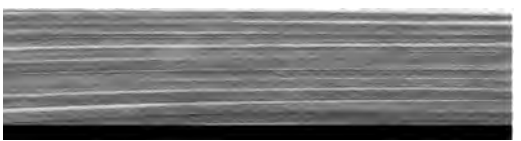
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd:
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour.
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become.
The toils of war and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS, LUCRETIUS, and HORACE.



PREFACE,

CONCERNING

Mr. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATIONS.

FOR this laſt half-year I have been troubled with the diſeaſe (as I may call it) of tranſlation: the cold proſe fits of it, which are always the moſt tedious with me, were ſpent in the hiſtory of the League; the hot, which ſucceeded them, in verſe miſcellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myſelf a kind of eaſe in the change of the paroxyſm; never ſuſpecting but the humour would have waſted itſelf in two or three paſtorals of Theocritus, and as many odes of Horace. But finding, or at leaſt thinking I found, ſomething that was more pleaſing in them than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myſelf to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon ſome parts of them, which had moſt affected me in the reading. Theſe were my natural impulſes for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive which was full as forcible. It was my Lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; which made me uneaſy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the ſpeculation into practice. For many a fair precept in Poetry is, like a ſeeming demonſtra-

tion in the Mathematics, very ſpecious in the diagram, but failing in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally obſerved his inſtructions; I am ſure my reaſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, is to confeſs no leſs a vanity, than to pretend that I have at leaſt in ſome places made examples to his rules. Yet, withal, I muſt acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commiſſion: for I have both added and omitted, and even ſometimes very boldly made ſuch expoſitions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in ſuch particular paſſages, I have thought that I diſcovered ſome beauty yet undiſcovered by thoſe pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away ſome of their expreſſions, and cut them ſhorter, it may poſſibly be on this conſideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear ſo ſhining in the Engliſh. And where I have enlarged them, I deſire the falſe critics would not always think, that thoſe thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are ſecretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduced from him; or at leaſt, if both thoſe conſiderations ſhould fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Engliſhman, they are ſuch as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a tranſlator is to make his author appear as charming as poſſibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike *himſelf*. Tranſlation is a kind of drawing after the life:

life: where every one will acknowledge there is a double ſort of likeneſs, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the out-lines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itſelf perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all theſe graceful, by the poſture, the ſhadowings, and chiefly by the ſpirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without ſome indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original. Much leſs can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and ſome others, whoſe beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, ſo abuſed, as I may ſay, to their faces, by a botching interpreter. What Engliſh readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend thoſe authors, and confeſs we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take thoſe to be the ſame Poets, whom our Ogilbys have tranſlated? But I dare aſſure them, that a good Poet is no more like himſelf, in a dull tranſlation, than his carcaſe would be to his living body. There are many, who underſtand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the Engliſh are known to few: it is impoſſible even for a good wit to underſtand and practiſe them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digeſting of thoſe few good authors we have amongſt us, the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and converſation with the beſt of company of both ſexes; and, in ſhort, without wearing off the ruſt, which he contracted while he

was laying-in a ſtock of learning. Thus difficult it is to underſtand the purity of Engliſh, and critically to diſcern not only good writers from bad, and a proper ſtyle from a corrupt, but alſo to diſtinguiſh that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all theſe requiſites, or the greateſt part of them, moſt of our ingenious young men take up ſome cry'd-up Engliſh Poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyiſh and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his ſubject, or his expreſſions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears neceſſary, that a man ſhould be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to tranſlate a foreign language. Neither is it ſufficient, that he be able to judge of words and ſtyle; but he muſt be a maſter of them too: he muſt perfectly underſtand his author's tongue, and abſolutely command his own. So that, to be a thorough tranſlator, he muſt be a thorough Poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's ſenſe in good Engliſh, in poetical expreſſions, and in muſical numbers: for, though all theſe are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder taſk; and it is a ſecret of which few tranſlators have ſufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which diſtinguiſhes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For example,

example, not only the thoughts, but the ſtyle and verſification, of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I ſee, even in our beſt Poets, who have tranſlated ſome parts of them, that they have confounded their ſeveral talents; and, by endeavouring only at the ſweetneſs and harmony of numbers, have made them both ſo much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I ſhould never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected againſt a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely), that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, becauſe he always ſtudied himſelf more than thoſe who ſat to him. In ſuch tranſlators I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the hand which performed the work, but I cannot diſtinguiſh their Poet from another. Suppoſe two authors are equally ſweet, yet there is a great diſtinction to be made in ſweetneſs; as in that of ſugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my tranſlations out of four ſeveral Poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of theſe, before I undertook them, I conſidered the genius and diſtinguiſhing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a ſuccinct, grave, and majeſtic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and ſyllable: who was ſtill aiming to crowd his ſenſe into as narrow a compaſs as poſſibly he could; for which reaſon he is ſo very figurative, that he requires (I may almoſt ſay) a grammar apart to conſtrue him. His verſe

is every where ſounding the very thing in your ears whoſe ſenſe it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increaſe the delight of the reader; ſo that the ſame ſounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in ſtyles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one ſort of muſic in their verſes. All the verſification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compaſs of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the ſame tenour; perpetually cloſing his ſenſe at the end of a verſe, and that verſe commonly which they call golden, or two ſubſtantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his ſweetneſs, has as little variety of numbers and ſound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verſe runs upon carpet ground. He avoids, like the other, all Synalæpha's, or cutting-off one vowel when it comes before another, in the following word. But to return to Virgil, though he is ſmooth where ſmoothneſs is required, yet he is ſo far from affecting it, that he ſeems rather to diſdain it; frequently makes uſe of Synalæpha's, and concludes his ſenſe in the middle of his verſe. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and groſs hyperboles: he maintains majeſty in the midſt of plainneſs; he ſhines, but glares not; and is ſtately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular conſideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they

are

are proper, they will be delightful. Pleaſure follows of neceſſity, as the effect does the cauſe; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded, as a great part of his character; but muſt confeſs, to my ſhame, that I have not been able to tranſlate any part of him ſo well, as to make him appear wholly like himſelf: for, where the original is cloſe, no verſion can reach it in the ſame compaſs. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the neareſt, the moſt poetical, and the moſt ſonorous, of any tranſlation of the Æneid: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verſe, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his ſenſe. Taſſo tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, obſerved of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin Orator endeavoured to imitate the copiouſneſs of Homer, the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet made it his buſineſs to reach the conciſeneſs of Demoſthenes, the Greek Orator. Virgil therefore, being ſo very ſparing of his words, and leaving ſo much to be imagined by the reader, can never be tranſlated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to tranſlate him line for line is impoſſible, becauſe the Latin is naturally a more ſuccinct language than either the Italian, Spaniſh, French, or even than the Engliſh, which, by reaſon of its monoſyllables, is far the moſt compendious of them. Virgil is much the cloſeſt of any Roman Poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the Engliſh heroic.

Beſides

Beſides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a tranſlator has not; he is confined by the ſenſe of the inventor to thoſe expreſſions which are the neareſt to it: ſo that Virgil, ſtudying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring thoſe words into a narrow compaſs, which a tranſlator cannot render without circumlocutions. In ſhort, they who have called him the torture of grammarians, might alſo have called him the plague of tranſlators; for he ſeems to have ſtudied not to be tranſlated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his Niſus and Euryalus as cloſe as I was able, I have performed that Epiſode too literally; that, giving more ſcope to Mezentius and Lauſus, that verſion, which has more of the majeſty of Virgil, has leſs of his conciſeneſs; and all that I can promiſe for myſelf, is only, that I have done both better than Ogilby, and perhaps as well as Caro. By conſidering him ſo carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made ſome faint reſemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might poſſibly have ſucceeded better; but never ſo well as to have ſatisfied myſelf.

He who excels all other Poets in his own language, were it poſſible to do him right, muſt appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roſcommon juſtly obſerves, approaches neareſt to the Roman in its majeſty: neareſt indeed, but with a vaſt interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally conſiſts that beauty, which gives ſo inexpreſſible a pleaſure to him who beſt under-

underſtands their force. This diction of his (I muſt once again ſay) is never to be copied; and, ſince it cannot, he will appear but lame in the beſt tranſlation. The turns of his verſe, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our language, and the haſtineſs of my performance, would allow. I may ſeem ſometimes to have varied from his ſenſe: but I think the greateſt variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be, I underſtand him better: at leaſt I writ without conſulting them in many places. But two particular lines in Mezentius and Lauſus I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe: they are indeed remotely allied to Virgil's ſenſe; but they are too like the tenderneſs of Ovid, and were printed before I had conſidered them enough to alter them. The firſt of them I have forgotten, and cannot eaſily retrieve, becauſe the copy is at the preſs; the ſecond is this:

"When Lauſus died, I was already ſlain."

This appears pretty enough at firſt ſight; but I am convinced, for many reaſons, that the expreſſion is too bold; that Virgil would not have ſaid it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he pleaſe, for the freeneſs of the confeſſion; and inſtead of that, and the former, admit theſe two lines, which are more according to the author:

"Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign;
"As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine,"

Having

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to conſider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have tranſlated more happily in thoſe parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the beſt age of Roman Poetry, he was at leaſt of that which preceded it; and he himſelf refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an eaſy taſk to Virgil; who as he ſucceeded him in time, ſo he copied his excellencies: for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had choſen a ſubject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical deſcriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you ſee Virgil has imitated with great ſucceſs in thoſe four books, which in my opinion are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneid. The turn of his verſes he has likewiſe followed in thoſe places which Lucretius has moſt laboured; and ſome of his very lines he has tranſplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not miſtaken, the diſtinguiſhing character of Lucretius (I mean of his ſoul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and poſitive aſſertion of his opinions. He is every where confident of his own reaſon, and aſſuming an abſolute command, not only over his vulgar readers, but even his patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him; and uſing a magiſterial authority while he inſtructs him. From his time to ours, I know none ſo like him, as our Poet and Philoſopher of Malmſbury. This is that perpetual dictatorſhip;

terſhip, which is exerciſed by Lucretius; who, though often in the wrong, yet ſeems to deal *bonâ fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks: in which plain ſincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at leaſt doubt of ſome eternal truths, which he has oppoſed. But for Lucretius, he ſeems to diſdain all manner of replies, and is ſo confident of his cauſe, that he is beforehand with his antagoniſts; urging for them whatever he imagined they could ſay, and leaving them, as he ſuppoſes, without an objection for the future: all this too with ſo much ſcorn and indignation, as if he were aſſured of the triumph before he entered into the liſts. From this ſublime and daring genius of his it muſt of neceſſity come to paſs, that his thoughts muſt be maſculine, full of argumentation, and that ſufficiently warm. From the ſame fiery temper proceeds the loftineſs of his expreſſions, and the perpetual torrent of his verſe, where the barrenneſs of his ſubject does not too much conſtrain the quickneſs of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been every where as poetical as he is in his deſcriptions, and in the moral part of his Philoſophy, if he had not aimed more to inſtruct, in his ſyſtem of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialiſt, and teaching him to defy an inviſible power. In ſhort, he was ſo much an atheiſt, that he forgot ſometimes to be a Poet. Theſe are the conſiderations which I had of that author before I attempted to tranſlate ſome parts of him. And accordingly

ingly I laid by my natural diffidence and ſcepticiſm for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his, which, as I ſaid, is ſo much his character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the ſoul, they are ſo abſurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future ſtate demonſtrable even by natural arguments; at leaſt, to take away rewards and puniſhments is only a pleaſing proſpect to a man, who reſolves before-hand not to live morally. But on the other ſide, the thought of being nothing after death is a burthen inſupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happineſs, and cannot bear to have it confined to the ſhortneſs of our preſent being, eſpecially when we conſider, that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate. So that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the exceſſes, to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with ſecurity while he is alive, and be incapable of puniſhment after he is dead? If he be cunning and ſecret enough to avoid the laws, and there is no band of morality to reſtrain him: for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the leaſt ſenſe of them: powerful men are only awed by them, as they conduce to their intereſt, and that not always, when a paſſion is predominant: and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may ſafely tranſgreſs them. Theſe are my thoughts abſtractedly, and without entering into the notions of

our Chriſtian faith, which is the proper buſineſs of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into Engliſh) not belonging to the mortality of the ſoul, which are ſtrong enough to a reaſonable man, to make him leſs in love with life, and conſequently in leſs apprehenſions of death. Such as are the natural ſatiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the ſame things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleaſures; the decay of underſtanding and memory, which render him contemptible, and uſeleſs to others. Theſe, and many other reaſons, ſo pathetically urged, ſo beautifully expreſſed, ſo adorned with examples, and ſo admirably raiſed by the Proſopopeia of nature, who is brought-in ſpeaking to her children, with ſo much authority and vigor, deſerve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unſucceſsful, or unworthy of my author. At leaſt I muſt take the liberty to own, that I was pleaſed with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not diſſatisfied upon the review of any thing I have done in this author.

I have not here deſigned to rob the ingenious and learned tranſlator of Lucretius of any part of that commendation which he has ſo juſtly acquired by the whole author, whoſe fragments only fall to my portion. What I have now performed is no more than I intended above twenty years ago. The ways of our tranſlations are very different. He follows him more cloſely than I

have done, which became an interpreter of the whole Poem: I take more liberty, becauſe it beſt ſuited with my deſign, which was to make him as pleaſing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he uſed my method in ſo long a work; and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my buſineſs to tranſlate the whole. The preference then is juſtly his; and I join with Mr. Evelyn in the confeſſion of it, with this additional advantage to him, that his reputation is already eſtabliſhed in this Poet, mine is to make its fortune in the world. If I have been any where obſcure in following our common author, or if Lucretius himſelf is to be condemned, I refer myſelf to his excellent annotations, which I have often read, and always with ſome new pleaſure.

My preface begins already to ſwell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my reader, by ſo tedious a beſpeaking of him: and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek gentleman ſhall quickly be diſpatched, becauſe I have more buſineſs with the Roman.

That which diſtinguiſhes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raiſes him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderneſs of his paſſions, and the natural expreſſion of them in words ſo becoming a paſtoral. A ſimplicity ſhines through all he writes. He ſhews his art and learning, by diſguiſing both. His ſhepherds never riſe above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the ſame difference betwixt him and

Virgil,

Virgil, as there is between Taſſo's Aminta and the Paſtor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's ſhepherds are too well read in the Philoſophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's ſeem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Taſſo have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was ſaid of Taſſo, in relation to his ſimilitudes, that he never departed from the woods, that is, all his compariſons were taken from the country. The ſame may be ſaid of our Theocritus. He is ſofter than Ovid; he touches the paſſions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and ſciences for a ſupply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable ſweetneſs in its clownifhneſs, like a fair ſhepherdeſs in her country ruſſet, talking in a Yorkſhire tone. This was impoſſible for Virgil to imitate; becauſe the ſeverity of the Roman language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Kalendar; but neither will it ſucceed in Engliſh: for which reaſon I have forbore to attempt it. For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who ſpoke that dialect; and I direct this part of my tranſlations to our ladies, who neither underſtand, nor will take pleaſure in ſuch homely expreſſions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be conſidered in his three different talents, as he was a Critic, a Satiriſt, and a Writer of Odes. His morals are uniform, and run through all of them: for, let his Dutch commentators ſay what they will, his Philoſophy was Epicurean; and he made uſe of Gods and Providence only to

ſerve a turn in Poetry. But ſince neither his Criticiſms, which are the moſt inſtructive of any that are written in this art, nor his Satires, which are incomparably beyond Juvenal's, if to laugh and railly is to be preferred to railing and declaiming, are no part of my preſent undertaking, I confine myſelf wholly to his Odes. Theſe are alſo of ſeveral ſorts: ſome of them are panegyrical, others moral, the reſt jovial, or (if I may ſo call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet, in his moſt elevated flights, and in the ſudden changes of his ſubject with almoſt imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his maſter. But Horace is of the more bounded fancy, and confines himſelf ſtrictly to one ſort of verſe, or ſtanza, in every Ode. That which will diſtinguiſh his ſtyle from all other Poets, is the elegance of his words, and the numerouſneſs of his verſe. There is nothing ſo delicately turned in all the Roman language. There appears in every part of his diction, or (to ſpeak Engliſh) in all his expreſſions, a kind of noble and bold purity. His words are choſen with as much exactneſs as Virgil's; but there ſeems to be a greater ſpirit in them. There is a ſecret happineſs attends his choice, which in Petronius is called "Curioſa Felicitas," and which I ſuppoſe he had from the "Feliciter audere" of Horace himſelf. But the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of all his character ſeems to me to be his briſkneſs, his jollity, and his good-humour: and thoſe I have chiefly endeavoured to copy. His other excellencies, I confeſs, are above my imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleaſed me

in the reading, I have attempted to tranſlate in Pindaric Verſe; it is that which is inſcribed to the preſent Earl of Rocheſter, to whom I have particular obligations, which this ſmall teſtimony of my gratitude can never pay. It is his darling in the Latin, and I have taken ſome pains to make it my maſter-piece in Engliſh: for which reaſon I took this kind of verſe, which allows more latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduced into our language, in this age, by the happy genius of Mr. Cowley. The ſeeming eaſineſs of it has made it ſpread: but it has not been conſidered enough, to be ſo well cultivated. It languiſhes in almoſt every hand but his, and ſome very few, whom (to keep the reſt in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near perfection as was poſſible in ſo ſhort a time. But, if I may be allowed to ſpeak my mind modeſtly, and without injury to his ſacred aſhes, ſomewhat of the purity of the Engliſh, ſomewhat of more equal thoughts, ſomewhat of ſweetneſs in the numbers, in one word, ſomewhat of a finer turn, and more Lyrical Verſe, is yet wanting. As for the ſoul of it, which conſiſts in the warmth and vigor of fancy, the maſterly figures, and the copiouſneſs of imagination, he has excelled all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itſelf be capable of more perfection, though rather in the ornamental parts of it than the eſſential, what rules of morality or reſpect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deſerve to be models in all they write. Milton's Para-

diſe Loſt is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats againſt his elevations, when it is evident he creeps along ſometimes for above an hundred lines together? Cannot I admire the height of his invention, and the ſtrength of his expreſſion, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harſhneſs of their ſound? It is as much commendation as a man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is idolatry. Since Pindar was the prince of Lyric Poets, let me have leave to ſay, that, in imitating him, our numbers ſhould, for the moſt part, be Lyrical. For variety, or rather where the majeſty of thought requires it, they may be ſtretched to the Engliſh Heroic of five feet, and to the French Alexandrine of ſix. But the ear muſt preſide, and direct the judgment to the choice of numbers. Without the nicety of this, the harmony of Pindaric Verſe can never be complete: the cadency of one line muſt be a rule to that of the next; and the ſound of the former muſt ſlide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extreme into another. It muſt be done like the ſhadowings of a picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I ſhall be glad, if I have ſo explained myſelf as to be underſtood; but if I have not, "quod nequeo dicere & ſentio tantùm" muſt be my excuſe. There remains much more to be ſaid on this ſubject; but, to avoid envy, I will be ſilent. What I have ſaid is the general opinion of the beſt judges, and in a manner has been forced from me, by ſeeing a noble ſort of Poetry ſo happily reſtored by one man,

and ſo groſsly copied by almoſt all the reſt. A muſical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley could ariſe in another age, may bring it to perfection. In the mean time,

"---- Fungar vice cotis, acutum
"Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi."

To conclude, I am ſenſible that I have written this too haſtily and too looſely: I fear I have been tedious, and, which is worſe, it comes out from the firſt draught, and uncorrected. This, I grant, is no excuſe: for it may be reaſonably urged, why did he not write with more leiſure, or, if he had it not (which was certainly my caſe), why did he attempt to write on ſo nice a ſubject? The objection is unanſwerable; but, in part of recompence, let me aſſure the reader, that, in haſty productions, he is ſure to meet with an author's preſent ſenſe, which cooler thoughts would poſſibly have diſguiſed. There is undoubtedly more of ſpirit, though not of judgment, in theſe incorrect Eſſays, and conſequently, though my hazard be the greater, yet the reader's pleaſure is not the leſs.

JOHN DRYDEN.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THEOCRITUS.

AMARYLLIS:

OR, THE

THIRD IDYLLIUM OF

THEOCRITUS, Paraphraſed.

TO Amaryllis Love compels my way,
My browzing goats upon the mountains ſtray:
O Tityrus, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the ridgling with his budding head.
Ah, beauteous nymph! can you forget your love,
The conſcious grottos, and the ſhady grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With kiſſes ſuch as ſet my ſoul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame;
My heart maintains for both a double flame;
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn:
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I die, and death will finiſh all my pain;
Yet, ere I die, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial judges are our love and hate!

Ten

Ten wildings have I gather'd for my dear;
How ruddy, like your lips, their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the tree was high):
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd,
And for to-morrow have ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly, and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his heavenly power
Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bower,
The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded fern that your fair forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on human-kind.
The milk of tigers was his infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſte of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah, nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
To make the ſufferings of your ſlaves your ſport!
Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant eyes your ebon brows adorn,
Like midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your charms;
And let me die contented in your arms.
I would not aſk to live another day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my ſoul away.
Ah, why am I from empty joys debarr'd?
For kiſſes are but empty when compar'd.

I rave,

I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The garland, which I wove for you to wear,
Of parſly, with a wreath of ivy bound,
And border'd with a roſy edging round.
What pangs I feel, unpity'd and unheard!
Since I muſt die, why is my fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my body of my ſhepherd's frock:
Behold that dreadful downfall of a rock,
Where yon old fiſher views the waves from high!
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
Yon would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhore,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in love to know,
I try'd th' infallible prophetic way,
A poppy-leaf upon my palm to lay:
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow;
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow:
And which was worſe, if any worſe could prove,
The withering leaf foreſhew'd your withering love.
Yet farther (ah, how far a lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to ſieve and ſheers;
And told the witch Agreo my diſeaſe:
Agreo, that in harveſt us'd to leaſe:
But harveſt done, to chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and two-pence, was her daily hire.
To work ſhe went, her charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty ſieve wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty beldame ſwore,

And, foaming with her God, foretold my fate;
That I was doom'd to love, and you to hate.
A milk-white goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white kids ran friſking by her ſide,
For which the nut-brown laſs, Erithacis,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury kiſs.
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price:
What madman would o'erſtand his market twice!
My right eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my Amaryllis may appear;
I'll ſet up ſuch a note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What nymph but my melodious voice would move
She muſt be flint, if ſhe refuſe my love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his lady, or to loſe his life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a wife!)
Threw down a golden apple in her way;
For all her haſte ſhe could not chooſe but ſtay:
Renown ſaid, Run; the glittering bribe cry'd, Hold
The man might have been hang'd, but for his gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye)
From ſteepy Othrys' top to Pylus drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his love:
If ſuch another wager ſhould be laid,
I'll find the man, if you can find the maid.

W

Why name I men, when Love extended finds
His power on high, and in cœleſtial minds;
Venus the ſhepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the crook;
Nay, when Adonis died, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the boar.
How bleſt was fair Endymion with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on Latmos' top from night to noon!
What Jaſon from Medea's love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.
My aking head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity;
Nay then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
A clammy ſweat does o'er my temples creep;
My heavy eyes are urg'd with iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt breath,
The wolves will get a breakfaſt by my death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me carrion ere I die.

THE

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

From the 18th Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

TWelve Spartan virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;
And to the pompous palace did reſort,
Where Menelaus kept his royal court.
There hand in hand a comely choir they led;
To ſing a bleſſing to his nuptial bed,
With curious needles wrought, and painted flowers beſpread.
Jove's beauteous daughter now his bride muſt be,
And Jove himſelf was leſs a God than he:
For this their artful hands inſtruct the lute to ſound,
Their feet aſſiſt their hands, and juſtly beat the ground.
This was their ſong: Why, happy bridegroom, why,
Ere yet the ſtars are kindled in the ſky,
Ere twilight ſhades, or evening dews are ſhed,
Why doſt thou ſteal ſo ſoon away to bed?
Has Somnus bruſh'd thy eye-lids with his rod,
Or do thy legs refuſe to bear their load,
With flowing bowls of a more generous God?

If

If gentle ſlumber on thy temples creep,
(But, naughty man, thou doſt not mean to ſleep)
Betake thee to thy bed, thou drowzy drone,
Sleep by thyſelf, and leave thy bride alone:
Go, leave her with her maiden mates to play,
At ſports more harmleſs till the break of day:
Give us this evening; thou haſt morn and night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy youth! to thee, among the crowd
Of rival princes, Cupid ſneez'd aloud;
And every lucky omen ſent before,
To meet thee landing on the Spartan ſhore.
Of all our heroes thou canſt boaſt alone,
That Jove, whene'er he thunders, calls thee ſon:
Betwixt two ſheets thou ſhalt enjoy her bare,
With whom no Grecian virgin can compare;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy, and ſo fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a kingly line:
But oh, a girl like her muſt be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelveſcore viragoes of the Spartan race,
While naked to Eurotas' banks we bend,
And there in manly exerciſe contend,
When ſhe appears, are all eclips'd and loſt,
And hide the beauties that we made our boaſt.
So, when the night and winter diſappear,
The purple morning, riſing with the year,
Salutes the ſpring, as her celeſtial eyes
Adorn the world, and brighten all the ſkies:

So beauteous Helen ſhines among the reſt,
Tall, ſlender, ſtraight, with all the Graces bleſt.
As pines the mountains, or as fields the corn,
Or as Theſſalian ſteeds the race adorn;
So roſy-colour'd Helen is the pride
Of Lacedæmon, and of Greece beſide.
Like her no nymph can willing oſiers bend
In baſket-works, which painted ſtreaks commend:
With Pallas in the loom ſhe may contend.
But none, ah! none can animate the lyre,
And the mute ſtrings with vocal ſouls inſpire;
Whether the learn'd Minerva be her theme,
Or chaſte Diana bathing in the ſtream:
None can record their heavenly praiſe ſo well
As Helen, in whoſe eyes ten thouſand Cupids dwell,
O fair, O graceful! yet with maids inroll'd,
But whom to-morrow's ſun a matron ſhall behold!
Yet ere to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhew his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For crowns and chaplets to adorn thy head.
Where all ſhall weep, and wiſh for thy return,
As bleating lambs their abſent mother mourn.
Our nobleſt maids ſhall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of Lotos, form'd into a wreath.
This monument, thy maiden beauty's due,
High on a plane-tree ſhall be hung to view:
On the ſmooth rind the paſſenger ſhall ſee
Thy name engrav'd, and worſhip Helen's tree:
Balm, from a ſilver-box diſtill'd around,
Shall all bedew the roots, and ſcent the ſacred ground.

The

The balm, 'tis true, can aged plants prolong,
But Helen's name will keep it ever young.
Hail bride, hail bridegroom, ſon-in-law to Jove!
With fruitful joys Latona bleſs your love;
Let Venus furniſh you with full deſires,
Add vigour to your wills, and fuel to your fires:
Almighty Jove augment your wealthy ſtore,
Give much to you, and to his grandſons more.
From generous loins a generous race will ſpring,
Each girl, like her, a queen; each boy, like you, a king.
Now ſleep, if ſleep you can; but while you reſt,
Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breaſt to breaſt:
Riſe in the morn; but oh! before you riſe,
Forget not to perform your morning ſacrifice.
We will be with you ere the crowing cock
Salutes the light, and ſtrets before his feather'd flock.
Hymen, oh Hymen, to thy triumphs run,
And view the mighty ſpoils thou haſt in battle won.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

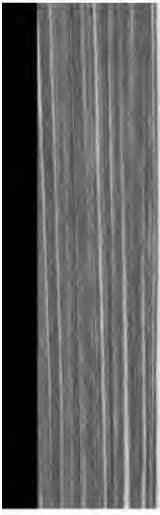
From the 23d Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

WITH inauſpicious love, a wretched ſwain
Purſued the faireſt nymph of all the plain;
Faireſt indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeleſs in a deep deſpair:
Her heavenly form too haughtily ſhe priz'd,
His perſon hated, and his gifts deſpis'd;
Nor knew the force of Cupid's cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful power on human hearts;
But either from her hopeleſs lover fled,
Or with diſdainful glances ſhot him dead.
No kiſs, no look, to cheer the drooping boy;
No word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſcorn'd ev'n to deny.
But, as a hunted panther caſts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her liſtening ears to ſcout,
So ſhe, to ſhun his toils, her cares employ'd,
And fiercely in her ſavage freedom joy'd.
Her mouth ſhe writh'd, her forehead taught to frown,
Her eyes to ſparkle fires to love unknown:
Her ſallow cheeks her envious mind did ſhew,
And every feature ſpoke aloud the curſtneſs of a ſhrew.
Yet could not he his obvious fate eſcape:
His love ſtill dreſs'd her in a pleaſing ſhape;

And every ſullen frown, and bitter ſcorn,
But fann'd the fuel that too faſt did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He ſtrove to curb it, but he ſtrove in vain:
At laſt his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief:
With tears ſo tender as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he ſtood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood:
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look;
Then, kiſſing firſt the threſhold, thus he ſpoke:
Ah nymph, more cruel than of human race!
Thy tigreſs heart belies thy angel face:
Too well thou ſhew'ſt thy pedigree from ſtone:
Thy granddame's was the firſt by Pyrrha thrown:
Unworthy thou to be ſo long deſir'd;
But ſo my love, and ſo my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live;
But take this gift, the laſt that I can give.
This friendly cord ſhall ſoon decide the ſtrife
Betwixt my lingering love and loathſome life:
This moment puts an end to all my pain;
I ſhall no more deſpair, nor thou diſdain.
Farewell, ungrateful and unkind! I go
Condemn'd by thee to thoſe ſad ſhades below.
I go th' extremeſt remedy to prove,
To drink oblivion, and to drench my love:
There happily to loſe my long deſires:
But ah! what draught ſo deep to quench my fires?

Farewell, ye never-opening gates, ye ſtones,
And threſhold guilty of my midnight moans.
What I have ſuffer'd here, ye know too well;
What I ſhall do, the Gods and I can tell.
The roſe is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet ſweet, but quickly paſt the prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and ſoon decay,
And whiter ſnow in minutes melts away:
Such is your blooming youth, and withering ſo:
The time will come, it will, when you ſhall know
The rage of love; your haughty heart ſhall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.
Obdurate as you are, oh! hear at leaſt
My dying prayers, and grant my laſt requeſt.
When firſt you ope your doors, and paſſing by
The ſad ill-omen'd object meets your eye,
Think it not loſt, a moment if you ſtay;
The breathleſs wretch, ſo made by you, ſurvey;
Some cruel pleaſure will from thence ariſe,
To view the mighty ravage of your eyes.
I wiſh (but oh! my wiſh is vain, I fear)
The kind oblation of a falling tear:
Then looſe the knot, and take me from the place,
And ſpread your mantle o'er my grizly face;
Upon my livid lips beſtow a kiſs:
O envy not the dead; they feel not bliſs!
Nor fear your kiſſes can reſtore my breath;
Ev'n you are not more pityleſs than death.
Then for my corpſe a homely grave provide,
Which love and me from public ſcorn may hide.

Thrice call upon my name, thrice beat your breaſt,
And hail me thrice to everlaſting reſt:
Laſt let my tomb this ſad inſcription bear:
A wretch whom love has kill'd lies buried here;
O paſſengers, Aminta's eyes beware.
Thus having ſaid, and furious with his love,
He heav'd with more than human force to move
A weighty ſtone (the labour of a team)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the neighbouring beam:
Around its bulk a ſliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal nooſe:
Then ſpurning backward took a ſwing, till death
Crept up, and ſtopt the paſſage of his breath.
The bounce burſt ope the door; the ſcornful fair
Relentleſs look'd, and ſaw him beat his quivering feet in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor caſt a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but bruſh'd regardleſs by:
And, as ſhe paſt, her chance or fate was ſuch,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch:
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move;
The bath was ſacred to the God of Love;
Whoſe injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threatening from a pedeſtal on high:
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling cruſh'd th' ungrateful nymph below:
Her guſhing blood the pavement all beſmear'd;
And this her laſt expiring voice was heard;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reach'd my ſcorn;
Thus warn'd, be wiſe, and love for love return.



TRANSLATIONS

FROM

LUCRETIUS.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

DELIGHT of human-kind, and Gods above,
Parent of Rome, propitious Queen of Love,
Whoſe vital power, air, earth, and ſea ſupplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling ſkies:
For every kind, by thy prolific might,
Springs, and beholds the regions of the light.
Thee, Goddeſs, thee the clouds and tempeſts fear:
And at thy pleaſing preſence diſappear:
For thee the land in fragrant flowers is dreſt;
For thee the ocean ſmiles, and ſmooths her wavy breaſt;
And Heaven itſelf with more ſerene and purer light is bleſt.
For when the riſing ſpring adorns the mead,
And a new ſcene of nature ſtands diſplay'd,
When teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And weſtern gales unlock the lazy year;
The joyous birds thy welcome firſt expreſs,
Whoſe native ſongs thy genial fire confeſs,
Then ſavage beaſts bound o'er their ſlighted food,
Struck with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood.

All

All nature is thy gift; earth, air, and ſea:
Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren mountains, o'er the flowery plain,
The leafy foreſt, and the liquid main,
Extends thy uncontrol'd and boundleſs reign.
Through all the living regions doſt thou move,
And ſcatter'ſt, where thou go'ſt, the kindly ſeeds of love.
Since then the race of every living thing
Obeys thy power; ſince nothing new can ſpring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or loveſome can appear;
Be thou my aid, my tuneful ſong inſpire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy province, Nature, I ſurvey,
And ſing to Memmius an immortal lay
Of heaven and earth, and every where thy wondrous power diſplay:
To Memmius, under thy ſweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces doſt adorn.
The rather then aſſiſt my Muſe and me,
Infuſing verſes worthy him and thee.
Meantime on land and ſea let barbarous diſcord ceaſe,
And lull the liſtening world in univerſal peace.
To thee mankind their ſoft repoſe muſt owe;
For thou alone that bleſſing canſt beſtow;
Becauſe the brutal buſineſs of the war
Is manag'd by thy dreadful ſervant's care;
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleaſing pains of thy eternal love;

And,

And, panting on thy breaſt, ſupinely lies,
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famiſh'd eyes;
Sucks in with open lips thy balmy breath,
By turns reſtor'd to life, and plung'd in pleaſing death.
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and f·tter'd in the links of love,
When, wiſhing ·ll, he nothing can deny,
Thy charms in that auſpicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary world reſtore.

The Beginning of the SECOND BOOK of LUCRETIUS.

'TIS pleaſant, ſafely to behold from ſhore,
The rolling ſhip, and hear the tempeſt roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But pains unfelt produce the pleaſing ſight.
'Tis pleaſant alſo to behold from far
The moving legions mingled in the war.
But much more ſweet thy labouring ſteps to guide
To virtue's heights, with wiſdom well ſupply'd,
And all the magazines of learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on human-kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind:
To ſee vain fools ambitiouſly contend
For wit and power; their laſt endeavours bend
T' outſhine each other, waſte their time and
In ſearch of honour, and

O wretched man! in what a mist of life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisy strife,
He spends his little span; and overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs!
For nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight:
Which minds, unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A soul serene, a body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That, wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation sense is satisfy'd.
If golden sconces hang not on the walls,
To light the costly suppers and the balls;
If the proud palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd bowls, and of reflected plate;
If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound;
Yet on the grass, beneath a poplar shade,
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd;
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm spring with gaudy flowers is drest.
Nor will the raging fever's fire abate,
With golden canopies and beds of state:
But the poor patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattress, or the mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By birth, or power, or fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the labouring mind.

Unless

ſs we could ſuppoſe the dreadful ſight
ıarſhal'd legions moving to the fight,
d, with their ſound and terrible array,
:l our fears, and drive the thoughts of death away.
ſince the ſuppoſition vain appears,
: clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
not with ſounds to be affrighted thence,
in the midſt of pomp purſue the prince,
aw'd by arms, but in the preſence bold,
hout reſpect to purple, or to gold;
y ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe,
ɔſe worth but in our want of reaſon lies?
life is all in wandering errors led;
l juſt as children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
l tremble in the dark, ſo riper years
ı in broad day-light are poſſeſs'd with fears;
l ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
thoſe which in the breaſts of children reign.
ſe bugbears of the mind, this inward hell,
rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
nature and right reaſon muſt diſplay
ir beams abroad, and bring the darkſome ſoul to
day.

From

From the FIFTH BOOK of LUCRETIUS.

"Tum porrò puer, &c."

THUS, like a ſailor by a tempeſt hurl'd
Aſhore, the babe is ſhipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true preſages of his future doom.
But flocks and herds, and every ſavage beaſt,
By more indulgent nature are increas'd.
They want no rattles for their froward mood,
Nor nurſe to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words; nor winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their habits with the changing year:
Nor, for their ſafety, citadels prepare,
Nor forge the wicked inſtruments of war:
Unlabour'd earth her bounteous treaſure grants,
And nature's laviſh hand ſupplies their common wants.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

THE THIRD ODE of the FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

Inſcribed to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his intended Voyage to Ireland.

SO may th' auſpicious queen of love,
And the twin ſtars the ſeed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O ſacred ſhip, be kind;
And gentle breezes fill thy ſails,
Supplying ſoft Eteſian gales:
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of poets and of friends,
Doſt thy committed pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the ſhore;
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at ſea,
Sure he, who firſt the paſſage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his ſide;
Or his at leaſt, in hollow wood
Who tempted firſt the briny flood;

Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the ſhore;
Nor Hyades portending rain;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd, with ſtedfaſt ſight,
Could view the ſurges mounting ſteep,
And monſters rolling in the deep!
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With ſtorms above, and rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ſhips and men prophane
Invade th' inviolable main;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And paſs at will the boundleſs deep.
No toil, no hardſhip, can reſtrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the ſeeds of fire:
A train of ills, a ghaſtly crew,
The robber's blazing track purſue:
Fierce famine with her meagre face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In ſwarms th' offending wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted ground:
And limping death, laſh'd on by fate,
Comes up to ſhorten half our date.

This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to ſail in air:
To hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and ſnatch'd the prey.
Nay ſcarce the Gods, or heavenly climes,
Are ſafe from our audacious crimes;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

The NINTH ODE of the FIRST BOOK of HORACE.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of ſnow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppreſs the labouring woods below:
And ſtreams, with icy fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly wit and love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the world below;
At his command the ſtorms invade;
The winds by his commiſſion blow;]
Till with a nod he bids them ceaſe,
And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy,
Lay hold upon the preſent hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of fortune's power:
Nor love, nor love's delights diſdain;
Whate'er thou gett'ſt to-day, is gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early joys,
That youth unſour'd with ſorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taſte deſtroys,
With ſickneſs and unweildy years.
For active ſports, for pleaſing reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in ſeaſon beſt.

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliſs,
The pleaſing whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiſs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again;
Theſe, theſe are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

The

The Twenty-ninth ODE of the First Book of HORACE.

Paraphras'd in Pindaric Verſe, and inſcribed to the Right Hon. Laurence Earl of Rocheſter.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuſcan ſceptre ſway'd,
Make haſte to meet the generous wine,
Whoſe piercing is for thee delay'd:
The roſy wreath is ready made:
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil, that ſhall perfume thy hair.

II.

When the wine ſparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries Come away;
Make haſte, and leave thy buſineſs and thy care:
No mortal intereſt can be worth thy ſtay.

III.

Leave for a while thy coſtly country ſeat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauſeous pleaſures of the great:
Make haſte and come:
Come, and forſake thy cloying ſtore;
Thy turret that ſurveys, from high,
The ſmoke, and wealth, and noiſe of Rome;
And all the buſy pageantry
That wiſe men ſcorn, and fools adore:
Come, give thy ſoul a looſe, and taſte the pleaſures of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich, to try
A ſhort viciſſitude, and fit of poverty:
A favory diſh, a homely treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the ſtately ſpacious room,
The Perſian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The Syrian ſtar,
Barks from afar,
And with his ſultry breath infects the ſky;
The ground below is parch'd, the Heavens above us fry.
The ſhepherd drives his fainting flock
Beneath the covert of a rock,
And ſeeks refreſhing rivulets nigh:
The Sylvans to their ſhades retire,
Thoſe very ſhades and ſtreams new ſhades and ſtreams require,
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the city factions dare,
And what the Gallic arms will do,
And what the quiver-bearing foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human ſight

The

The dark decrees of future fate,
And ſown their ſeeds in depth of night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of ſtate;
When mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling hour;
And put it out of fortune's power:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running ſtream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempeſtuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle courſe
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down,
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both houſe and homeſted into ſeas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their ſcatter'd honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day;
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd, in ſpite of fate,
Not Heaven itſelf upon the paſt
But what has been, has been, and

IX.

Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her ſlave oppreſs,
Proud of her office to deſtroy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd to bleſs:
Still various and unconſtant ſtill,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in ſtrife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while ſhe 's kind;
But when ſhe dances in the wind,
And ſhakes the wings and will not ſtay,
I puff the proſtitute away:
The little or the much ſhe gave, is quietly reſign'd:
Content with poverty, my ſoul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never ſail in her unfaithful ſea,
If ſtorms ariſe, and clouds grow black;
If the maſt ſplit, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, ſecure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot loſe,

In my ſmall pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtering roar;
And, running with a merry gale,
With friendly ſtars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding creek:
And ſee the ſtorm aſhore.

The Second EPODE of HORACE.

HOW happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life;
Diſcharg'd of buſineſs, void of ſtrife,
And from the griping ſcrivener free!
Thus, ere the ſeeds of vice were ſown,
Liv'd men in better ages born,
Who plow'd with oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal field of corn.
Nor trumpets ſummon him to war,
Nor drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
The clamours of contentious law,
And court, and ſtate, he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor, brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
To ſervile ſalutations runs;
But either to the claſping vine
Does the ſupporting poplar wed,
Or with his pruning-hook diſjoin

Unbearing branches from their head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:
Or, climbing to a hilly ſteep,
He views his herds in vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd ſheep,
Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey in the jars.
Or in the now-declining year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,
And cluſtering grapes with purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his fruit he ſerves,
Priapus, thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
Or on the matted graſs, he lies;
No God of ſleep he need invoke;
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle ſlumber crowns his eyes.
The wind that whiſtles through the ſprays
Maintains the concert of the ſong;
And hidden birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But, when the blaſt of winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the year,
Into the naked woods he goes,
And ſeeks the tuſky boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed ſpear!

Or ſpreads his ſubtle nets from ſight
With twinkling glaſſes, to betray
The larks that in the meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor love his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaſte and pleaſing wife,
To caſe the buſineſs of his life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the ſwift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and ſwarthy though ſhe be,
Will fire for winter-nights provide,
And without noiſe will overſee
His children and his family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If ſhe in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy ſtore,
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not oyſters of the Lucrine lake
My ſober appetite would wiſh,
Nor turbot, or the foreign fiſh
That rolling tempeſts overtake,
And hither waft the coſtly diſh.
Not heathpout, or the rarer bird,
Which Phaſis or Ionia yields,

More pleaſing morſels would afford
Than the fat olives of my fields;
Than ſhards or mallows for the pot,
That keep the looſen'd body ſound;
Or than the lamb, that falls by lot
To the juſt guardian of my ground.
Amidſt theſe feaſts of happy ſwains,
The jolly ſhepherd ſmiles to ſee
His flock returning from the plains;
The farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his oxen ſweating ſmoke,
Bear on their necks the looſen'd yoke:
To look upon his menial crew,
That ſit around his chearful hearth,
And bodies ſpent in toil renew
With wholeſome food and country mirth.
This Morecraft ſaid within himſelf,
Reſolv'd to leave the wicked town;
And live retir'd upon his own,
He call'd his money in;
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former ſhelf,
He put it out again.

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